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46.

1248.

ARNOLD OF BRESCIA,

A Tragedy,

BY

GIO. BATT. NICCOLINI:

TRANSLATED BY

THEODOSIA GARROW.

..... non ante revellar,
Exanimem quam te complectar, Roma, tuumque
Nomen, Libertas, et inanem prosequar umbram.

LUC. *Phars.* Lib II.

London:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1846.

1248.



LONDON:
Printed by ALFRED DOD, 6, Princes Street, Leicester Square.

DEDICATION.

TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is with no ordinary feelings of pride and pleasure that I avail myself of your kind permission to dedicate to you the following attempt at translating what is considered one of the noblest works of the Poet NICCOLINI. I have the more satisfaction in doing so, because I fancy I perceive great congeniality between the mind of the Italian Poet and your own; the same love of ancient classical literature—the same aspirations for freedom—the same hatred of tyranny, political or ecclesiastical—the same depth of thought—the same fearlessness of expression. It is, however, to a quality higher than all these, (your unbounded benevolence) that I must address myself, when I presume to dedicate this volume to you.

I have the honour to subscribe myself, with admiration
for your genius, and gratitude for the unchanged and
enduring kindness of many years,

Your's most sincerely,

And affectionately,

THE TRANSLATOR.

Florence,

May 29th, 1846.

P R E F A C E.

IN offering the following work to the public, I have been actuated more by the desire of making known to the English Reader, one of the most remarkable productions of the age, the master-piece of the poet Niccolini, than by any hope of acquiring reputation as a translator. Much as the classical literature of Italy has been studied in England, I doubt whether, with the exception of Manzoni, Silvio Pellico, and one or two others, the productions of modern authors have as yet found readers amongst us. The very name of Niccolini has scarcely reached our shores, or if it have, it has not spread out beyond a limited circle. I shall not, I trust, be deemed presumptuous for indulging a hope, that this attempt at a translation of noble thoughts, clothed in poetic beauty, may induce many to search deeper into a mine of intellect which will amply reward their most assiduous labours. I say *attempt* at translation, because it is admitted on all hands, that a perfect translation of Poetry is almost an impossibility; still there are not wanting in our English translations examples of sense preserved, and of imagery faithfully reproduced, in language not revolting to English taste. It has been my study in this neither to paraphrase on the one hand, nor too servilely to copy on the other; and if the reader receive one half the pleasure from the perusal of the work in its English form, that I have enjoyed in translating it, he will be well repaid for his exertion*.

* Niccolini's first work, "La Pietà," was published in 1804. It is a poem written in the metre, and somewhat in the style, of Monti's Bassvilliana. It

The Tragedy of Arnold of Brescia was not meant for the stage; and this is sufficiently indicated by its length, and the nature of some of the dialogue. Not but that there are passages which, in the present state of the Italian mind, would go home to the feelings of an Italian audience, and pictures of the *past*, which would so perfectly bear upon the *present*, as to redeem any languor in the representation, and probably make this one of

celebrates the institution of the fraternity of the *Misericordia* in Tuscany, and its pious offices during the plague and inundation which desolated Leghorn at the beginning of the present century. Then he wrote a long series of Greek Classical tragedies,—“*Polissena*,” “*Ino e Temisto*,” “*Edipo*,” “*Agamennone*,” “*Medea*,” and, finally “*Nabucco*.” This last created a great sensation, as it was thought to body forth, under Assyrian names, the catastrophe of Napoleon’s downfall.

Meanwhile the success of Manzoni and the Romantic School in Northern Italy made the poet aware of the necessity of choosing his subject more immediately near home. Changing, therefore, his theme, without much altering his style, he produced his “*Antonio Foscarini*,” a tragedy that met with the greatest success, and has ever since held a high rank on the stage by the side of the “*Francesca da Rimini*,” by Silvio Pellico.

“*Giovanni da Procida*”* was first acted in 1830, at Florence, and immediately suppressed by the interference of the Austrian Ambassador. Then followed, in regular succession, “*Ludovico il Moro*,” and “*Rosmunda d’Inghilterra*,” “*Arnaldo da Brescia*” was not intended for scenic representation. Niccolini has also achieved a translation of “*Cæphori*,” by Æschylus, “*Matilda*,” an imitation of Horner’s “*Douglas*,” and an imitation of “*Beatrice Cenci*,” by Shelley. His works in prose consist of Philological Treatises, and Academical Discourses; as also of several contributions to the “*Antologia di Firenze*,” an excellent Italian periodical work, suppressed at the instigation of the Austrian Government.

We have heard of Niccolini’s contemplating a tragedy on the subject of Gregory VII., and it is well known that he has been for twenty years labouring at a great History of the House of Swabia, intended to be the *Italian* version of that important period. The *German* ideas on that subject are given by Von Raumer, in his “*Hohenstaufen*.”

* *Giovanni da Procida* is also translated into English, and its publication may depend upon the success of “*Arnaldo*.”

the most popular of the Author's acted plays. Let not the reader, therefore, suppose that there is any deficiency of interest in the plot, or of artistic excellence in its development. Such scenes as the arrival of Arnold at Rome, and of his reception by the people, in the first Act; the death of Cardinal Guido, the Interdict in the second; the conference between Arnold and the Pope; a large portion of the fourth Act, which depicts so powerfully the haughty Emperor and the equally despotic Pope; the four first scenes of the fifth, and those immediately preceding the death of Arnold, would, with small cost of arrangement and curtailment, make a powerful acting drama; admitting the display of "pageantry and glorious pomps," and all the scenic adjuncts which appeal so immediately and so strongly from the eye to the imagination.

Like most eminent Italians, Niccolini is, and ever has been, a stout champion of civil and religious liberty; and some readers may find here and there the political predilections of the author exhibited in expressions stronger, and in principles carried further than may seem right, if measured by an English standard: but, they must recollect that the poet is an Italian writing for Italians,—for a people writhing under the iron heel of foreign domination,—not recognising, as we do, in kings and aristocracies, the elements of national governments, but seeing in the one only a local despot, and in the other a herd of despotic dependants.

With regard to the execution of the translation, I must request the reader's indulgence, more especially for the Choruses;—the great facility of rhyming in the Italian language, the constantly varying rhythm, and the extreme shortness of some of the lines, seem to defy imitation. I have, however, endeavoured to depart from the original as little as possible,—and in no case to sacrifice the sense to the sound, or to introduce an image or metaphor that was not in the mind of the poet.

Niccolini has prefixed to his Tragedy, a Life of Arnold of Brescia, taken from the "Apology for Arnold," written by

Guadagnini, a parish priest of Brescia, in 1790. Being a man of exemplary piety, and great learning, it is not likely that he would be indisposed to uphold ecclesiastical power, although deeply deploring the decadence of monastic and clerical discipline even in his own times. As a biography, it is meagre enough; but in a book, afterwards prohibited in all the States of Italy (the sale of which amounted, *in consequence*, to 3000 in the first week), it was most important to take the Biography from a source which could not be suspected of either heretical or schismatic taint. The same reason does not hold good in England, and I have in vain sought for material to construct a more interesting personal history. Reviews, criticisms, and biographical notices there are; but the basis of all of them is the Life of Guadagnini, the garrulous simplicity of which is in itself a valuable evidence of the truthfulness of its writer: but translated garrulity is scarcely tolerable, and I have therefore considerably abridged it, and entirely omitted those parts that do not relate to the Hero of the Tragedy.

Niccolini, in a series of learned and interesting notes, has given documentary proofs of the corruption of ecclesiastical discipline in the twelfth century; it is that corruption that called up the reformer, and sanctified his mission; but the English reader needs not these historical evidences of a fact, the recognition of which is implied in the very name and character of our religious institutions. The Latin documentary notes I have entirely omitted, because the few who are curious in such matters can easily procure in England the original poem, to which they are appended.

Florence, June 1846.

ERRATA.

- Page 35, line 14, *for* "Doctrines," *read* Doctrine.
- 46, — 15, *for* "Contentioned," *read* Contentious.
- 51, — 2, *for* "Christ, His passion," *read* Christ his passion,
- 53, — 15, *for* "nights," *read* rights.
- 64, — 11, *for* "his," *read* is.
- 74, — 2, *for* "God, his," *read* God his.
- 76, — 20, *for* "T th'," *read* I' th'.
- 81, — 11, *for* "how," *read* now.
- 88, — 31, *for* "Them," *read* Men.
- 88, — 34, *for* "banish all," *read* vanish at.
- 92, — 15, *for* "thy," *read* the.
- 94, — 19, *for* "binds," *read* bound.
- 107, — 14, *for* "Gherard's," *read* Gherardo's.
- 114, — 31, *for* "captives," *read* captive.
- 114, — 32, *for* "fill," *read* fills.
- 123, — 19, *for* "August," *read* august.
- 130, — 10, *for* "I leave thee on, &c." *read* I leave thee; on.
- 160, — 19, *for* "turn," *read* burn.
- 171, — 29, *for* "artful words he," *read* bitter words I.
- 198, — 21, *for* "his," *read* your.

LIFE OF ARNOLD.

ARNOLD was born at Brescia, probably towards 1105. Early in life, it appears, he dedicated himself to the Church, and took the minor orders in his native diocese.

He was for several years a disciple of Abelard, both at St. Denis, and in his hermitage of the *Paraclete*, near Troyes, in Champagne.

On his return to Italy, Arnold became, as it seems, permanently domiciled in one of the monasteries of Brescia. The episcopal court of that city constituted in that epoch a kind of Rome in miniature. The bishops and higher clergy rehearsed on a smaller scale all those scenes of simony and licentiousness of which the Popes gave frequent examples. After having, by their instigations, powerfully aided the emancipation of the Lombard cities, the Bishops had assumed an all but sovereign ascendancy over the deluded multitude.

Possessed thus both of feudal and monarchical power, these lordly prelates wielded it with more arrogance than vigour or discretion. Venality and incontinence were not only tolerated, but openly encouraged and systematised*.

The people of Brescia were as yet an industrious and primitive race. They rose in frequent rebellions. There were incessant skirmishes between pastor and flock, frequently ending in the deposition or forcible expulsion of the former.

* Among the grievances against the clergy, Guadagnini makes an especial mention of the "multiplicity of livings conferred upon the same individuals, and consequent non-residence of the incumbents."

The people of Brescia flattered themselves at last with having found a ruler according to their heart, in the person of Maifredo, who was sent to them by Innocent II. Seconded by the two consuls, the supreme magistrates of that municipal state, he convoked a synod in 1134, and strong in the support of the people and humbler clergy, he waged for a few years successful war against the deep rooted vices of the higher dignitaries of the Church. These latter, however, proved too powerful for him ; and, together with the two consuls, he was expelled from his diocese.

Restored soon after by the exertions of Innocent II., Maifredo, by an adroit shift of policy, reconciled himself to his adversaries, and established himself at the head of the faction he had hitherto opposed. The people and their magistrates, nevertheless, continued true to their principles, and soon proved formidable to the apostate Bishop.

It was at this epoch that the influence of Arnold was first exercised in his native city, though it is not unlikely he was to be met before in the ranks of the popular party.

From the silence of his cloister the upright and earnest Monk came forth amongst the multitude, with his bold theory of the Inconsistency of the temporal power of the Clergy ;—that “ Political Heresy,” as it was styled in Lateran, to which he continued faithful to his dying hour.

The year 1138 and part of the following are famous in the annals of Brescia for incessant tumult and bloodshed. In these the people and their apostle had gained a decided advantage ; when, towards the close of 1139, Pope Innocent II. having convoked a general Council at the Lateran, Bishop Maifredo referred his quarrel to that supreme tribunal.

The false representations of the treacherous bishop soon enlisted Innocent on his side : the Pope issued a bull, empowering Maifredo to *silence* Arnold. The papal decree, and the underhand intrigues of the bishops, prevailed at last over the blind

multitude, and Arnold, deserted by his partisans, sought his safety in flight.

Arnold, according to some plausible conjectures, tarried yet for a season in Italy, promulgating his doctrines throughout the cities of Lombardy, ere, crossing the Alps, he took refuge in Switzerland; where, we are informed by Sismondi, "he taught the town of Zurich to frame a free constitution*." His first stay in Switzerland must, however, have been of short duration, as he was, in 1140, hastily summoned to France, to stand by his master, Abelard, who was then defending his doctrines before the Council of Sens, against his emulous antagonist, St. Bernard.

The Italian reformer proved Abelard's most efficient supporter. St. Bernard himself bears witness to the eloquence displayed by him on this occasion. Abelard was worsted, nevertheless, nor did he better succeed in his appeal to Rome. The sanctimonious animosity of St. Bernard pursued him even there, nor ever rested till he obtained from the papal court the condemnation of Abelard's tenets, as well as an order of imprisonment against him, and against his Italian disciple. "But the lover of Eloisa," as Gibbon has it, "was of a soft and flexible nature; and his ecclesiastical judges were edified, and disarmed by the humility of his repentance†." After a recantation of his dogmas, he was allowed peacefully to retire to Clugny, where he died two years afterwards (1142).

The whole wrath of his adversaries, therefore, fell on the more stubborn and consistent Arnold. After compelling him to provide for his liberty, by a hasty flight, St. Bernard pursued him by his epistles to the Bishop of Constance, designating him as a most dangerous innovator.

It is important to observe, that although Arnold so strenuously advocated his master's opinions, he never was known to have given rise to any doctrine, in any manner at variance with

* Italian Republics, Chap. xi.

† Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Chap. lxix.

the Catholic dogmas. The Bishop of Brescia had, indeed, calumniously charged him with the "heresy of the *Paterini and Cathari*," (whatever that might be) then so rife in all the cities of Lombardy; but we have good reason to believe, even upon the authority of St. Bernard, his enemy, that his was only the "Heresy of the Politicians," the doctrine of the supremacy of state over church, which was then, indeed, considered as the foulest heresy, and the highest treason at Rome, but on which we have learned to look with more leniency in recent times.

Affection and gratitude for his master, and the natural zeal of an advocate, involved him at last in the support of theories for which he most probably had no personal sympathy. He was, in fact, a blunt, matter-of-fact reformer of church discipline. The dialectical subtleties of the cavilling divinity of those times could have no interest in the eyes of so practical a man.

Consequently, no sooner had Abelard thought fit to renounce his doctrines, than his pupil, now no longer bound by feelings of honour to him, hastened to follow his example. Arnold lay perdu for about five years in Switzerland. It is highly probable that, in spite of St. Bernard's remonstrances, he found a shelter with Guido da Castello, at that epoch Cardinal Legate at the diocese of Constance, who had been Arnold's friend in early youth, and a fellow-disciple at the theological school of Abelard. The authority of this prelate, who was afterwards Pope Celestine II., in 1143, may have contributed to reconcile Arnold with Rome, so far, at least, as his co-operation with Abelard was concerned. The popularity of his theories on popular liberty, and the holiness of his life, could not fail to captivate the unsophisticated minds of the mountaineers, amongst whom he had taken his abode, so that we are not surprised to read in Müller, that on his departure from Switzerland, he was followed by an escort of 2000 men of Zurich; and with this devoted body-guard he made an almost triumphant entry into Rome*.

* T. Von Müller.—"Gesichte der Schweiz," B. i. c. 14.

The sovereignty that Hildebrand had founded in that city *by* the people, had by his successors been turned against the people. Ever ready to flatter the spirit of popular freedom that was now springing up throughout Italy, as long as they needed the co-operation of the masses against Imperial power, the Popes were no sooner relieved from all apprehension on the part of the Emperors, than they directed their endeavours to crush that liberty of which they had, from views of selfish ambition, made themselves the apostles. There continued meanwhile to exist at Rome a popular government, which still declared itself independent of the Pontiff. Revered and dreaded beyond the Alps and the sea, the Vicar of Christ was almost daily insulted on the very steps of the Vatican ; he had to defend, inch by inch, the ground he stood upon in his metropolis. It was only a twelvemonth before Arnold's arrival at Rome (1145), that Lucius III. had fallen in one of those disastrous encounters. His successor, Eugenius III., often absent, was hardly a match for the republican party. These had organized themselves after the ancient forms of the Roman Commonwealth, and restored the Plebeian, Patrician, and Equestrian orders, an innovation which had been effected by the exhortations and through the friends of Arnold, even in his absence. He was now induced to encourage their efforts by his personal aid, and to give his views a greater development. The explanation of these views shall not occupy much time. They were those of Dante ; those of all other honest Italian reformers before and after him. They tended chiefly—we may say, exclusively—to bring about a fundamental suppression of the temporal power both of the Pope and of the sovereign prelates throughout Christendom ; and a thorough reform of ecclesiastical administration and discipline. They never aimed their strokes at the Catholic dogma, or even at the errors and abuses that had crept into it. They left that to time, and the gradual enlightenment of the masses. They may have *protested* within their heart, but they dreaded division even more than corruption

in the Church. Hence was theirs called a political heresy. They still acknowledged the Emperor as the Supreme Ruler of a Roman republic, whose sway was to extend, at least, all over Italy. They acted thus on the Ghibelline idea in all its compactness and purity long before that party was known by that name, ere its principles had been associated with extraneous interests. It was the old war cry, "One God, one Pope, and one Emperor." The high priest and the monarch were equally to have a place in the Commonwealth, but the part assigned to each of them was distinctly defined and widely separated.

Arnold seemed to have suffered no very serious disturbance in the pursuit of his daring schemes during the Pontificate of Eugenius III., which ended in 1153; either because he was more guarded and moderate in his movements, or because his party was too strong, and that Pope, notwithstanding his ill will, was too weak or too prudent efficiently to interfere with it. But after a few months' interval (during which the Papal chair was occupied by Anastasius IV.), Adrian IV. ascended the throne. This pontiff (the only Englishman who ever sat on the Papal chair), an heir to all the arrogance and daring ambition of Hildebrand, strong also in the support of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, who was then laying waste the most flourishing cities of Lombardy, resolved to establish his sway on a sounder footing, and to crush the rebellious spirit of the Romans.

His first attacks were turned against Arnold. He pronounced a sentence of excommunication and banishment against him—a sentence which the reformer and his abettors received with silent contempt, papal bulls having been too long a dead letter around the precincts of St. Peter.

A tragical occurrence, however, unexpectedly enlisted popular superstition on the Pontiff's side. A prelate, long obnoxious to the people, the Cardinal of Santa Pudenziana, on his way to the Vatican, had been insulted and dangerously wounded by the populace. This afforded a pretext to Adrian to lay the whole

city under the interdict, till the crime should be expiated by the removal of the obnoxious Arnold.

For a few months the republicans continued faithful to their champion; but the holy week was forthcoming, with all its shows, which are to the modern Romans what the Ludi Circenses were to their Latin progenitors. The church doors remained ominously closed, gloom and silence pervaded the desecrated metropolis. The people could hold out no longer. Arnold saw himself forsaken by his staunchest supporters, and finally received from the senate a peremptory order to withdraw from the contest.

He had not long quitted Rome, when he was overtaken and arrested by the satellites of the Cardinal of St. Nicholas a *Bricola*, or a *Vincola*, a personal enemy of Arnold, and led back as a prisoner towards Rome*. From their hands, however, he was rescued by some of the Roman nobles, designated under the name of the Counts of Campagna, who had long been amongst his staunchest partisans, and revered him as an apostle and a martyr. These attacked and routed the Cardinal's people, and conveyed him safely home to one of their strongholds, whence they passed him from one to another of their castles, so as to baffle all the malevolence of his pursuers.

By a cruel fatality, meanwhile, Frederic Barbarossa, now pausing in his work of destruction in Northern Italy, was on his march to Rome, to receive the imperial crown. He was met by a deputation from the Roman senate and people, and by the Legates of the Pope, both offering to confer the diadem upon him. True to his antipathy for the government of the multitude, Frederic scornfully dismissed the representatives of the Republic, and welcomed the Papal Legates with every demonstration of regard. These latter were chiefly anxious and

* Sismondi makes no allusion to this first arrest and liberation of Arnold, but tells us, that he immediately repaired to the castle of his companion and friend.—(Hist. des Rep. Ital., Vol ii., p. 64.)

importunate on one subject—the apprehension of Arnold of Brescia.

Frederic was at no loss as to the means of gratifying them on that score. He directed his German barons to secure the person of one of those same Counts of Campagna, who had come to swell his imperial retinue, and intimated to his kinsmen that his release depended on their immediate delivery of Arnold.

By these means did this unfortunate man fall into the hands of his persecutors. He was by his host consigned to the Papal Legates, who conveyed him to Rome and gave him into the hands of the Prefect. This was a magistrate chosen by the Pope, or Emperor, in opposition to the senator, or patrician, ruling the party of the people. The execution was almost immediate. Arnold was hanged; a stake was driven through his body, which was then burned and its ashes thrown into the Tiber, lest his remains should be collected and honoured as the relics of a saint*.

This happened before the 18th of June, 1155, the day of Frederic's coronation. Arnold was at the time about 50.

The above Memoir rests chiefly on the authority of Otho of Frisingen, or Freising, "*De Gestis Friderici I.*," lib. i. c. 27, and 28, lib. ii. c. 21 — 23: "*Guntheri Ligurin*," lib. iii. iv. "*St. Bernard's Epist.*" 189, 195, 196: "*Cardin. Arag. Vita Adriani IV.*": "*Baronius Annal. Eccles. ad Ann. 1140, 1155.*": "*Fleury Hist. Eccles.*" lib. lxvii. etc., and is partly condensed from Guadagnini's Biography prefixed to his "*Apologia d'Arnaldo*," in 2 vols., Brescia, 1790.

* The execution of Arnold is differently related by Sismondi. "He was burned alive," says he, "early in the morning, before the people were aware of it. The Romans flew to arms, and ran to the place of execution; but the deed was done, and the papal troops were sufficiently strong to repel those who wished at least to obtain possession of the ashes of their martyr."—See *Hist. des Republiques*, Chap. viii.

Characters.

ARNOLD OF BRESCIA.

POPE ADRIAN IV.

GIORDANO PIERLEONI.

LEO FRANGIPANI.

ANNIBALDO, *a Roman Noble.*

GUIDO, *Cardinal of Santa Pudenziana.*

OCTAVIAN, *Cardinal of Santa Cecilia.*

A CARDINAL OF SANTA MARIA, IN PORTICO.

SOME OTHER CARDINALS.

ROMAN PEOPLE.

SENATORS OF ROME.

LEGATES OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

PETER, *Prefect of Rome.*

A PRIEST, *who proclaims the Interdict to the Roman People.*

OTHERS OF THE CLERGY.

OSTASIO, *Count of the Campagna, a follower of Arnold.*

ADELASIA, *his Wife.*

ROMAN WOMEN, *Devotees, and Penitents of Cardinal Guido.*

A MONK, *the Messenger of a Cardinal.*

A PRIVATE CHAMBERLAIN OF THE POPE.

A HERALD OF THE POPE.

SWISS CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS, *followers of Arnold.*

CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

GALGANO AND FERONDO, *Soldiers of Giordano.*

SOLDIERS OF LEO FRANGIPANI.

SOLDIERS OF THE POPE AND OF A CARDINAL.

THE JAILER OF THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

Inhabitants of *Tortona, Asti, Chieri, Trecale, and Gagliate*, escaped from their towns and villages, destroyed by FREDERICK BARBAROSSA, in his first invasion of Italy. A PRIEST, *from the neighbourhood of Spoleto.* [These compose the Chorus of Act IV.]

**FREDERICK I. of the House of Swabia, surnamed
Barbarossa.**

OTHO, Bishop of Freising.

OTHO, Count Palatine of Bavaria.

ROBERT, Prince of Capua.

SERGIUS, Duke of Naples.

ADMIRALS OF PISA.

GERMAN SOLDIERS.

SWISS SOLDIERS, under the command of Frederick.

HERALD AND ESQUIRE OF FREDERICK.

ARNOLD OF BRESCIA.

ACT I.

A Public Place near the Capitol.

SCENE I.

GIORDANO PIERLEONI, LEO FRANGIPANI, AND
PEOPLE OF ROME.

GIORDANO.

Awake !... Arise !... Behold our very blood
Is bartered in the Temple :—Gathered there,
In gloomy conclave, sit the Cardinals,
To vest with the great robe another wolf,
And call him Shepherd. Romans ! ye had once
The power to choose your Pontiff, till your rights
Fierce Innocent had wholly rent away,
And crowned the daring work of Hildebrand.
That stolèd Cesar sought to make the world
A temple vast, whence banished love should flee,
Wherein one thought, one will, one man alone,
Should be at once Tyrant, and Priest, and God.
Look round you at his work—from Lateran
Far as the Coliseum, Rome lies waste—
The Norman's rage, the Saracen's, he led ;
And with his frantic prayers called curses down
On all that would not bathe the sword in blood,

And died so cursing : such is the forgiveness
 Shewn by Christ's Vicars to their enemies.
 Barbarian Cardinals, with blood-stained hands,
 Dare from our Altars lift the God of peace ;
 And with the refuse of their laden boards
 Feed, first their hounds, then *us*. O, noble blood
 Of Italy ! how long wilt thou endure
 Thy shameful bonds ? shall such as these for ever,
 Hyæna-like, on Rome's huge carcase prey,
 And gorge Barbarian leavings ?

LEO FRANGIPANI.

Every word

Is blasphemy : I shudder as I listen.

PART OF THE PEOPLE.

Death to Giordano !

OTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

Long life to Giordano !

Fire seize the Frangipani's Towers.

LEO FRANGIPANI.

Right worthy

Is *he* to lead you : let the Hebrew-born
 Record your ancient Glories,—be your King,
 Since to God's Vicar ye refuse to bow. [To *Gior*.
 Thou hast not e'en such part in Christendom
 As water gives.....

GIORDANO.

Vile calumnies are these.

LEO FRANGIPANI.

Brother of Anaclete ! as he the Church,
 So thou dividest Rome.

GIORDANO.

But Anaclete

Was Rome's true Pontiff—raised to that proud height
 By voices of the many.

LEO FRANGIPANI.

Shew the tomb

Where sleeps thy Hebrew Pope—in earth unblest
Full surely was he buried, sacred ground
Had spurned his vile remains.

GIORDANO.

What knowest thou

Of the eternal counsels, impious Man ?
O Roman people ! God judged Anacleto
And I...wept for him.

LEO FRANGIPANI.

Shameful tears ! he dared

Burst open with the sword each church in Rome,
Blood flowed in God's own house, and we should
tremble
Even at the wretch's name.

GIORDANO.

Is Innocent

Less guilty ?—well ye know that when the prayers
Of congregated priests had scarce invoked
Eternal peace upon Honorius' dust,
Ere earth had closed him in her quiet breast,
Anacleto's rival stretched his eager hands
To grasp the dread Tiara : then he sate
A lonely tyrant in the Lateran ;
Nor that sufficed him, 'mid the ruined walls
Changed to a fortress by the Frangipani,
The dastard lay concealed, while thro' the arch
Of Constantine, fatal of old to Rome,
Came rapine, flight, and slaughter unavenged,
Whilst Europe was in hostile parties rent
Twixt Innocent and Anacleto, nor knew
Which of the twain, as spouse or paramour,
Might claim the spouse of the Celestial Lamb ;
War in God's temples—war within Men's hearts—
Unbridled strife of arms and interdicts—

Ye made me a patrician—then a voice,
A holy voice, from deeper lethargy
Than e'er weighed down a nation, roused you.....

PEOPLE.

Ah !

'Twas Arnold's voice—he hath abandoned us.

LEO FRANGIPANI.

And how should Arnold live where Peter died ?
Wisely he took to flight, for had he perished
In th' holy City, I had given him rest
In thine ancestral sepulchres, whose name
Derives from Judas.

GIORDANO.

Arnold is a saint !

LEO FRANGIPANI.

An impious wretch who dared uphold the errors
Of Abelard, unto the new Goliath
A frantic shieldbearer.

GIORDANO.

Thou dost repeat
Imperfectly, the pratings of Bernard ;
Now dwells eternal silence on the lip
Of that false prophet—would he ne'er had spoken,
Nor fed the monks with fables !

LEO FRANGIPANI.

Unbeliever !

The pride of Clairvaux hears thee ; he who stands
Beside the throne of the pure Mother of God,
Where now, her praises writ by him on earth,
Joy of assembled saints—are hymned in heaven.

GIORDANO.

And here below men make lament for him,
Disturber both of France and Germany—
Who with his insolent humility
On every throne close by the Monarch sate
And prophesied the future—who rejoiced

To dole his woollen gifts to fools, and saw
 All Europe rush on Asia ; vainly cried
 The lonely wife from her deserted bed
 To his unpitied heart—" Why rend, ere death,
 " The sacred ties of blood, and so tread out
 " The conjugal paternal charities,
 " That scarce one man be left to dry the tears
 " Of every seven babes?"—" Desert the world,"
 He answered—" be its cities desolate,
 " Its cloisters full, that I may govern all."
 But, when Aladin conquered, when men saw
 The wild rocks of Cilicia whitened o'er
 With Christian bones unburied, then Bernard
 Hid from the wrathful world that frantic head
 Which lied to Europe—would he had but given
 The meed of tears and silence to his victims !
 But unabashed and cruel, he defended
 The lying oracles his proud voice uttered,
 Blotted with calumny the valiant dead
 Whom he had first deceived, and basely tortured
 His wretched penitents with fears and scourges !

LEO FRANGIPANI.

Avoid him, Christian men ! remember, still
 Over Giordano's head impends the curse
 Launched by Eugenius—there is crime and peril
 In parley with the impious ; here I came,
 Defender of the Church !—have ye not heard
 The warning fate of Dathan and Abiram
 Told from the Altar ? once again perhaps,
 God, to avenge his rights, may cleave the earth ..
 Do ye not tremble?...

GIORDANO.

Hypocrite ! the earth
 Had gaped more justly at the feet of him
 Who gave thee life—think on Gelasius,
 The agèd, holy man, who had obtained

From the consenting voice of all, those keys
He turned so gently, and so soon resigned ;
On that Good Shepherd's lowly brow I saw
The proud Tiara gleaming. Psalmody,
And breath of sacramental incense-clouds
Rose up to Christ—when lo ! the wondering Priests
Heard the closed doors ring with redoubled blows,
And, from their hinges torn, crash headlong in ;
A band of ruffians round the altar poured,
With them thy Father, cruellest of all—
Cries—flight—concealment followed ; and the long
Motionless pause of horror...poor Gelasius !
What then availed thy Pontiff-Majesty ?
Thy life so spent that sacred was old age ?
The clasped altar, or the present God ?
Wild Frangipani, dastard in his rage,
Uplifts his arm against the weak old man,
And gripes his trembling throat ; insults his person ;
Even when prostrate, with his arm'd heel strikes,
And tramples him : heaping on threats and blows,
Till they exceed the outrage done to Christ.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

'Tis true.

ANOTHER OF THE PEOPLE.

Most true ;— I saw Gelasius dragged
To that dark mansion of the Frangipani
Where his fierce band for ever make their den.

GIORDANO.

And thence my Father, Pierleoni, freed him,
Do ye not see how he records the past,
To blind you to the sense of present danger ?
And hold you wavering by his artful words,
Wherein divine and human he co-mingles,
Copying the wiles of that detested race
Which to usurp this earth, doth promise Heaven ?
Come, follow to the Capitol

PEOPLE.

Lead on !

To the Capitol ! there Arnold used to speak.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Yet ere we go, say has that holy man
Returned among us ?

GIORDANO.

Follow ! ye shall see !

[*The greater number of the people follow GIORDANO,
some remain behind. LEO FRANGIPANI retires
in the opposite direction.*]

SCENE II.

People and Nobles.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

There's constant strife between the Pierleoni
And Frangipani, both are false, and wont
To side or with the Empire or the Church.

ANOTHER OF THE PEOPLE.

If Arnold be a heretic I know not,
But this I know, that the Patricians riot
At their rich boards, and from above fling down
Arrows and stones on us—Let's to the Convents—
We shall at least have bread...

ANOTHER.

Nay, fire the Towers.

I scorn the leavings of the high fed monks.

ANOTHER.

The wretched people here keep constant fast,
My children faint for hunger, we may sure
Keep life within us yet for many days
With the fell Tyrants' gold.

A NOBLE.

Ye hear...I fly

To fortify my Palace—there I can
 Defend myself 'gainst all, and afterwards
 Side with the victors.

SCENE III.

*A public place on the Capitol, GIORDANO, PEOPLE,
 afterwards ARNOLD.*

GIORDANO.

I have called you here
 Not without cause. O Romans ! once again
 Arnold returns amongst us.

PEOPLE.

Where is he ?

Why stays he ? call him forth ! [ARNOLD *appears*.
 Long live the Saint !

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

From her adulterers may he free the Church !

ANOTHER.

Breathe once again our own Italian air !
 And shake the foreign dust from off his feet.

GIORDANO.

How different shews he from the Cardinal,
 In consistory sitting, him whose veins
 Fatten on Christian blood—greedy for self,
 Of promise lavish—he doth take to wife
 The spouse of God, and tortures her for aye ;
 Look here my friends ! these limbs with fasting
 worn

A holy pallor on this face benign,
 Which bears the traces of a pious tear,
 For your fallen grandeur shed—what human eye

Hath tear drops worthy of so great a woe ?
Be private grief unfelt, while prone thou liest
Queen of the Nations ! and one cross alone
Be raised above thy ruins !

PEOPLE.

Say, what means

Of cure are left us ?

ARNOLD.

Liberty and God !

A voice cries from the East,
A voice cries from the West,
A voice from thy waste places comes,
A voice of echo from thy yawning tombs,
Accuses thee, O Harlot, that art drunk
With the Saints' blood, and hast done fornication
With all Earth's rulers—woe to her ! behold
Her limbs are clothed in purple ; costly chains
And gems and gold, o'erload her—in the mire
Is lost the spotless robe which gave delight
To her first Bridegroom, thronèd now in heaven,
So is she full of names and blasphemies,
And on her brow is written " Mystery !"
No more, alas ! her voice is heard to soothe
The wretched—but all-threatening, and on all
Unending curses pouring, she creates
In timid souls ineffable dismay ;
Whene'er the wretched (we are *all* so now)
Assemble, to confound in one embrace
One common sorrow, in the name of Christ,
Ruthless she sunders them, she sets the Son
Against the Father, severs Wife and Husband,
Fomenteth war betwixt united Brothers,
And, fierce interpreter of holy writ,
She teaches hatred from the book of love.
The days are come whereof in Patmos spake
The rapt Evangelist, satan hath burst

His ancient fetters to delude the nations,
 And pitiless *she* ruleth o'er the flood
 Of human tears, poured forth alone for her.
 The tempter of mankind two goblets holds
 To her immodest lips, one filled with blood,
 With gold the other ; grasping, cruel, she
 Of each partakes, until the world knows not
 If greater be her thirst of gold or blood,
 Why from the earth's deep entrails did she rise
 To mount the Capitol?... in dungeons drear
 Lovely she was, and great—O Lord ! no more
 Do those whom once thy scourges put to flight,
 Trade in mute victims at thy Temple gate,
 But in the very fane mankind are sold,
 And bartered is thy blood, O Son of God !

PEOPLE.

What must we do ?...

ARNOLD.

Wrest from her sword and sceptre ;
 Make her at length restore her ill got wealth !

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Let's hence, and spoil the Cardinals' palaces.

ANOTHER.

The Nobles still are rich ..

ARNOLD.

O people, hear !

Restrain yourselves...the law...

PEOPLE.

Alas ! the law

Here curbs the poor man only, all too long
 We've lived derided, destitute...what fruits
 Will this thy Liberty produce ?

ARNOLD.

Give ear !

The Priests acquired all by force or fraud—
 Here spread their vast domains, wrongfully torn

From your forefathers ; they have made the soil
Waste, sterile, and unhealthy ; and around
The Christ, the King of Life, have planted death ;
But 'mid the pure air of the gentle hills,
Their shameless luxury has reared on high
Proud dwellings for the Monks—yours are the huts,
The palaces are theirs.

PEOPLE.

Long life to Arnold !

ARNOLD.

From the first hour when I disdained to feed
The flock of Christ with windy fallacies,
I have endured the cruel Shepherd's wrath—
And in long exile from my native land
Have been a wanderer—none of you but knows
My painful pilgrimage from realm to realm,
To plant the doctrine which shall grow to fruit ;
How oft I trod the heights of Appennine,
Or roamed amid the Alps' eternal snow,
Slow dragging on my worn and bleeding feet.
Learn whence I come ; and ye shall soon behold
The sons of foreign lands assemble round
My banner, which is Christ's—but still my heart
Was ever with you, Romans ! May its pulse
Be mute when I forget thee, Italy !—
Near twice five years here stood I 'gainst Eugenius,
Feeding the sacred flame which burns your breasts ;
He, first a wolf, turned fox in after days,
To needy vice grew lavish of his bread,
And hoped to buy the liberties of Rome,
Like meanest wares, from the Plebeian's hand ;
But death broke off his infamous designs,
And want, before Giordano's liberal hand,
Fled hence ; 'twill come again, should blind excess
Drive you to plunder ; rapine makes all poor,
Mother to every crime that breeds remorse,

c

Wherein ye know how well the Priests can trade ;
How oft from every hill I cried aloud :
“ The Church must own no wealth, her should suffice
“ The offerings of the faithful, to sustain
“ Life with scant food—no hoarding of God’s wrath
“ By greedy pastors, who their souls entomb
“ In their strong coffers, but let holiness
“ Wed them again to her whom Christ espoused
“ With his own blood ;—” all that the Priests have
gained
By long deceit, let law divide among you ;
So shall ye neither need to beg nor steal—
Can ye, then, fear the smallness of your gains,
Since the world’s tributes never have appeased
Th’ insatiate hunger of that ravening wolf ?

PEOPLE.

The laws...the laws !...

ARNOLD.

That ye may yet return
To greatness and to valour, call to mind,
O Romans, what ye were, and where ye stand !
This is the Capitol !—Hark ! to the roar
Of thousand voices—Lo ! a thousand breasts
Heaving with fierce disdain—for at that name,
That hallowed name, o’er your free brows again
Ye feel the breath of ancient triumphs pass ;
Here was in peace the Fane, the Fort in War ;
Let him who dreams of slavery, descend
Our sacred Hill, and plunge him in a Cloister !
Lo ! the Tarpeian fortified again,
Forces to save your country...Ye sit all
Here in free council, while around you rise
Those ancient virtues which the priest abhors.
Now from yon walls, where late oblivion reigned,
Come memory and reproach—Romans ! for *you*
These ruins find a voice, on every face

I read the traces of a grief sublime ;
Ye fain would question every sepulchre,
And tread the paths of old Italian valour,
With awe and indignation in your souls,
For earth to each one crieth, " Hold ! thy foot
" Tramples a hero."— Up this stern ascent
Wound their long triumphs : now the wily monks,
False and effeminate, that endless race
Whence none is ever born, hath built its nest
Among the ruins, where its shade enfolds
The guardian marbles of immortal dust,
Torpid, amid Rome's glories and her woes !—
Oh Capitol ! where wrathful now I wander,
Shake off the vilest load that ever can
Oppress this earth—let the world's infamy
Encumber not the way of ancient triumph
With their vile dwellings, loathsome to the eye—
Look hence, O look upon the scattered limbs
Of the eternal city—her's whose greatness
Seemed to the vulgar fabulous, whose glance
Was the world's terror, and its destiny.
Thou only under Heaven, O Rome ! didst seem
Lifted above the power of fate and death ;
And time himself, the conqueror of all,
His might distrusting, craved barbarian aid
And priestly counsel—yet nor fire, nor sword,
Nor dust of long oblivion could suffice
To cover up from view thy mighty piles,
Victors of ages—Heaven-defying works.
Romans ! I swear it by your lives, so ye
Shall crush at length the tyrants—but renew
Your laws, by lapse of time grown weak and mute,
And your old titles, rich in glory still :
Each city of Ausonia boasts her consuls,
Yet in *your* midst that august office rose,
When Brutus marked your monarch's latest crime,

With sword drawn, reeking from a spotless breast,
 And the first sun of liberty arose
 Upon Lucretia's blood ; yet Romans, here
 That sacred office is a name alone
 Written on ruins ; bid it rise again,
 Restore the Senate's holy majesty,
 And re-ordain the Knights, that ancient order
 Betwixt Plebeians and Patricians...

PEOPLE.

What !

Patricians ?—

ARNOLD.

Yet appoint ye Tribunes too,
 In person sacred—let them shield the people—
 I love the people, and I boast myself
 Plebeian, and my master is the great
 Deliverer of slaves : he who gave bread
 And the eternal word to multitudes,—
 And 'mid the poor and lowly chose his friends—
 Now on the thrones of France and Germany
 The modern Pharisee seeks tyrants' aid,
 And in the name of Cesar he would spill
 Christ's blood a second time...

PART OF THE PEOPLE.

Come ! let us make

Arnold our Consul.

OTHERS.

Arnold shall be Tribune.

OTHERS.

He is not Roman :

ARNOLD.

But Italian born.

Hear, O my people ! far away I watched
 Over thy destinies : to all is known
 How Germany unclosed her darksome caves
 To let barbarian torrents once again

O'erwhelm our harvests : Romans ! then I strove,
Ere my return, to bind in sacred league
The Lombard cities,—Oh that I possessed
A thousand voices, and a throat of brass,
'Stead of this weary tongue, so parched and faint
With crying, " Be ye Brothers ! all, as many
" As 'twixt the Alps and Lilibeum breathe
" The sweet Italian air : " let Liberty
Make you one nation : Thou, O Capitol,
Give ear to words well worthy of thine echoes :
Tell them to every hill : Air once inhaled
By Brutus' breast : carry them far and wide
To every ear among us : Italy,
If as one man she rise, unanimous,
Needeth no sword to drive the German foe
From that fair land whose flow'rs are trampled down
By their proud coursers' iron hoofs, a stone
Well hurled suffices : be each heart among you
Open to clasp this truth, too seldom told :
Let me not speak in vain : nor yet believe
I seek to be your Consul or your Tribune ;
Let gold and purple clothe him who succeeds
To Constantine in pomp and not to Peter.
Choose, Rome ! the worthiest of Italian blood
To fill thy highest posts, with wisdom born,
Of old example thy republic raise :
Trust me I'll not be chary of advice
For the State's guidance. If *this* come to pass,
Amid the wilderness where Abelard,
Who was my master, taught the word of truth,
I'll build a lowly hut of clay and reeds,
Where I may watch in prayer, and raise on high
The supplications which are worthy Heaven,
Yet never rise to Heaven from priestly hearts.
Be Rome, our Italy, the world, but free,
And then let death conduct me back to God !—

PEOPLE.

Who comes?

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

I see a cloud of dust arise
From the low vale...

ANOTHER.

Hark to the rapid beat
Of horse-hoofs, speeding hitherward!

PEOPLE.

Stones! stones!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

I'm a Trasteveran.

ANOTHER.

And I was born
Within the Campus Martius.

ARNOLD.

Be ye Romans!...

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Here come the Cardinals...

ANOTHER.

Detested race!

ARNOLD.

Behold what robes of splendour! to you beggars
Is flung a paltry coin, while these proud men
Must give their eager coursers gold to champ
The while their feet devour the wonted way.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

See! Leo at their head rides sword in hand.

SCENE IV.

CARDINAL GUIDO, *of Santa Pudenziana, with other
Cardinals, on horseback.* LEO FRANGIPANI *with
the insignia of the Prefecture of Rome.*

CARDINAL GUIDO.

Hear me!—The Cardinal Bishop of Albano

Is chosen Pope, and it hath pleased him
To take the name of Adrian.

PEOPLE.

What's his surname?

OTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

And what's his country, for we know him not?

A CARDINAL.

He'll make you know him, soon.

ANOTHER CARDINAL.

Breakspear, the Briton.

GIORDANO.

Oh impious, cruel tribe! choose a barbarian
To be the Roman Pastor? one whose name
Already tortures our Italian ears!

ARNOLD.

Nor now, nor ever ask I whence they come;
Experience should, by Heaven! have taught you,
Romans,
Priests have no country.

LEO FRANGIPANI.

Let me hear no more
These idle and irreverent speeches; quit
The Capitol! return unto your homes!
Too long ye've listened to these heresies,
From rebels twain with interdicts befouled.
Why this delay? begone! lest Adrian
Come with his numerous and faithful band,
And send you flying hence...

ARNOLD (*to the People*).

Tell him of Lucius!

And, should the foreign tyrant dare ascend
The Capitol—shew him, ye men of Rome!
The stain of Papal blood: meantime stand here
Like the Tarpeian rock—immovable!

LEO FRANGIPANI.

I charge you all—yield to this sacred banner

Of ancient rule : I once as Prefect held
The sacred city, and my ancient rights
Adrian restores to me

GIORDANO.

He would revive
What Rome abolished.

PEOPLE.

No more Prefects now !...
We'll have Patricians !

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Hurrah for Giordano !

ARNOLD.

Hurrah for freedom ! of the people comes
All power—Go break and trample in the mire
Yon shameful sword, dyed in Crescentius' blood,
And blunted by remorse : 'twas Otho's gift,
The German Kaiser's, to the trembling hand
Of his liege vassal : equal paleness lay
Upon the slave's and tyrant's cheek that hour ;
Thenceforth the ruthless sword, blest and re-blest
By every wily priest whose endless wars
Raged between crown and tiara, cross and sceptre,
Hath passed from slave to slave, and reached at last
The basest of them all !

*[Some of the People snatch away and break the sword
of LEO FRANGIPANI, who retires in dismay.]*

CARDINAL GUIDO.

Outrage like this
Offendeth Cesar, Adrian, and God ;
For from on high descends the power which lives
Within our bosoms—Christ chose Adrian
To be his Vicar, for 'twas he who gave
His creed to Norway.....

ARNOLD.

It is false. Olaus
The ruthless, slowly in that rugged land:

Sowed with the sword the faith which hateth blood.
Can tyrants be Apostles? I know nought
Of Adrian's deeds 'mid nations so remote;
Perhaps, like Hildebrand of Britain's king,
He, in the Roman Senate's name *entreated*
Homage and Gold.....

A CARDINAL.

They are too poor.

ARNOLD.

Yet who

Is half as poor as ye are avaricious?
Of much has war deprived them. — Breakspear's
 frauds

Have surely stripped them naked. What ye have
Was ta'en by force, ye make it seem a gift.
I know the fellow well: born of a serf,
He's fit to be a slave: and hath made friends
With him who lords it o'er his land, the Norman.
A wandering beggar-boy, to Avignon
He came, and in its cloisters did perform
Most abject offices; he there contrived
To please, by wily softness, those false monks,
Learned all their arts, and, 'twixt deceit and force,
Made shift to rise from out his native filth,
And harshly rule the base.

GIORDANO.

Wretches! a slave

Pontiff of Rome!.....

A NOBLE.

Is it to be endured

By us Patricians?

CARDINAL GUIDO.

We should stay no longer,
But pity for your souls constraineth us.
With Arnold and Giordano Heaven is wroth,

Both severed from the bosom of the church :
Your liberty is a most heinous sin !

GIORDANO.

What say'st thou, villain ? Holy writ contains
The truth which doth exalt us, not abase,
And sink us in the vale of slavery.
Christ became Man, to raise us up to God.

CARDINAL GUIDO.

To thee I speak not, Heretic ! O Romans !
If with his crook the Shepherd cannot lead
The wandering flock to their lost fold again,
He must invoke the sword, which if consigned
To monarchs, should be only raised to strike
At priestly bidding : Swabian Frederic
Approaches : his designs you well must know :
Already from the splendid dreams, renewed
Among you by this faithless Monk, he wakes
With flames the Lombards, and will soon take back
What Italy usurped ; wild with the rage
Of lengthened suffering, 'tis his joy to mark
His way with ruins : Oh how different acts
The church towards you : still she waits, she suffers,
Like the Eternal : let her weep no more
Over her frantic sons. Ah ! turn ye back
To her maternal breast. To separate
The just from the unjust I came ; e'en now
The anger of the Lord tempestuous roars :
Press close around your Shepherd, faithful lambs !
That I may tell him—" They were gone astray,
" And like to perish, I have brought them home ! "

A CARDINAL (*aside to the other CARDINAL.*)

Brethren, away ! our coming was not vain.
The devout women weep, and tear-drops hang
Upon the old men's lids : see ye how many
Draw back from Arnold ? every moment thins
The crowd that did enround him ; mutable

Are all their passions, lead them hence with us,
Ere Arnold make them change. Silence in him
Is as the bolt that slumbers in the cloud.....
I see him now unclothe those daring lips,
Whose words are a consuming fire, to give
Tremendous answer.—Let each Christian man
Go with us ; tremble ye who dare to stay !
The Cesar comes, to fence the papal rights ;
He ought to punish you, rebels against
Both Church and Empire, worse than e'er he did
The Lombard cities. (*Aside.*) Faithful Annibaldo !
Remain thou here, and in their coward hearts,
With feigned words, that have a show of truth,
Increase the terrors of impending peril !

SCENE V.

ANNIBALDO, ARNOLD, PEOPLE.

PEOPLE.

What shall we do, my Lord ?

ARNOLD.

And can ye ask ?

Conquer, or die. Your ancestors had power
To battle for ungrateful Hildebrand
With the fourth Henry. Did not Roman valour
Stand 'gainst the German's fury when Lothair
Held, like a groom, the bridle rein of him
Who rivalled Anaclete ; then for a crown
His infamy exchanged in Lateran,
And fled, a laughing stock ? Now grasp that sword,
Which made its way to the fierce German's heart ;
The cause is holy, and the foe the same,
And Arnold scorns to look from some high tower,
And bless your arms. O Liberty ! the blood
Yet boils within my breast, that blood is thine !

ANNIBALDO.

Believe not what he says :

Thou cunning Monk,
The words of pride come glibly off thy tongue ;
But hop'st thou to defeat a race of men
In fight indomitable, tried for years
In the fierce contests of a party war ?
From Lombardy I come, and to mine eyes
Is present yet the panic of her sons.
Milan is full of broils ere overcome ;
Pavia's in the imperial camp, her troops,
By their licentious fury tow'rd the weak
Are only known—within the shameful walls
Of that foul city, triumphs were prepared
For the oppressors of our Italy,
Who hath no brothers. There did I behold
The drunken, foetid German, fresh from slaughter,
Reeling along, half stifled by the load
Of base caresses from Pavia's women.
I saw the multitudes round Frederic throng,
And stop his courser's way ; I saw them weary
The hands yet reeking from our country's blood
With slavish kisses ; and I saw him, full
Of regal and Teutonic wrath, fling off
Their tedious cringing, and with sword and steed
Force his way through them ; and I saw his guards
Dash onward thro' the dust-cloud which enwrapt
That haughty one, and strike and trample all
Who dared to linger. 'Twas a worthy meed,
Due to the slaves' rejoicings : all the fields
By rich Olona nourished, are laid waste
By German Reiters : in the smiling plain,
That has nor hills nor woodlands, vainly flies
The Lombard peasant, who behind him hears
The foaming courser's hoofs in swift pursuit,
And on his trembling shoulders feels the blast
Of panting nostrils...

ARNOLD.

Thou dost over-rate

The foeman's power, in hopes to bring us low.
Alas! too well we know the Alps are open
To the barbarian; 'Twas another Adrian
Who called them here. A priest *then* showed the way.
Perish his impious name!—The altar thence
Became a throne, and nought but power and gold
Was sought for by the church—ye still behold
Him who is called Christ's vicar here below
(And wrongly bears his name), a slave or rebel.
A bloody chain uniteth Italy
To Germany, and her inheritance
Is our vile bondage. 'Tis most fit that Thou,
O Tiber, now obedient to the Rhine,
Should'st flow among the tombs!

But why retrace,

Even to its source, the tide of human blood,
Wherein, O Peter, thine ill-freighted bark
So sorely labours? Speak we of the present.
Romans! I will unfold what he conceals:
I'll not deceive you. Where Rosate stood,
Rise smoking ruins. The Lord of Monferrat
Led on the Germans against Chieri, and Asti
Reduced to ashes: such was the revenge
Their cruel pastor took for private wrongs
On his now scattered flock; the German's hands
He armed with torches, watched the flames destroy
Houses and churches, and he blest the pile!—
Such pardon may ye hope from mitred Tyrants.
The hill whereon Tortona stood, now shows
Black ashes only; drunk with wine and blood,
There the wild beasts of Germany lay drowned
In sleep, amid the booty and the dead.
Like pallid phantoms, wandering through the dark,
Those spared by sword and famine, who had lain,

D

Desolate city ! in thy caverned breast,
 To hospitable Milan turned their steps,
 And brought there steel and hatred. I behold
 A thousand heroes rising to proclaim
 Tortona's fruitful teaching. Holy spot !
 Oh ! could I prostrate fall upon thy ruins,
 And with deep reverence clasp them to my heart !
 I would collect the relics of the brave
 In costly urns, and on the day of battle
 Proffer them from the altar to your lips.
 Oh ! praised be the Lord ! we die no more
 For chains and error. Sacred liberty !
 Thou hast at length thy martyrs ; and for thee
 May I too burn to ashes !... Ye turn pale ;
 And are ye Romans !... Down ! This hallowed hill
 Harbours no cravens—In the vale beneath
 The tyrant waits you ; each one prostrate fall,
 Give tears and kisses to his haughty foot,
 Be trampled first in mire, and then...absolved !

PEOPLE.

Ill suited arms have we, and all too few :
 The walls are low and ruinous.

ARNOLD.

The brave
 Make of their breasts a wall. Do you believe
 Tortona's ruin scares the Lombard towns ?
 Nay, 'tis a bright example of stern valour
 In few brave souls, nobly resolved to die.
 That single city cost more toil and blood,
 Although the haughty Swabian led the flower
 Of all his vassals, she for longer space
 Restrained the course of German fury, than
 All Italy, in weak and coward times,
 When the first Otho's entrance was a conquest ;
 At length we rise above our fathers' fame,
 And priests belie us, loading them with praise
 Whose life their cunning shadowed o'er with dread,

And made their death tremendous. Crema, Brescia,
Know nought of fear : but wherefore tell of them ?
Firm as a rock stands Milan, bending not
Her lofty head before the Swabian blast ;
So great her valour, that on her alone
Must break the billows of Tentonic pride.
Illustrious city ! fight, and overcome ;
And should'st thou fall, yet fear not, for the walls,
Sprinkled with freemen's blood, shall rise again.
Eternal ruins stand 'mid slaves alone.

PEOPLE.

Thou dost insult us !

ARNOLD.

Wherefore tremble ye
Before the trumpet sound ? O thou that wast
Queen of the world, and first in Italy,
Shalt thou be last ? The world will say Bernard,
My foe, was *not* a liar when he wrote
Thus to Eugenius,—“ Rebels or poltroons,
“ Thy Romans cannot rule nor yet obey ;
“ Why fear'st thou them ? submissive Tivoli
“ Has proved to Europe they have haughty tongues,
“ And rapid feet.”

PEOPLE.

No more ! cease ! or thou diest...

ARNOLD.

People, I have aroused you. Kill me now ;
But first make oath to God to wash away
In their heart's blood who the fierce tyrant serve,
That infamy which makes you curse and weep.

PEOPLE.

To arms !

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Long life to Arnold !

ANOTHER.

Each one here

Cry, death to the barbarian !

ARNOLD.

Rather cry,
Death to the cruel trafficker in blood !
Him who oppressed, oppresses, and destroys
God's likeness in himself and others. Hearken,
Ye Sons of Rome ! I came not back e'en now
With words alone to aid you ; when I took
The people's part at Brescia, where I tore
The vestments off two shepherds, and displayed
The wolves that hid beneath them ;—as ye know,
Helvetia gave me shelter, there I sowed
The seed of doctrine on a fruitful soil.
Wily Bernard, he of the honeyed lip
And iron heart, muttered afar, while I
Thundered the truth at Zurich and at Constance,
Or from the lofty mountain peaks. I thought
With tears upon the war that man must wage
'Gainst error, when I saw beneath my feet
Clouds which the sun o'ercomes not, only tinged
With golden radiance—beautiful Helvetia !
I love the mystery of thy valleys deep—
Thine unseen torrents, roaring in the heart
Of their primeval gorges ; but far more
I love thee now, since I have led to Rome,
Of thy free sons, who tremble not to die,
Two thousand valiant hearts.

PEOPLE.

Oh ! generous Arnold.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

He loves us as his children.

OTHERS.

Father ! Saint !

OTHERS.

Death to the coward who that name shall give
To Saxon Adrian !

SCENE VI.

SWISS OF ZURICH, *and the above.*

ARNOLD.

Appear ! come forth,
Noble Helvetians ; to your bosoms press
These men of Rome, whom Christ and liberty
Have made your brothers ; justly have ye written
Those hallowed names upon the cross, which is
Henceforth your banner. God suffered his Son
To die, that the world's slavery might cease.
On every man's intrepid brow I see
Hope's lofty joy, which smileth on the brave.
Romans ! let emulous virtue burn within you !
With fairer promise *now* your eagles raise,
Whose second flight Constantine urged in vain ;
Be Rome, which he abandoned, now no more
The dower of grasping priests. A thousand years'
Triumphal echo's voice hath here been mute.
O lonely column, on the naked hill,
Witness of ancient glory ! like to thee,
Lofty and firm, the Roman heart remain,
Amid the hostile storm which roars around !
Unto the Paraclete, the sacred source
Of thoughts and of desires, whereby from earth
Man lifts himself to God, to whom my friend,
Loved more than all, unhappy Abelard,
Upraised a temple, and in whom reside
Three persons in one substance, raise a hymn.
May He, with his eternal breath, vouchsafe
Light to each mind, and warmth to every heart.

Descend, amid our exile,
O thou creative Might,
Who dost the Son and Father
In bonds of love unite ;

And with thy fruitful pinions,
Thou comforter dispel
The second darkness, which o'er earth
So heavily doth dwell.

Through depths of space unbounded,
Thou can'st not down in vain ;

Yet thy mysterious breathing
Stirred all creation's chain.

The face of earth o'ershadowed
With the dark veil of sea,

Thro' *Thee*, from its embrace arose,
And smiled to Heaven thro' *Thee*.

Thou, in whom burneth ever
The thought of Him, whose will

Creates, loves, comprehends,
Uncomprehended still,

O'ercome thou with thy power,
The hate which parts us here,

Destroying hope, and sowing
The seeds of pain and fear.

To earth and Heaven repeat thou
A holy, deathless strain,

. The hill with blood besprinkled,
Blood of their first-love slain,

Who on his mother looking,
Gave her, in Man, a Son...

Yet art thou, cruel age,
Thus ever slow to own

The will of the Most High,

Whom thy proud thoughts defy ?

Christ, from the cross of blood,

Made us God's Brotherhood.

But let not cowards deem that nought
Springs of thy power, save gentle thought ;
In valiant souls thou humblest not

The strength which makes them great.

By turns, an eagle and a dove,
Alternate clothed in force and love,
Like fire thou dartest from above,

Our baseness to defeat.

The church was free, and to earth's farthest bound
Did her swift words resound,
The Lamb's pure blood, whom sin would fain
dethrone,

Purpled her robes alone.

Innocent, and in sorrow, she maintained
The law primeval love for us ordained.

Yet scarce enthroned by Constantine, her faith

To her first spouse she brake,

And those high truths, born of Christ's fruitful
death,

Neglectful did forsake.

But can Man lie forgot beneath the sod,

Who rose to Heav'n, united to his God?

O, Priest! whose spirit lapt in carnal things,

Hath lost the sense of what thou teachest, fain

Would'st thou deceive the prophet world which sings,

The very God triumphant ris'n again?

The Holy Ghost, by whom our zeal is given,

Descends on Earth, and marries her to Heaven.

We are his temple, and the greedy crew

Of Levites, wont to do their deeds of shame

Amid the ruins, have defiled too

With blood those altars where the Saviour grew,

Rich with the plunder wrested in his name.

No more thou dwell'st there, Lord! who in man's
breast,

More than in Heaven above, art manifest.

Spirit, that movest where thou list'st, we know

How, with increased might,

Thou filledst the repentant Nazarite,

When Samson's arm made Dagon's temple bow;

The harlot, foe of man's immortal mind,
The virtues of our ancestors hath shorn,
Like to those locks whereof his strength was born,
And we, as much as he, are slaves and blind!

ROMANS.

The sun that rules our course
Hath chased away the dark ;
Beneath our ashes glow
The never-dying spark.
Our valour, laid asleep,
Once more shall flourish high :
The spirit is the life—
The life is liberty !

SWISS OF ZURICH.

Ours is one common origin ; no more we dwell afar ;
Our swords shall tell barbarians that of Roman blood
we are ;
Amid our barren rocks, which bow beneath eternal
rime,
We, too, are pasture for the wolf unchanged by change
of clime.
Free will we live, as doth the wind which o'er our
mountains blows,
When bishops, learn'd in cruelty—the men of mitred
brows,
No more, with pastoral staff profane, shall scourge
the race of man,
And dumb shall be the oracle which lies in Vatican !

ARNOLD.

O, sun ! that dost o'errule our hemisphere,
Whose rays now quicken all things into youth,
Be those more fervent which the sun of truth
Darts forth ; and may the fame of new emprise
Within the warrior's bosom grow and rise !

Embrace ye all—one common aim combines
In more than brotherhood the hearts it joins.

A SWISS TO A ROMAN.

Courteous warrior, can'st thou bear
The weapons' lightning brilliancy ?

ROMAN.

Stern and fearless I will share
In the battle's work with thee ;
Thoughts of flight shall never find
Way to enter in my mind.

SWISS.

But with the hostile party,
Thy father if thou see ?
Or if, with hair dishevelled,
Thy mother call on thee ?

ROMAN.

It comes of priestly cunning :
Unpitying I will be !

SWISS.

If, from the tide of battle,
The people backwards fall ?...

ROMANS.

The Tiber looks upon us—
We'll perish, one and all !
His wounds shall be in front,
Who dies upon this mount.
Dinted, his helm and crest ;
Pierced thro', his shield and breast :
By sword and spear we die
I' th' cause of liberty !
Dishonoured is the dust
Whereon the warrior lies,
With dart thrust deeply through his back
Like one who basely flies.

ARNOLD.

If brave deeds keep not pace with what ye say,
The stranger will exclaim "Here Brutus sleeps
for aye."

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

A Chamber in the Vatican.

SCENE I.

ADRIAN AND CARDINAL GUIDO.

GUIDO.

Permit thy faithful servant, holy father,
In arms to seek the Capitol again,
And tame the people's fury : afterwards
Be Arnold from God's garden rooted up,
And burned that noxious weed, which might disclose
New flowers of heresy.

ADRIAN.

Would'st have a man
Born in an isle remote, barbarian called
By haughty Italy, begin with blood
His nascent sway in Rome? The ancient names
Renewed by Arnold in these empty walls,
Shall bear no longer life than the frail flower
Which springs upon their ruins. Yet I fear
The fatal doctrines of that daring soul,
Which would deprive the clergy of all substance.
Too well I know it suiteth grasping kings
And sword-girt followers : these all desire
To turn the church back to her lowly source,
And clothe them in her spoils : when stripped of all,

Then would they call her *holy*. They would have Peter's successor at the Cesar's door,
Sit patiently until it pleased him wake,
A wond'rous suppliant, who must outstretch
The hand which should distribute realms, and beg
For menial bread, like the poor wretch we feed.
God hath ordained that this fool-hardy Arnold
Should rouse to freedom Lombardy and Rome—
Not stand the champion of Imperial rights—
And, therefore, I concede a fresh reprieve
To his long madness, and I let him rave
After the shadow he for substance takes,
Till Cesar come. He promised to put down,
By force, the frantic pride of troublous Rome,
And Arnold give into the Church's power.

GUIDO.

Father! the empire should exterminate
Those wretches, whom thy sword of cursing brands,
If with such pious willing reverence
As son to father shows, it strive to do
His will who of God's glory holds the keys.
Now is there war between the world's two lights,
And that inferior planet which illumines
The night, by its own radiance thinks it shines;
Amid the darksome forest of the world
Each 'wildered mortal hath mistook the way;
And from that fatal hour profane right-hands
Have borne immortal weapons, and 'gainst us,
The Empire, like a lance, the gospel hurls;
But on thee only its true spirit descends.
'Tis but the monarch, who can never err,
May dare interpret its eternal laws.

ADRIAN.

Guido! I know thee well—thy zeal is hot
In a most holy cause. Thou canst not see
That languor dulls the sound of ancient strife
'Twixt Church and Empire; now the love of God

No longer glows in any human breast,
For Italy so far forgetteth Heaven
That liberty she seeks, and men contend—
But not for *us*. I fain would see the bark
Wherein I sit, in conflict with the waves;
But never thro' her gaping sides shall roar
The conquering billows: still I hear a voice
Crying to me from Heav'n—"Thou need'st not fear,
"Oh, Peter, for thy ship—her freight is God,"
But I must govern Europe's fate again,
Kings are among the flock to Peter given,
Tho' not its better part. In Italy,
Twixt Frederic and the Lombards, whom he now
Prepares to punish, doubtfully I stand,
And the new Cesar and new freedom dread.
Authority is *one*. If I be seen
Where Milan rears her banner, then 'tis I
Teach disobedience, and the insurgents whom
I here condemn, in Lombardy I shield.
If I take part with Cesar, I'm a slave
Unto that power which suffers not an equal;
And to her ancient state of servitude
I fear to bring the church. Ah! how much blood
Was shed to set her free! the Swabian's mind
Is rude and cruel, ever borne away
By the first impulses of youth and power.
He heads a stupid but ferocious race,
Who deem it wise to thaw the wintry cold
By conflagrations of the vanquished towns.
It chanced, the very day when Germany
Placed him upon the throne where Conrade sate,
A low-born minister for some small fault
His pardon craved, and the surrounding crowd,
With voice of supplication, echoed "Pardon!"
But the stern action of his regal hand
Silence imposed on all, and raising slow

Towards the present God his haughty front
(As yet unsanctified with holy oil,
By him who as my vicar rules at Aix),
Thus cried he—"Justice is inexorable,
"And her decree doth never yield to prayers;
"I cannot err." O senseless blasphemy!
One only errs not: he from out whose lips
Proceeds the voice of Christ: *that one am I.*
Swabian! thou dost usurp my place.....ill fate
Will make thee ruthless, if amid the glow
Of Fortune's brightest smile, thou could'st not pardon.

GUIDO.

Father and Lord! what thou esteem'st a fault
I dare not praise. E'en were the deed well done,
The wild words had defiled it; yet I love
Such rigour in a king. If he perform
Thy will with blind submission, prompt obedience,
Upon the altar thou should'st bless his sword.....
I long to see the day when Arnold's blood
Shall once again renew the ancient pact
'Twixt church and empire, whose united strength
Shall from the soil tear up the common root
Of every ill; and then let man be dumb,
For the Almighty speaketh by thy mouth.
May Abelard, who first presumed to urge
The poor brief wings of human intellect
To bolder flight, all hell within him feel!
For he, with impious folly, in the schools
Strove to demonstrate what we hold by faith,
And to the unattainable truth draw nigh,
By reason's aid. Alas! the prompt belief,
The poverty of spirit, unto which
Heaven is the promised meed, were scorned by him;
And even the Gallic urchins came to blows
About the highest mystery of God,
Together with the countless throng of those

Who in an empty race resemble them.
Led by their Sophist, the audacious band
Entered the fane, to tear that sacred veil
Which hid the altar, and in each highway
Even the holiest holy was a theme
Of noisy prating to the vulgar herd.
'Twas in that school that Arnold grew in crime.
The self same arms his master then employed
To war with Heaven, he turns against the throne,
And thy most holy rule, which taught the world
To bear the curb of monarchs. But we hear
His impious voice again, because the zeal
Which warmed thy true Bernard on earth is dead.
Mother of God! had but his native land
Obeyed his counsels and the mandates high
Of Innocent, fierce Arnold, who still sowed
His heresies in exile, and returns.
From lingering banishment to triumph here,
Had fallen into the hands of our mild rule,
Which would have brought his erring spirit back
To God by true repentance, in such sort
That from the stake due to his mortal part
The soul had mounted straightway into Heaven.

ADRIAN.

The church, until that day when the last trump
Shall wake the dust which sleeps in every tomb,
Must still maintain her war against the world,
Which wieldeth errors that for doctrines stand.
The Swabian is our foe; I know he longs,
With the great sceptre held by Charlemagne,
To own his power; and he expects to turn
Backwards the ceaseless stream of human things,
Make it obey him, and restore again
The ancient curb which once controlled the world.
Upon that model he would recompose
All the earth's kingdoms, and o'errule the church

To which he ought to bow. He crieth shame
Against our rights, our temple calls a den
Where gold is counted, and where God is sold
On Peter's tomb. The new-born heresy
Of Arnold stands, alas ! upon the throne ;
And were't not that the love of ancient fables
Glows in his dauntless heart, he would make friends
With Cesar, who hath vowed his impious head
To vengeance, for the empire, not the church.
He comes to part her from the Lombard towns,
Wherein that liberty which Arnold here
Demands in vain, is rising into life.
I dread the Cesar's gifts ; it is his aim
To stain me with the blood shed at my bidding,
That, moved at once by guilt and gratitude,
I may on Milan launch my interdict,
And give him Rome and Italy in charge.
Oh ! Guido ! all is changed. In vain the cross
O'ertops the crown of kings ; its mystery
Weighs not upon their haughty brows. No more
Do they acknowledge that all lands were given
As Peter's heritage, and that his power
Extendeth to the farthest ends of earth.
And therefore 'tis I am not all averse
To right the people : what Bernard desired
Is known to thee. O could I bring once more
Arnold within our clasp, and make of him
A lion of the Lord ! I'd ease his brow
Of the Anathema's tremendous load,
If in Milan he would consent to preach :
That man is free when he obeyeth God,
Who by his Pontiff speaks.

GUIDO.

Is this thy voice ?
Am I in Adrian's presence ?... Aid me, God !
By thy most holy cross. Art waking, Guido ?

Or doth the ancient enemy of man
Thus parley with thee in some hideous dream,
From which thou canst not 'scape?

ADRIAN.

Waking, thou dream'st ;
Fool ! thou forgett'st that Christ desireth not
The sinner's death ; that even Abelard
Was by Bernard forgiven, who himself
Admired the life austere which Arnold led.

GUIDO.

Vain or pretended virtues ! Now is death
Shown in his works.

ADRIAN.

Yet by my pardon, they
May rise again to life...

GUIDO.

He from thy fold
Hath wandered...

ADRIAN.

On the brink of the abyss ;
Still should I seek my sheep : a shepherd I,
Who fears not there to perish.

GUIDO.

Arnold is
A wolf...

ADRIAN.

Yet God may change him to a lamb ;
He may arise, and *thou* may'st fall...

GUIDO.

O, Father ;
I pray thee change thy purpose !

ADRIAN.

What ! *I change* ?
I, who can never err !

GUIDO.

But thou forgett'st :
A council hath condemned him : and canst *thou* ?...

ADRIAN.

What hast thou said? *I can do all things* : shall
The saucy limbs dare 'gainst the head rebel?
Hold not these hands the keys to Peter given?
Confirms not Heav'n my word, which here has pow'r
To bind and loose, as 'twere God's own decree?
Arnold dared not so much : he but disputes
Earth's temporal government with me : yet now
'Thou art still farther from the Church than he!

GUIDO.

O God, forgive! [kneels.
Forgive me, I have sinned : lo, from thy feet
I rise no more, if thou absolve me not.
My zeal misled me ; I am but thy clay,
E'en mould me as thou wilt ; make me a vessel
Of shame or glory...

ADRIAN.

Rise! and recollect

That I alone, over the mountain-top
Where God hath placed me, lift the torch on high,
To dissipate the darkness of this world.
Of that clear light is born the eager zeal
Which wars with error ; he who looks elsewhere,
Strays ever from the path. I am the rule
For thought and action, thou should'st follow me,
And not precede ; but, like an humble lamb,
Behind thy shepherd walk, with earthward glance ;
The track I leave doth surely lead to Heaven.
Arnold I know : hither I hope he comes
To secret colloquy. The Cardinals,
Who should go with me to the Lateran,
'Mid priests devout, and their true followers,
To consecrate me on the throne of thrones,
Are not yet gathered in the neighbouring church.
If it exceed my power to work a change
In hapless Arnold's haughty soul, they then

Shall know the will of God : when peril hangs
Above the church, it is not I who speak.
Go, join thee to them, and await our pleasure.

SCENE II.

ADRIAN, *alone*.

O human will ! since thou in Adam didst
Rebel against thy God, how far thou art
From true obedience ! He, who from his youth
Was nurtured in a cloister, where to serve
Is the first lesson, dares evade my power,
Which hallows and unites the Church of God....
On every step which led me to this height
I found a woe, but on its pinnacle
They all are gathered ; and there spring more thorns
About my papal chair, than on the throne....
What toil to keep unspotted from the mire
That robe which weighs the mightiest shoulders down !
Oh, every gem in my tiara seems
A flame of fire, to scathe the weary head,
Which weeping I uplift, O Lord, to Thee....
Yet must I never flag : He who could bear
The cross, so heavy with the whole world's sin,
Will help his faltering servant ; Him on earth
I represent.....O silence of my cloister,
Clouds of my native isle, which moderate
The radiance of the sun, and keep it low,
Even as my fortunes were, when rages most
Rome's frantic wickedness, when proudly glows
Her burning sky, I think of you, and weep.

SCENE III.

A Chamber in GIORDANO's Castle.

GIORDANO, ARNOLD.

GIORDANO.

O sainted heart ! thou toilest all in vain,
Striving to lift this humbled Italy
High as thy thoughts : loaded with error lies
Her aching head, and ever more one hand
Contendeth with the other : who has power
To face at once the empire and the priests ?
When Rome, who knows whereof those Gods are
made,
Who war amongst themselves, and hath beheld them
Rushing thro' blood to sit upon the altar,
More fatal than a throne, is yet divided
Betwixt the Pope and us : thou seek'st in vain
To set her free from error, and oppose
The Gospel to her priests. Men trust *in them*,
And not in God. Wily, they earliest write
On the mind's page ; such characters as theirs
Can never be effaced : trust me 'tis so.
In the most ardent hearts, I know there dwells
A timid hate against those agèd lies ;
Still do they fight with them, yet conquer not,
And 'neath their passion hide they deep remorse.

ARNOLD.

Let us keep faith with Rome ! I cannot tear
Myself from her : or dream or phantom be it,
Yet in the vain embrace I love to perish.
Suffer and hope, Giordano !

GIORDANO.

I might still
Cherish one hope, had Peter died elsewhere.

ARNOLD.

Oh, for the guilty husbandman's default,
Bring not thyself to execrate the plant!
What thinks the Senate?

GIORDANO.

To itself it feigns
That a new empire may arise in Rome.
That its appoaching session may become
The fount of power supreme: or at the least
Confirm the monarch Germany elects.

ARNOLD.

I know how in that hope you did indite
Proud language long ago to Conrade, whom
The Swabian now succeeds: haughty at first,
He deigned not e'en reply: then fury-stirred
Precipitate exchanged disdain for wrath,
And had come hither to avenge the flight
Of the third Pope, Eugenius, but that death
Snatched him away. 'Twas *thus* the German king
Answered the Roman Senate, with the sword!

GIORDANO.

The Swabian comes to be anointed here,
And stretch his talons wide to lacerate
Our Italy....And 'tis the Pope alone
He'll seek amongst us. Pagan Rome was wont
To place in Heaven the tyrants whom she slew:
Now sanctified, the hand that holds those keys
Which in Judea were to Peter given,
That very hand, consecrates tyranny.

ARNOLD.

To arms! to arms! I shouted.

GIORDANO.

But in vain.

This Senate and the people, now impelled
By reverence for the empire...they who think
No path can be where track is none...will find

GIORDANO.

Remember the eternal foe of Rome :
The King of souls : who makes each bosom weak,
Unnerves each arm : Italy is a slave,
When Peter and the Cesar shall embrace.

ARNOLD.

Prompt to betray each other, even yet
We know not which resembleth Judas most :
Oppose we each to each ; let Cesar hear
(Before we treat with cunning Adrian)
The Roman Legates. In his train he brings
Exiles from Puglia ; it is well for us
To be in amity with them, for he
Seeks to restore their kingdom, and give back
To Germany what once the Norman took.
The odious harlot still, in every war,
Wins by defeat, and to the crozier trusts,
Whene'er the sword drops from her nerveless hand ;
And on her fated head the mitre stays,
E'en when the helm has fallen. A prisoner,
She saw the Norman by her terrors tamed ;
Ruled him, and smiled, and blest his robberies,
To make him her liege subject : thence the rights
Of empire were abridged. An ancient hate
Betwixt the German and the Norman lives :
A rebel now the haughty Frederick sees
In the Pope's vassal : prove but once to him,
That the false Court of Rome, pretending anger,
Intrigues with William who commands the Norman—
That Adrian, if he govern Rome, can raise
The population in that army's rear,
Which he to Puglia leads ; we should uphold
Our order, and, in perils such as these,
Frederic might in our Senate put more trust
Than in the Prefect, used for so long space
To papal servitude. But time will bring

More wholesome counsel ; Milan in this war
Will be victorious : if by prudent care
Ye keep yourselves but free, it is most sure
That Rome will head at least Italia's states,
And in one League her cities all unite.
But if not so, in vain hath blood been shed,
And short-lived is this glory. Men will soon
Forget, that the un pitying storm, which kills
In Europe's garden the bright flowers of hope,
Blew first from German skies. Ah ! let that race...
Which like a rock o'erwhelms the fields, where late
Its ruin fell, and stern and motionless
Defies the winds...ne'er on the smiling plain
Of Italy repose ! condemning her
To endless union with so foul a mate !

GIORDANO.

The castle trumpet sounds.

SCENE IV.

A VASSAL OF GIORDANO, *the above*.

GIORDANO.

What dost thou bring ?
Doth headstrong Adrian rouse his followers
To riot ?

VASSAL.

At the gate, his messenger
Demands admittance.....

GIORDANO.

Let him pass. What plot
Is he contriving now ?

ARNOLD.

Be not afraid !

GIORDANO.

But be we cautious still....

SCENE V.

A HERALD OF THE POPE, *the above*.

GIORDANO.

Thy message....speak !

HERALD.

His Holiness desireth to converse.....

GIORDANO.

With which of us ?...

HERALD.

With Arnold.

ARNOLD.

I'm amazed !

GIORDANO.

And I suspect...

HERALD.

And he has pledged his word

To hold him harmless.....

ARNOLD.

Thou shalt shortly hear

My answer.

SCENE VI.

GIORDANO, ARNOLD.

GIORDANO.

What resolv'st thou ? pri'thee think !

He holds thee for a heretic—deceit

Towards *thee* employed, is holy.....

F

ARNOLD.

Adrian

To such proud height hath risen, that he ne'er
Can bend his lofty mind to treachery :
With zeal undaunted I can seek his face.
Christ would not any kingdom of this world ;
So, in the Gospel, He doth plainly teach.

GIORDANO.

Aye, but this man interpreteth His words.

ARNOLD.

The keys of Peter are in Adrian's keeping,
And for the reverence which I owe their power,
I should attempt to make him once again
Restore their former glory, and no more
Gain store of gold (but greater store of crime).
Guide, not *possess*, the world, and at the last,
Keep separate the crozier and the sword.
To free us from our ancient slavery,
Christ at this season died : O may His word
Speak to the Pontiff's heart !

GIORDANO.

Upon that cross,
Whereon in death he hung, new Pharisees
Have nailed mankind.

ARNOLD.

He who arose from death,
And overcame, can take them down therefrom.

GIORDANO.

Christ rose again ; and Freedom has not power
To burst the marble of her ancient tomb,
For on it stands the altar. Go ! great souls
May ne'er be parted from such high design.
Oh, that I may not weep for thee, my friend,
Nor yet avenge thee ! But, Patrician, I
May call the Senate to the Capitol,
And there gird on those arms wherein I trust.

SCENE VII.

GIORDANO.

Unhappy Arnold! I foresee the days
Of Christ, His passion, will to liberty
Prove fatal: From the false confessional,
The wily priest now rules the multitude,
And in their blinded hearts extinguishes
Or generates a thousand-fold remorse,
Urging them on to expiate sin by sin.
How vain is hope in Adrian! Briton-born,
He therefore hateth Italy, and fain
Would see the Roman people in the mire.
That solitary and inhuman pride,
Which raised him hither from the cloister's gloom,
From his stern breast, hath banished, long ago,
The sweetness of all human sympathies.

SCENE VIII.

A Chamber in the Vatican.

ADRIAN, ARNOLD.

ADRIAN.

Fall at my feet...kiss them...then bow thou down
Thy head, until thy forehead press the ground
Whereon I tread. Arnold,...men speak to me
As unto God. Bow down...to one so lost
I ought not to give ear, but for a hope
Of his repentance....Ere the shirt of hair
Chastise thy flesh, and ashes vile, whereon

Thou needs must die, cover thy hoary locks,
Thou may'st have speech with me...but from the dust.

ARNOLD.

That meek one, whom on earth thou representest,
Kissed His disciples' feet : now from thy lips
I hear *his* words, who earliest fell by pride.
Repent thee, Peter ! who deniest thy Lord ;
Thou 'rt nigh the temple, but thou 'rt far from God.

ADRIAN.

Thou who cam'st rushing from the Alps on Rome,
With empty breath of names not understood,
Wakening the echoes of her ruined walls,
Back to thy cloister, wandering monk ! Thou hast
Divided cities, and dost agitate,
With doctrines false, the world thou swor'st to leave.

ARNOLD.

Thou that didst, snake-like, glide from out the mire
Up to the papal throne...the abject slave
Of monks thou would'st contemn...on leavings fed,
From their rich board within St. Albans' walls ;
Dost taunt me with low origin ? And can
The dire tiara, on so base a head
Descending, cause such deep forgetfulness ?.....
Let insults rest between us ; speak we not
Of ancestry ; but think at length, whose blood
Has made us equals. Art thou Pope or King ?
The latter name was never heard in Rome :
And if thou be Christ's vicar, thou should'st know
His crown was but of thorns.

ADRIAN.

To me He gave
The empire of the world, when I put on
The papal mantle, and elected came
To fill the Church's highest seat....God's word
Created the great earth,...mine guideth it.
Would'st have the soul bow'd to the body's thrall ?

Speak'st thou of liberty, yet makest war
With him, who only upon earth can stand
'Twixt man and his oppressors? Hear me, Arnold!
Be wise!...Believe me, every word of thine
Is but an empty noise, which dies, or else
Is lost amid Rome's deserts. I, alone,
Speak words the world repeats.

ARNOLD.

But they were ne'er
Of liberty. The Church, which stands between
The people and their tyrants, ever shows
Harsh to the weak, and cringing to the strong:
And till this day, man hath been pressed to death,
I' th' stern embrace Cæsars and priests exchange.
O supreme Pastors! ye behold earth's kings
Make sport of human life; and o'er the nights
Of sanguinary force, and o'er the crimes
Which heathen tyranny had never dared,
Spread the wide papal robe, and all is night.
Fatal, in sooth, was he who lavished gold
Upon the daughter of distress and blood,
Who raised her altars on the tombs of those
That perished in her cause, and placed the sword
In hands, which should be only raised in prayer:
For from a golden chalice she drank deep
Forgetfulness of all her ancient virtues;
No more on earth God's echo, but the tyrant's.
From the seven hills whereon she takes her seat,
She sees not her first altar...Golgotha.

ADRIAN.

Thou dost calumniate us; the sore oppressed
In us find refuge. Rome hath overcome
Her conquerors: ruin and tomb at once
Of her own greatness, she beheld the sword
Of the barbarians measure her remains.
Say, who is it, that makes them now retread

F 3

The road as pilgrims, which they trod as foes ?
She showed no hero's, but a fisher's tomb ;
Crying, "*Fall prostrate,*" and the barbarous race
Obeyed her ? Rome, arisen once again
From the lone ruins which the Cross preserved,
Felt deep within her heart the fruitful throb
Of a new life, and saw the faith triumphant :
This was her Capitol's foundation-stone.
Rome is at last eternal ; and her pastor
Despises finite kingdoms, since he reigned
Lord of the infinite.

ARNOLD.

Why here seek power ?
Why art thou much on earth, little in heaven ?
Vainly, ye cry in prayer, " lift up our hearts,"
Ye 're always on the ground. Wherefore unite
The sword and crozier, since omnipotent
Is every word of thine ? Jesus forbade
That men should bare the sword in his defence ;
Thou copiest that one deed of Peter only
Which He condemned. What do I say ! The flock
Committed to thy guidance thou dost slay
With the barbarian's sword, and call'st thyself
Innocent of their blood. Alas ! thy works
And words are so discordant, that thou still
Makest the truth a lie...a lie the truth.
Servant of servants thou dost call thyself,
Yet art the tyrant's tyrant ; thro' all time
One thought alone goes with thee. Thou would'st
have
A military priesthood, and dost rule
By dread of mystic words : and humbly proud,
As king dost combat, and doth curse as priest...
Nor priest nor king for long. Vanquished, thou sitt'st
Upon the Altar...Victor, on the throne !

ADRIAN.

Thy words are impious : thou art from the Church
Cut off : and now the never-dying curse
Girds thee with darkness. From thy mouth doth speak
The devil which possesses thee.

ARNOLD.

 In vain
Thou seekest to affright me. Well I know
The law sublime thou oughtest to obey,
And in its volume nought can be erased.
I speak not to thee only : thou pursuest
Aged examples, and the Word of God
Lies buried 'neath decrees of Roman pastors.
They, on the summit of that cruel grandeur,
Which crushes all beneath it, leave the flock
Of mortal men to struggle in the vale :
And if its blindfold tumult trouble them,
Or to their avaricious hands deny
The blood-stained fleece, they call barbarian wolves
Down from the Alps upon Ausonia's soil,
Bathed, yet not fertilized, by so much blood.
Why grudgest thou to Rome her ancient rights ?

ADRIAN.

Italy gathers some within her breast
More distant than thy people from the height
Of olden strength.

ARNOLD.

 The people is a hound,
Ferocious when enchained. Thou warr'st with free-
dom,
And needs must fear the slave who bursts his bonds.
Then darest thou reproach men with their faults,
And ask for virtues where no rights remain.
Unfeeling Priests ! ye love to suffer crime,
That by its means ye may create remorse,
Parent of evil wealth. Hence children weep,

And ye rejoice. Used to take much by force,
And little to bestow, 'tis ye that make
A trade of fear and falsehood : ye all fatten
On a blind crowd, that to the altar runs
From crime, and from the altar back to crime.
Yet do ye cry aloud, if, urged by want,
They come to break that ease *your* God gave you.
No more of Rome. If thou would'st use thy power,
Repress the bishops' crimes, and let the Church
Take shame for being step-dame to the poor.
Each pastor of the Lombard cities grows
A tyrant, and, with cautious perfidy,
Sides either with the Empire or the Church.
Delicate food have they, splendid attire,
Lascivious pleasures ; and the dust o'erspreads
The chilly altars where the mitre stands,
Now all forgotten by the haughty head
Which rather wears the helm ; and bows not down
In churches, now left empty in God's sight,
But on the field, smoking with recent blood,
Bends o'er the prostrate foe, assures the stroke
Of sacrilegious weapons, and insults
The dying prayer with merciless reproach :
Then through the conquered breast the sword makes
way,
And coursers' hoofs are bathed in human blood.
When come short pauses of delusive peace,
The priest sits weary on the slaughter-field,
His ease is crime, to rapine luxury
Succeeds : by stealth he comes into the fold,
That which by day he planned, by night he dares,
And fornication is his marriage tie.
As Rome desired, in truth they have laid down
The burden vile of human sympathies,
And with ungrateful appetite of brutes,
Forget the mother, never know the babe.

Hark ! how the woods resound with cry of dogs,
Not voice of prayers ; 'tis there that roams and rules
The Lombard pastor, to the starving wretch
Grudging that bread he lavishes on hounds,
He feedeth wickedly these sinful wars
With hard-wrung tribute ; while he vows revenge
Upon Christ's altar, Prince of peace and pardon,
And at the lamp, which burns before the Lord,
Kindles the torch to fire the cities' heart....
Be thou the king of sacrifice ; ascend
The mount of God ; launch forth thy thunderbolt
Against those wicked : thou'lt be dreaded more,
And greater than thou art. Say, Adrian,
Must thou not bear a load, which were too great
Even for the angels ? Wherefore seekest thou
To bind together life and death, and make
The word of God a lie, where it proclaims...
" My kingdom is not of this world ?" Henceforth
Take thou example both by Christ and Rome :
It was her pleasure, and the will of God,
To raise the humble and abase the proud.....
I'll kiss thy foot, if it doth trample kings.

ADRIAN.

Arnold, I side with none : I rule alone.
And judge of all on earth, as God in heaven,
Myself unjudged, I watch, and I dispense
Terror and hope, reward and punishment,
To kings and people. I am the beginning
And fountain of that life, which makes God's church
Mighty and *One* ; Her, who so long hath seen,
Thrones, people, struggling with time's raging waves,
Which break on that firm rock whereon she sits :
And since one spirit surely guides her, she
Raves not through changeful doctrine, but preserves
Eternal grandeur of design and will.

ARNOLD.

If she break faith with the eternal Word,
She is no more the Church. When human kind,
Sunk in the night of ancient error lay,
A pagan Cesar could be priest and king :
But He, who fills the world with life and thought,
E'en more than doth the sun, illumed that night,
And with immortal teaching put asunder
What thou would'st fain unite. Thou dost confirm
The Jewish calumny : but if men read
The word of God, he who usurps finds rebels,
And then comes blood : blood shed for *you*, who are
Eternal shame to Christ. He sought to close
The gates of war, and ye have opened them.

ADRIAN.

Our warfare is with sin, to make secure
The rock of Zion ; therefore sinful men,
Aye, and e'en fools, contend against us. Arnold,
Thou movest me to pity : all in vain
Seek'st thou to warm these ruins with thy breast,
And searchest with thine eyes the tombs of Rome.
Thou 'lt find no bones which thou may'st bid "*Arise*."
Ah, not one hero's dust remains there now.
Yet thou would'st bring ancestral virtues back,
By means of ancient titles ! Canst thou, Rome,
Sigh for thy tribunes, senators, or knights ?
Far greater be thy glory in thy Pontiff ;
Who, for a frantic crowd's uncertain rights
Contentends not, but, as Tribune of the world,
Sitteth in Rome, and with commanding voice,
His veto lays on people and on kings.
Must I repeat to thee, that by his death,
The Hebrew fisher wrought more marvels here,
Than could the heathen power thou would'st renew.
He, with his blood, made, as it were, a home
For divers nations, and this spot of earth,

Which was a city, grew a world. The law
Of Christ has every boundary removed,
Which once divided nations : 'twas, in truth,
This kingdom, which His prayer asked of the Father.
In every land the Church has sons. I reign
An unseen king, and Rome is everywhere.

ARNOLD.

Adrian ! thou dost deceive thyself. The dread
Of Roman thunderbolts is growing faint,
And reason slacks the bonds thou 'd'st have eternal :
She'll break them ; *yet* she is not well awake.
Already human thought so far rebels,
That tame it thou canst *not* : Christ cries to it,
As to the sick of old, "*Arise, and walk !*"
'Twill trample thee, if thou precede it not :
The world has other truths than of the altar,
Nor will endure a Church which hideth heaven.
Thou wast a shepherd...be a father : men
Are tired at last of being called a flock ;
Too long have they stood trembling in the path,
Smit by your pastoral staff. Why, in the name
Of Heaven, dost trample on the race of man,
The latest offspring of the Thought divine ?

ADRIAN.

Abelard lives again ; and through thy mouth
Holds converse with me. When thou dar'st oppose
To faith proud reason, and would'st make a queen
This handmaid of the Lord, thou 'rt in the deep
Which calleth unto deep, and neither light,
Nor truth, nor rest, is found upon thy way.

ARNOLD.

Thou comprehend'st me not....

ADRIAN.

Would'st imitate
Thy Master's penitence ? Would'st hope, believe,

In what thou understand'st not? Wherefore then
Trouble the Church with errors, and persuade
The blinded crowd to rapine's worst excess?
Why wish God's spouse a beggar and a slave,
Amid her naked altars? Can there be
Freedom where justice is not? How should I,
'Mid squalid poverty, a laughing stock,
And in a city crumbling at my feet,
Sustain the ponderous edifice of Christ?
How guard the world, while trembling for myself?
Let Arnold his false doctrines now renounce;
Let him quit Rome; then, when the time is come,
He too shall sanctify the Lombard towns
With freedom which may not offend the clergy,
So that he be the hand to my intent.
Upon these terms, I will restore the son
Unto the mother: and repentant, thou
Shalt verify the hopes of good Bernard;
Return to fight for Peter: but I first,
On this my counsel, would interrogate
The cardinals.

ARNOLD.

Why dost thou mention *them*?
They are thine echo, mean, inanimate,
Which but repeat thy words. *I answer thee....*
Thou nourishest false hopes; I keep my faith
To Rome and God.

ADRIAN.

Arnold! reflect, again,
What punishment hangs o'er thee!

ARNOLD.

My intent
Is holy; thou with tortures seek'st in vain
To scare me: know'st thou not the Cross hath con-
quered?

ADRIAN.

Thou shalt be quenched.....not yet.....Vassals !
what ho !

Lead Arnold to the castle whence he came,
And see no harm befall him. To my presence
Ye may admit the cardinals.

SCENE IX.

ADRIAN.

'Tis time
That clemency should cease, that I at length
Should tread the path of rigour. I'm compelled
To put, with holy zeal, my prompt bold hand
Unto the plough, and never to look back,
Although it be my task to bathe with blood
The furrow which I cut. It will not be.....
But with the sweat-drops standing on my brow,
With panting heart, I hope to reach at last
The stem of heresy, and loosen it,
And tear it up, and dash it to the earth,
By no respect withheld. What steel more blest
Than that which breaks the ground, and makes it
fruitful,
Cutting the thorns whose poison-juice is death ?

SCENE X.

THE CARDINALS, ADRIAN.

A CARDINAL.

Father! why stay'st thou? To the Lateran!
We consecrate thee there....

G

ADRIAN.

It cannot be.

A CARDINAL.

What say'st thou ?

ADRIAN.

Can you ask me ? Constantine
Built up that Church to God, when he had given
The splendid dower to Sylvester. 'Tis there
Of Rome we take possession ; there doth rise
The throne of Peter for his successor.
Say, brethren ! *do* I reign here ? Slaves yourselves,
Can ye then crown a slave ?

A CARDINAL.

Thou art our Father....

What would'st thou have ?

ADRIAN.

The banishment of Arnold,
Whom vainly I have sought to lead again
Into the Church. What would I have ! All rights
Which consuls, tribunes, senators, usurped
Of Peter. I must not endure, in Rome,
The very name of impious heathen freedom :
I do declare it heresy, and will
Restore the Capitol to Christ.

A CARDINAL.

What arms

Giv'st thou us for the holy work ?

ADRIAN.

The Cross !

The conqueror of the world ! And grasp thou it,
My faithful Guido : to this rebel crew
Proclaim my will, and take the clergy with you.

[*To the other Cardinals who accompany him
in his departure.*]

Ye senate of the Highest, come with me,
At Peter's shrine to offer prayer to God.

SCENE XI.

GUIDO.

As did the red sea waves, divided once
By Moses' hand, so may the ruthless crowd,
Although it swell and rage, respectfully
Give way before the Cross and my command!
And may the meek lamb triumph o'er the wolf,
Which entered at a bound the fold of Christ.
But vain my hopes; Adrian, by holy zeal
Impelled, forgets how dear the people hold
Their Capitol, how fatal 'tis to us.
There Lucius strove against the Senate; there
Fell death on his dear head: how fain were I
Like doom to meet! Beautiful is the palm
Of Martyrdom, which opens the gates of Heaven.
But I must guard Peter's great banner well,
(Which is the loftiest pride of Paradise,)
From profanation in the raging strife.
Leo shall go with me in its defence.

SCENE XII.

A Public Place on the Capitoline Hill.

SENATORS *discoursing among themselves*, GIORDANO
apart.

GIORDANO.

Now, from the castle they have fortified,
Descend the Senate, and the multitude
Throngs after them, to hear the answer told,
Which haughty Adrian to Arnold gave.

I have no hope! *Here* might I fall at least!
Death is most glorious on the Capitol,
And pure the light which clothes it: sluggish clouds
Linger mysterious on the temple roofs;
Oh hide them from us: from the altar comes
The dread which lays us prostrate, and which makes
Our slavery eternal. On this hill
There is a hidden power, which bringeth back
Departed centuries; the Roman here
Seems to behold his glories rise again,
Where all his death; then once more plunges back
Into his misery, overcharged with pride,
As one who, having seen, recalls to mind,
And shudders.

A HERALD OF THE SENATE.

Go, Giordano, to thy seat.

GIORDANO.

Who is it comes this way?

SCENE XIII.

PEOPLE, ARNOLD, *the above*.

PEOPLE.

Long life to Arnold!

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

He, in the sacred cause of the Republic,
Feared not to die.

ANOTHER.

He dared to trust a Pontiff.

ANOTHER.

A monk! a Briton!

GIORDANO.

Silence friends: thou, sir,
Who art our elder, pray thee ask of Arnold,
What from the Pope he wrung.

A SOLDIER.

To arms! to arms!

PEOPLE.

Oh, what a tumult!

OTHERS.

Aye, the German comes.

ARNOLD.

And wherefore tremble?

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Look! his banner bears

The eagle....

ANOTHER.

It is Guido.

ALL THE PEOPLE.

Guido comes!

ARNOLD.

Haste ye, O people! force him back again!
He mounts the sacred hill, and seeks to drive
Your Senate from the Capitol.

AN OLD SENATOR.

He comes

With peaceful purpose, and a hallowed band.
See'st not the clergy, meek, with measured steps
Approaching slowly, while sweet harmonies
Of sacred hymns float upwards. Recollect
The time of year*.

GIORDANO.

But Guido doth not so:

He mingles Leo's troops among the priests,
Tho' barefoot, and with aspect sad, he come,

* The events recorded took place in the Holy Week.
(*Note by the Translator.*)

Circled with torches. Near his banner walk
The cunning monks, each armed with a scourge,
Torturing their naked shoulders as they go.
Fanatic devotees! Pale wrath o'erspreads
The faces of the stolid crowd: fierce cries
Will come anon, and curses and revilings
Take place of hymns. Now follow me, and fly
To aid my friends: Oh, let not these vile men
Profane the Capitol!

PEOPLE.

It is too late.

Guido is here.

SCENE XIV.

CARDINAL GUIDO, *the Cross borne before him, and followed by the most abject of the People.* MONKS, CLERGY, and LEO FRANGIPANI, *with troops.* *The above.*

GUIDO.

People, give ear. I speak
In the Pope's name. He doth refuse to fill
The throne, which was, in Peter's honour, raised
Within God's palace of the Lateran....

ARNOLD.

And he does well. That throne once in the dust,
'Twill be no lie that he succeeds to Peter.

GUIDO.

Silence, Heresiarch! It will grieve you much,
O faithful! that the rite be not performed,
Which consecrates the supreme pastor, here;
And that as yet we cannot offer him,
With prostrate awe, the keys of divers hues,

All potent for reward and punishment.
Ah! in the splendour of his triple crown,
Let him shine forth upon the Temple's height;
Stretch o'er you, kneeling, his benignant hand,
Then raise it up to Heaven, and bless the world!

GIORDANO.

Why will he not assume his office?

GUIDO.

First,

Drive Arnold forth from Rome, and then.....

ARNOLD.

The rest

I'll tell thee: his tiara to a crown
Will change, and he'll be king. If he desire
That I retread the path of banishment,
Let him but swear that he'll maintain the laws
Of the new state.

GUIDO.

If such were e'en his will,
He could not do it: for the Church has here
Her ancient rights, and ye are her's.

ARNOLD.

Not so.

Not even God's! For He made all men free.

LEO FRANGIPANI.

This city to the Cesar doth revert,
If ta'en from Peter.

ARNOLD.

Cesar was a tyrant!

The German monarchs have assumed his name,
Let Brutus' city bear the name of Rome. [*applause.*]

GUIDO.

What! are ye Pagans, that ye praise the man
Who calls to mind a heathen? In *these* days?
Since throne and altar are alike abhorred,
My master, he whom monarchs call their father...

ARNOLD.

Who from that hour, no more can claim as sons
The people...

GUIDO.

To the Lateran will come,
Fenced by the troops of pious Germany.....

ARNOLD.

Stained with Italian blood

GUIDO.

And Adrian,
By us once consecrated, on the brow
Of Frederic shall place the diadem
Of the whole world, without the vow of faith,
Or tribute to your city.

PEOPLE.

Stone him ! stone him !

OTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

Let fly your arrows ! [GUIDO is wounded.]

ARNOLD.

God ! what have you done

LEO FRANGIPANI.

To arms !

GIORDANO.

To arms, my friends !

A SOLDIER.

We've curbed our wrath,
To sate it with a fiercer vengeance now.

[A Skirmish between the people, the rabble, and
the soldiers of both parties. The monks and
secular priests take to flight. The Standard
bearer, with other priests, remains near the
wounded Cardinal, and plants the banner-
staff in the ground, to assist the dying GUIDO.]

SCENE XV.

**CARDINAL GUIDO, THE STANDARD-BEARER, PRIESTS,
a few Seculars.**

GUIDO.

O faithful priest ! safe in thy hands I leave
The mighty banner, bearing Peter's sign,
Sweet in its shade to die..... Whom do I see ?
Round his tiara glows immortal light,
While softly, gently, he floats down the sky
On limpid clouds, and offers me the palm
Of martyrdom ; angelic harps and songs
Come to mine ear..... O Lucius, in thy path
Lead me to Heaven. [*dies.*

PRIEST.

The Saint is gone.... My friends
Deem it not hard to bear his sacred corse
Upon your shoulders, let it be exposed
On the great temple's threshold : haste ye hence,
O faithful, to perform the pious work,
Which the accursed Giordano might impede.

ANOTHER PRIEST.

Tell we to Adrian, that at Arnold's sign,
Their impious darts were aimed at Guido's breast.

A SECULAR.

Priest ! could'st thou swear to that ?

PRIEST.

“ Arnold,” to me,
Means every crime ; God's vicars all too long
Bore with you, rebels ! Now, at last, the Church
Must strike ; and with a deathless-tempered sword.

SCENE XVI.

The Piazza of St. Peter's.

THE PRIESTS *lay down on the steps of the Church the body of CARDINAL GUIDO, which they had borne on their shoulders. Many of the People throng round it, and some Women, among them ADELASIA.*

A PRIEST.

Here lay him down...here ; for the just hath died
In Peter's cause. And ere we make his tomb
In yonder temple, ere an altar rise
To him who shall work miracles, uplift
The mantle which enfolds him, and display
The work of Arnold.....See, rude sackcloth girds
His loins.....Ye weep ?

WOMEN.

We are his penitents.

PRIEST.

Five wounds gape in his breast : Christ hath been
pleased
To make him like himself, i' th' solemn days
Wherein he suffered for us.....Pious women !
As Guido breathed his last, his eyes serene,
Already from this earth saw Paradise ;
Death has not closed them, and ye there behold
The joy of hope which grows to certainty.

WOMEN.

Let's tear his robe.....

PEOPLE.

He is a saint.

OTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

A saint !

WOMEN.

Each piece shall be a relic.

PEOPLE.

The church gates

Are opening...

SOME OF THE PEOPLE.

Who comes forth ?

OTHERS.

A Cardinal.

SCENE XVII.

A CARDINAL, *on the threshold of the Church, then*
ADRIAN, *and the above.*

CARDINAL.

The corse of Guido, in this bier enclose ;
By the high altar lay it.

*[To some servants, who place the Cardinal's body
on the funeral scaffold. The church gates
open, the people try to enter.]*

PEOPLE AND WOMEN.

Grant us leave

To follow it !

ADRIAN, *unseen.*

Stand off !

WOMEN.

What voice is that ?

The Pope, oh God !

ADRIAN,

*(Appearing with threatening majesty at the door of
the Church.)*

This day in Rome was shed

A cardinal's blood.

PEOPLE.

And it shall be avenged.

ADRIAN.

Here Arnold reigns, the Church hath cast you all
From out her breast, and I forbid you pass
This threshold.

CARDINALS.

Back !

OTHER CARDINALS.

Stand back !

PEOPLE.

A punishment

Unwonted...

OTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

Come into the Church !

WOMEN.

Who dares ?

After the prohibition ?

PEOPLE.

Cowards all !

The Church is ours : it is the House of God,
Our Father, who 'gainst no one closes it.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE *wants to enter.*

I dare not go...

A WOMAN.

I shake...

PEOPLE.

The iron gate

Groans on its hinges at his dread command,
And closing drives us back.

[*The iron gates only are closed, so that the people
can see what passes within.*]

ADELASIA.

Fall down, my friends,

Upon the threshold : at his holy feet

Let's throw ourselves and cry, "Have mercy, Adrian!"

[*All the WOMEN repeat after ADELASIA.*]

PEOPLE.

Madwomen ! base ones, may he trample you
Like dirt beneath them.

ADELASIA.

See, he whispers with
The Cardinals ; and straight he disappears
In sudden darkness, oh what plans he now ?
Ha ! by uncertain gleam of tapers pale
He 'mid the altars reappears, and sits
On the great Throne of Peter ; in his face
O what tremendous majesty !

PEOPLE.

Hush ! hush !

Here comes a Priest...

WOMEN.

Heaven ! what news to bring ?

ADELASIA, (*her words are accompanied by the lamentations of devout women.*)

Father ! in thy stole we view
The violet's hue,
For days of solemn pardon meant,
When holy rites are due.
Have mercy on the guilty penitent !

PRIEST.

I am here the messenger
Of Jesus' wrath, whom ye have slain...

WOMEN.

Oh what words ! " whom *we* have slain ?"

PRIEST.

In the just lies murdered here,
He is crucified again :
Paradise he shuts against you.

WOMEN.

Hark ! the toll of sacred bells !
Wretched we, what means their clangour ?

H

A WOMAN.

Of death's agony it tells. [*the passing bell tolls.*]

ADELASIA.

To God, his mother, pray we, friends ;
Who to the wretched succour lends,
And thou, with orisons at need,
Shepherd of Rome ! the dying speed.
Be it wife, or husband be it,
Struggling with the agony,
On whose brow, not yet unconscious,
Filial tear-drops lie,
Now the naked lonely spright
Rises to its dreaded flight.

PRIEST.

Sound of private lamentation
Wakens not your consternation,
One wide ruin wraps the nation...
Ye are dead to Heaven's grace.
In the strife, if any lieth,
Priest consoles not him that dieth,
Nor a prayer above him sightheth,
And the words are powerless
Which mount upwards, and constrain
God to come on earth again.
Pious organ-tones are dumb ;
O'er the naked altars come
Dusky gleams ; the priesthood lone
Stand upon the chilly stone,
Sad and silent every one.

WOMEN.

Pity us, Father !

SOME OF THE WOMEN.

Pity all, we cry !

A WOMAN.

Woe's me, I am a wife...

ANOTHER.

A mother, I.

THE POPE *with the* CARDINALS *within the Church.*

Veil Christ's image, brethren, come !

Hide the relics in the tomb.

Yonder souls have reason lost,

Madden'd by a ruthless boast !

To your idols prostrate fall,

To the earth the crosses all !

Peter, of thy glories now

Speaks not Tiber in his flow ;

As from off a drunkard's brow

Drops the sullied wreath away,

So hath Rome forgotten all

God has wrought within her wall ;

And her storied ages fall

Into dull oblivion's thrall,

As it were a day.

[high,

Attila, who strove to humble in the dust thy bastions
And efface from thy vast desert, woe and glory's
memory,

Not before the scornèd lightnings of thine eagle,
felt dismay,

But the sword of Paul and Peter (which from us
ye'd snatch away),

Heroes in the cause of Jesus,—curbed him with its
dread display.

Arnold did defraud Christ's vicar of his rights, and
loosed the rein

Of iniquity, till, drunken with the venom she had
ta'en ;

Rome, her eyes with fury blinded, to pollution
rushed amain,

Nor the just man's blood sufficeth, nor his five-times
piercèd breast,

Priests and Church must burn together ; vows and
altars be suppressed.

A CARDINAL.

And doth the wicked triumph? thankless Rome!
May fear and ignominy crown thy wall,
May solitude upon thy streets,
And on thy gates misfortune fall!

THE POPE.

My soul to God uplifts her sorrowing cries,
At length to judge thy cause, O Lord, arise!

CARDINALS.

Like cloud-wreaths hunted by the blast,
Like smoke in air, which fadeth fast,
And, scarcely seen, is gone for aye,
So thy foes shall flee away.

THE POPE (*kneeling*).

May traitors learn to fear thy name to-day,
Nor 'mid the dust of ruined shrines bear sway.
Live few uncertain days 'mid deserts drear,
And at each leaf that trembles, quake for fear.

CARDINALS.

Anathema! Anathema! Anathema!

THE POPE.

At their chill doors the widowed wife abide,
Her weeping offspring crouching at her side.

CARDINALS.

Anathema! Anathema! Anathema!

THE POPE.

Begot to feel God's wrath, that offspring roam
T' th' last dread hour, far from his native home.

CARDINALS.

Anathema! Anathema! Anathema!

THE POPE.

To homes of foreign tyrants may he go,
Filled with the plunder of his brethren slain,
And women in the hour of shame laid low;
There kneel before the pitiless doors, to gain
(With speech unknown, or known but to deride,)
A crust of bread...

CARDINALS.

And may it be denied !

THE POPE.

I hear the wicked cry, " From the Lord's sight

" On rapid pinions I will flee away...

" E'en to the utmost sea his wrathful might

" Pursues me...to the desert then !...O say

" Who'll give me wings ? who safely keep

" My steps amid the darkness deep ?

" Ah ! to the eye of God the night is day !"

Brethren ! fulfil at last

The awful rites ;

Down on the earth be cast

The pallid lights.

In this lost race, thankless for Peter's care,

Be joy extinct : and quenched the love of God :

E'en as the flame which waning, sinking, there

Dies from the torch whereon your feet have
trod.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A desert place in the Campagna di Roma, near the Sea.

SCENE I.

ARNOLD.

The popular wave, which had upraised me high,
Fled roaring back, and left me all alone,
A shattered bark upon the barren sands,
Where toil along my naked burning feet...
Parched is my lip, nor to assuage my thirst,
Find I one drop of water... not a tree
Grows here, the vales are mute : and in the stream,
Now shrunk within its sandy bed, no sound
Of life remains. Take courage, christian soul !
Calm pious suffering best befiteth thee.
Didst not thou swear allegiance to the Cross,
And vowedst from the world and from the flesh
To lift thyself to God ?—Even as this dust
Is life, its path is ever marked with pain...
Each footstep doth efface another's print,
And we are a vain shadow, which appears
One moment here below, suffers, and dies...
O Son of God, let me not fight in vain,
Armed with thy deathless word, against the tyrant
Of time and of eternity, who takes

Thy place on earth by force, who hath his feet
In the abyss, his head among the clouds,
And with his thunders cries... "The world is mine!"
I have assayed to give thee back, O Rome,
Laws, virtues, liberty... alas, with death
Alone thy glory dwells, and fitly grows
The laurel here, 'mid ruined sepulchres!
Against a prostrate column let me rest
My wearied side: you, O Italian hearts,
Lie yet more prone, and to your pristine height
Who shall restore you? on my spirit lies
The heavy sorrow for aspiring hopes
Delusive still in Italy, I feel
Within my soul a wilder waste than this,
Where gloom already gathers in the air,
And from some distant convent, voice of bells
Telleth to me of Eve: I cannot hear
Their message, but a tremulous desire,
A recollection which becomes remorse,
Awakens in my heart... how soon dost thou,
O reason, fail within us, wont to bear,
From thy first years, such grievous outrages...
Thou know'st the Cloisters, in the prime of youth
Thou enter'dst that grave of living men,
Where dwelleth strife... remember it, and shudder...
The breeze stirs my grey hairs... I'm near the sea...
O night, no longer art thou silent!... sweetly
Comes to the ear the far-off murmuring
Of waves in the vast desert, and no more
The darkness shuts me in... less gloomy grows
The tempest-threatening sky, less dull and close
The atmosphere, and trembling starlight gleams
Among the clouds. Oh, praised be the Lord!
I feel creation's deathless harmonies;
And tho' the wavering light doth here display
Morass and tombs alone, yet is the soul

Not so oppressed by the heavy load
Which weighs her down to earth, that a free flight
Is to her thoughts denied... Lo! I arise
To nobler purposes: the tents of man
Are here below, his city is in Heaven...
I hesitate no more: the cloister's dread
Assails me not: for Italy I sought
Valour and freedom, therefore shall my soul
Return to God, and go from star to star,
Eternal wanderer of the infinite.
Oh, Heaven! who comes? I hear the tramp of
horse...
Perhaps Giordano!... I enjoined him
Not to quit Rome, to save his friend from peril:
'Tis his first duty to secure with arms
The Capitol, then let him come to me;
To me, the death-devoted.

SCENE II.

GIORDANO *with* SOLDIERS, ARNOLD.

GIORDANO.

Arnold! Arnold!

ARNOLD.

O much-loved voice!

GIORDANO.

My generous friend! how oft
I trembled for thy life...ne'er found I yet
Obedience to thee such an irksome duty.

ARNOLD.

Have *we* the Capitol? does Rome recall me?

GIORDANO.

The priests dare not approach that sacred hill
Where Guido lost his life.

ARNOLD.

And has the Pope
Removed the interdict, opened the churches?...

GIORDANO.

Like mists that overflow the valley's depth,
So throng dense crowds around them...they resound
With women's wailing.

ARNOLD.

Does my name fly forth
From every lip accursed ?

GIORDANO.

Arnold...in vain

Would I conceal it : know'st thou not how brief
The people's favour is, how priestly hate
Endures for ever ? how to every one
Adrian appoints his office ; he who mounts
The pulpit scares the crowd, and ruleth them
With burning words impetuous : tumult reigns
Amid the altars, shouts to prayers succeed,
And wrath awakens from the midst of tears.
While the fierce curse alternates with the sound
Of smitten breasts, but in the churches' depth,
'Mid gloom and silence, the most wily priests
Are placed to hear men's sins ; their secret words,
Low whispered in the ears of them that kneel,
More fatal are to liberty than all
The stunning voices which o'erflow our aisles.
For in their presence, bare and trembling, stand
Each soul from its concealment dragged, and none
That hath confessed receiveth absolution
If he accuse not others.

ARNOLD.

Oh, my friend !

Let me return to Rome, and combat there
In the Lord's cause again ; let Christ no more
Be outraged : let me tear away the mask
Which makes his foes terrific.

GIORDANO.

The brief rage
Of meanest torrents may not be withstood.
Great souls disdain a sepulchre i'th' mire :
Let pass those days wherein the Church is strong
Thro' the remembrance of immortal grief,
And thou wilt hear that in devoutest hearts
This ruffian zeal has cooled : now when the knot
Of interdict is loosed, the Clergy still
Has some whom Adrian doth condemn : he first
With pains unwonted dared to smite his flock,
For as a stranger he detesteth Rome ;
Men envy him e'en now the ponderous robe ;
In each proud heart the Pontiff disappears,
The man revives...but a still graver care
Weighs down with pain the Roman Pastor's soul,
And now to stop the war which Frederic brings
This way with tempest-fury, he retires
Into Viterbo, and the Cardinals
He sends to him, as to an enemy.

ARNOLD.

And has not Rome despatched without delay
Her legates to the haughty Swabian king ?

GIORDANO.

Before the others, they will reach his presence.
I too will seek the Cesar ;... follow me,
If thou hast courage.

ARNOLD.

I do not fear death ;
'Tis life to Christ's disciple : but, Giordano,
What is thy counsel ?

GIORDANO.

Thou would'st take away
Gold and dominion from the priests ; the same
Doth Frederic in his heart desire : 'tis vain
To talk with the dull crowd : truth is a sword

To place in kingly hands, whene'er thou seekest
Old errors to extinguish...

ARNOLD.

Would'st thou place
Arnold before the tyrant, to unclothe,
'Mid jeers and menaces, his pallid lips
With accents base, a trembling flatterer?
Would'st have him give the grasping German king
That wealth the Church unlawfully withholds
From the Italian States? let the chaste spouse
Of the Celestial Lamb restore it them,
In tardy penitence for sacrilege,
Rapine, and riches; let the altar grow
Sacred once more, and thrones shall be as dust.

GIORDANO.

Vain are thy hopes: of powers thus well agreed
On our destruction, thou thyself shalt be
The sacrificial victim.

ARNOLD.

Yet unstained!

O future ages, that can never cease
To tell the woes of Rome, preserve as well
Eternal memory of that solemn day
When I to the fourth Adrian's presence came,
And strove to lead that erring shepherd back
(Who of all others counts himself the guide)
To the lost path.

GIORDANO.

In vain, my hapless friend,
Spak'st thou with Peter! *here* he Christ denies,
But never weeps.

ARNOLD.

My duty I fulfilled.

GIORDANO.

Thou might'st obtain the Cesar's favor: think,
If thou by crooked ways reach not the goal,
Over thy head hang death and infamy.

ARNOLD.

A criminal on earth, a saint in heaven :
 But here no hope of liberty remains.
 Tell me, what fate befel those gallant Swiss
 I led to Rome ?

GIORDANO.

They leave us...

ARNOLD.

How ! the cause ?

GIORDANO.

Ask it of them...seest thou not where they come
 In search of thee ?

SCENE III.

SWISS OF ZURICH, *with their Leaders, the above.*

ARNOLD.

Can ye desert us, warriors,
 In such great need ?... is this your plighted faith ?

A SWISS CAPTAIN.

A herald from the Swabian came to us,
 He biddeth us quit Italy, or else
 Be counted rebels to the Empire : come !
 Follow us hence, and, 'mid our ranks concealed,
 Thou may'st return to Zurich...

GIORDANO.

Go your ways !

I know that Arnold will remain with us.

[*The Swiss retire.*]

ARNOLD.

O press me to thy heart ; thou understand'st
 And lovest me. Now hie thee to the camp
 Of the proud German : let him from thy lips
 Hear words worthy of Rome.

GIORDANO.

I'll echo *thine*.

But it were base thus to desert a friend
In peril, and defenceless. I have watch'd
Over the fate of thy belovèd head.
And true Ostasio, who awaits thee now,
A ready shelter will afford to thee,
Where thou shalt be defended 'gainst thy foes,
With fearless love. Remember, when at Rome
He heard thee, thou didst draw him to thyself
With sacred words, and still thou dost possess
Over the ardent youth's unsullied heart
The empire of a father and a guide.

ARNOLD.

His wife is Adelasia ; her I fail'd
To 'stablish firm in doctrine, and to calm
That stormy nature which for ever turns
From love to wrath, and back from wrath to love.
Scared by my words she seemed, but not convinced.

GIORDANO.

She's now from home : Ostasio waits, alone :
His castle is not distant...without risk
Thou may'st arrive there ; for on every side
I've placed my vassals, to secure the way.
[GIORDANO *retires one way, and ARNOLD the other.*

SCENE IV.

A SWISS CAPTAIN *seeing ARNOLD departing tries to detain him.*

What would'st thou ? Arnold, come ! there yet is
time...

Generous refusal ! I admire, and weep...
Rome is o'ermastered by that craven priest
Who rules the world. Great folly would it be
To brave the emperor's power, for a people

I

Who throng each Church in tears ; if here we stay,
The might of Germany, which roars around,
May burn our dwellings, and exterminate
Our parents, wives, and children. Add to this,
That here we cannot fight : e'en now, all strength
Deserts us, and our arms become a load,
Not a defence, if the sun's heat increase.
Alas ! this Heaven killeth with its smile
E'en them that grow beneath it. We must fly
Those barren fields, where night hath horrors only
And not repose...where nature and mankind
Strive who can threaten most.

(*To the SWISS SOLDIERS*) What found ye here ?

CHORUS OF SWISS *departing*.

Freaks of fate, and names of pride ;
Hush of death, in deserts wide ;
Marsh lights, which through mist-lands burn ;
Lowing steers, the yoke that spurn ;
Steeds which down the broad path tear,
Their wild manes sport for every air :
No song of birds, no cheerful strain,
But deathless guards of ancient pain ;
And tombs and ruins, that waken fear,
When the wind stirreth the pine-trees near.
The forest gloom is fill'd with snares ;
For wakeful founts, pale sand appears ;
Or in deep beds, bereft of song,
Streams, livid, trembling, creep along ;
Herb nor flower their banks display,
Hid in dry sand they sink away.
From ruined home, and tomb decayed,
Starts forth the peasant, like a shade
Which round old castle walls doth prowl,
With leaden face, and wrathful scowl,
Wan, fever-scorch'd, ragged and lone,
If waked by stranger voices' tone.

The clouds hang o'er me, dull and close,
A sickly hue the green-grass shows...
The very sun a tyrant grows.

A SWISS.

The tameless love we bear our native land
Urging us hence, leads us once more to see
Her walls eternal, fashioned by God's hand,
On scorching paths, in lands of treachery,
The pleasant image tortureth me
Of that sweet rivulet which, guide-like, flows
Towards my cot. Oh, might I but repose
Where smiles the lake! could I but hear
The speech familiar to mine ear,
And, slumbering on the bank so wild and fair,
In dreams behold my own dear children there!

SCENE V.

GALGANO and FERONDO, *Soldiers of GIORDANO*
in another part of the Campagna.

GALGANO.

Why thus depress'd?

FERONDO.

Galgano, hast thou heard
How they depreciate Rome? yet they were there
Most bounteously maintained. This rabble is
To Arnold all-devoted; and that monk
Has taught them every doctrine save of fasting.
Back with them to their dens! while *we* once more
Towards the holy city bend our way.
To me it is most irksome to stay here
For that Heresiarch.

GALGANO.

Curb thy daring tongue!

FERONDO.

Would'st die for such an outcast? Sense at length
Unto the Roman people is restored,
And they confess their sin in Arnold's cause,
And beat their breasts at the confessors' feet.
To tell thee truth, my soul is laden deep
With many sins; I went to seek a monk,
One of those holy men who make their home
In Rome's most desert place...eager to fall
Low at his feet and there relieve the load
Which tortures me. He at the convent door
Was knocking, when I ventured to accost him
With humble gesture, and "Father," said I,
"I would confess me."...Sternly he replied,
"Thou art Giordano's vassal, and dost fight
"For one that is a heretic...away,
"And touch me not! thine is such heinous sin
"As cannot be absolved."...E'en as he spake
The convent door was opened, and the monk,
As with a wind-blast, closed it in my face;
The hollow sound lives and re-echoes yet
Within my heart...if from the fortress wall
Some hostile bow send death into my heart,...
Ah! lost Ferondo! thou that dost delight
To fling thyself amid the enemy,
And greater risks incur...Galgano, think...
Think of thy soul! St. Peter's is not closed.
If we change sides, (as now the Roman nobles
Set us example)...if we should abandon
Arnold and his mad followers to their fate,
It may be, Adrian's self upon our brows
Will draw the potent sign which sends them straight
To Paradise! Great sin is heresy!
Compared with which all else weigh less than down,
And banish all the signing of the cross.

GALGANO.

In truth, Ferondo, such a dolt art thou,
That mere contempt preserves thee from my wrath,
And lets that cowardice unpunish'd go
Which counsels treachery. I keep my word
With the unfortunate. Arnold and I
Are of one land.

FERONDO.

From Brescia he was banish'd.

GALGANO.

Not by the people, but the priests. [*angrily.*]

FERONDO.

My friend..

Be not so wroth !

GALGANO.

If thou would'st have me cool,
Call me not "Friend."

FERONDO.

I see thou art become
Arnold's disciple, and dost not believe
That Peter's successor can close the doors
Of Heaven against thee.

GALGANO.

Though I be a soldier,
Yet have I read, Ferondo, in the Gospel,
Those words Arnold repeats, "*Silver and gold*
"*Ye should not have.*" The priests have set their love
On worldly wealth, and are so merciless,
That now they strip men's heirs. My cause of grief
Hath gladdened them.

FERONDO.

Would'st thou then have possessed
Substance and ease ? 'tis a hard service, war !...

GALGANO.

Yet do I love it. I can with my pay
Maintain my aged mother, who would starve

Rather than sit beside the temple door,
Where the vile race I would exterminate
Proudly distributes in unsightly scraps
The bread whereof they robb'd her. See, Ferondo,
How I must love them ! Once my mother fell
Into distress, but a rich brother's aid
Relieved her ; he was one of such pure life,
That he fulfill'd the strict ascetic rule
Which Arnold taught within his native town.
Much to the poor, a trifle to himself,
Nought to the priests he gave...but he fell sick ;
And then, a monk alighted on his home,
Like to a crow which, high in air, hath snuff'd
Infectious odours of unburied dead.
With mournful gestures, and melodious voice,
He sate beside the sick, to comfort him ;
But when one day his sister was afar,
He came again, by stealth, and fill'd so full
The sufferer's mind with terror and remorse,
That he believed an evil spirit stood
Clutching him by the hair : the ribald monk
Joyed in his fraud, and multiplied those fears
With frantic words, the while my mother strove,
Fruitlessly, to restore lost reason's light
To her poor brother : 'gainst herself and me
His doors were closed...E'en yet, I see, methinks,
That monk ; his limbs with fat were gross and slow,
Never a pitying tear his eyelids knew,
And pursy breathing was his only sigh.

FERONDO.

Thou thinkest Arnold is a saint, because
He hardly eats or drinks...because his limbs
Are worn with fasting, and his burning glance
Darts from a pallid brow ? Wakeful remorse
Hath made him lean...Men fatten on God's grace...
But tell me...was the devil put to flight ?

GALGANO.

He disappeared, when, in the woollen garb
Of holiness arrayed, my dying uncle
Was by that rogue induced to strip his heirs,
And leave his riches to the convent, where
The villain lives in laziness.

FERONDO.

But still

Thy kinsman is in Heaven.

GALGANO.

In the abyss...

The deepest deep, lies he made thee a soldier.

FERONDO.

Could I believe that Christ's and Arnold's cause
Were one, like thee I could defy all risks.

GALGANO.

Ferondo! such a puny heart hast thou,
That thine own arms affright thee: vainly shines
The moon, for at each stirring of a leaf
Thou throw'st them to the earth. Why not desert
This warfare for the cloister...in its peace,
Gladden thy heart with meat and drink at will.

FERONDO.

Thou art not generous; and dost presume
To wound me in such sort, because thou know'st
I am in mortal sin.

GALGANO.

Return to Rome!

Take arms with Leo;...then thou'lt be absolved
Of every sin. To Arnold and Giordano
I will be true, and thou shalt find a time
To try thy strength against me in the fray.

FERONDO.

I fight with thee!...Heresy, which doth change
Men's food to worms, and water putrifies,
Or blunts the sword, or breaks it. I should gain

An easy conquest o'er thee ; and it were
First, cowardice, and then remorse to slay thee.
I would not serve the haughty Frangipani,
Once seen to tread God's vicars under foot :
If here the Church lack weapons, well I know
The German bishops are her faithful sons.
The Emperor brings them with him : I'd enlist
Amid their ranks, and then thou should'st behold
Pious Ferondo, in the day of strife,
Rush into the mêlée, absolved and blest.

GALGANO.

There was a word of anger on my lip ;
Thou changest it to laughter. Were but all
The foemen of this wretched Italy
More like Ferondo ! she were not so lost.

FERONDO.

Forget awhile thy boastful vanities
Of thy new state, and thou wilt own that those
Who wage a pious war 'neath the command
Of mitred pastors, are more fortunate
Than we, who through long winter's rainy gloom
Defend the forts, and hear the wheeling owl
Above our heads, which on the dangling corse
Of a dead comrade preys ; while the stray dog
Barks on the border of the livid ditch
When'er the clouds, big with their frosty scourge,
O'erveil the moon ; and when the summer comes,
If fatal sweetness of the cool night wind
Lure us to slumbers brief, we are aroused
By fever-shudders through our every vein.

GALGANO.

Ha ! Arnold comes ! if one irreverent word
Thou speak to him, I'll slay thee !

SCENE VI.

ARNOLD, *the above.*

ARNOLD.

Help!...to arms!

GALGANO.

What is it that has chanced to thee, my lord?

ARNOLD.

Within this wood, where ye conduct my steps,
I heard a hollow rustling sound arise
'Mong the mute leaves, when every wind was
hushed,

And glittering weapons sudden struck my sight.
Armed ruffians were they, and amid the steel
Stained with blood, I saw the pallid robe
Of a fierce monk.

SCENE VII.

A MONK, SOLDIERS, *the above.*

MONK.

Led by a pious zeal,
I come to seek the lost, who long ago
Vowed to maintain the rule my convent holds.
Beloved brother, from thy mind at length
Shake off the weighty errors which to God
Made thee a rebel: if thou humbly bend
Thy head to bear again the once-loved yoke,
There will be wrath in hell, and joy in heaven. ,

ARNOLD.

O cruel viper! hid'st thou in my path,
To work new perfidy? retain'st thou yet
Venom and life?

MONK.

Arnold, thou art distraught.

Is this the fruit of that unholy lore
Which made thee scorn divine philosophy,
Such as *we* teach? her adversary now
Dost clothe thee in her garments! Dost thou ne'er
Recall to mind the image of that cloister
Where thou wast wont to stain the scourge with blood
Drawn from the rebel flesh!...where thou didst rise
First in the early morning to salute
The spouse thou warr'st with now!...Unhappy
Arnold!

Thou wast the sweet morn-breeze wakening the
flowers

In the Eternal Garden; thy night-prayers
Were like the murmurs of a dove which rests
Upon her nest, the pinions tired in Heaven;
And thou art now become the haughty blast
Which vainly beats against the towers sublime
Of the Lord's house; the soaring eagle thou,
That loves the tempest's path. Change thoughts
and life,

A solemn vow long since binds thee to God!

ARNOLD.

Where hatred dwells, Christ is not: you I left,
And followed him, and to the world returned.
Not in the valley's depth, immersed in shade,
But on the towering hill-tops, in the eye
Of the broad sun-light, should that word which frees
From ancient bondage, with the power of truth,
Be heard from my true lips...it is well known
What things the cloisters are: how vain it were
To seek there learning, piety, or love.
For what Christ gave, is sold, since a vile crew,
That with their prayers impoverish the world,
Have changed to haunts of luxury the dens

Where dwelt remorse and woe. They who desire
To hide existence amid pampered ease,
O'erflow the convents, and therein find more
Than they had left behind : each cloister hath
Its scandals, rapine, contests, treacheries,
And lasting falsehoods ; there, at drunken feasts,
Alone is heard the truth which makes men shudder.
He who would curb their evil practices,
By precept and example, is pursued
By him who harshly rules : a brief delay,
A lowly murmur which defers obedience,
And manifests a modest wish, he construes
Into a crime ! 'twas this made me desert
The wicked, lazy race, which dwells secure
'Mid public terrors, and hath ne'er a tear
For Italy.....

MONK.

Thou liest. Against the monks
Thou utterest calumny : of thy free will
Return thou whence thou cam'st, or God commands
That I compel thee back.

ARNOLD.

Canst so abuse
His Gospel ?

MONK.

And can he who dared defend
Abelard's heresy, interpret it ?

ARNOLD.

Speak'st thou of him, whose name should make thee
tremble ?
What ! no remorse ? exult'st thou in thy crime ?
I will reveal it, if thou go not hence ;
And e'en these ruffians, in whose power thou trustest,
Shall shudder at thee.

MONK.

Take him prisoner,

And let his impious mouth utter no more
Audacious falsehoods.

ARNOLD.

Hear me, all of you !

And ye that carry arms will henceforth scorn
To yield obedience to this cowlèd monster.
In a wild spot, unhappy Abelard
Hid himself vainly from men's hate and love,
For light shines clearest in a desert place ;
But when that all, from his pure Doctrine's fount
Had slaked their thirst, elected by the monks
He wore the honours of the highest post
Within St. Gildas' convent, near Nogentum,
Hoping lone peace after so long a war.
Vain hope ! when with the curb of laws severe,
By the great founder of Cassino written,
He strove to govern those unmanly souls,
He grew a burden to them ; then in France
Arrived this merciless crime-fabricator,
Feigning a thirst of knowledge, a desire
To pale his cheek over the written page
Which Abelard had in his convent penned.
The traitor came there, in their coward souls
To nourish ruthless hate : my pious master
Sank 'neath the weight of ancient calumnies,
And each one swore to liberate the Church
From heresy. With every opening morn
It was the wont of austere Abelard
To offer to the Lord the pledge of peace
Upon a lowly altar. On the day
Fixed for their monstrous crime, he had not strength
From his hard couch to raise his suffering limbs,
And the meek lay brother, his only friend,
'Waited him vainly in the Convent Church ;
All else lay drowned in sleep and drunkenness,
E'en *this* dull traitor, who persuaded them

All means were lawful that achieved the end.
 He planned the sacrilege I will relate,
 If the words die not on my trembling lip.
 A young monk from a neighbour convent came
 Along with me, to comfort and console
 Our suffering friend : it was at early morn
 We came into the church ; the dawn as yet
 Gleamed doubtfully, and ne'er a star turned pale
 Before the sun's approach. The lamp that burned
 Upon the humble altar, meetly decked,
 And for the august sacrifice prepared,
 Guided our steps : I asked for Abelard.....
 " He lieth sick," made answer with a sigh
 The pious lay brother, whose eyes let fall
 A tear, before a smile unclosed his lips
 At sight of us who were the sufferer's friends.
 Permission was to my companion given
 At Abelard's altar to perform the mass :
 To that high duty meekly did he come,
 And fervently he prayed, and groaned in prayer ;
 A sacred love inflamed him, Paradise
 Shone in his joyous glance, when he upraised
 The host wherein God entereth ; but he scarce
 Had moistened with his lips the sacred bread,
 Ere with a shriek he died. Alas ! Christ's blood
 Contained the poison meant for Abelard ;
 There afterwards I saw the cruel monks
 Wrapped in their cowls and the hypocrisy
 Of their unfeeling silence, one by one,
 Like ghosts towards the altar glide, and gaze
 Upon the dead without a sigh : this *one*,
 The greatest coward in their common crime,
 Took flight.

MONK.

Do you believe the wicked tale ?
He hath invented it, who puts not faith

K

In the mysterious sacrifice, wherein
God is the victim ; it is thus he hopes
To make it odious to the world.

ARNOLD.

Thou liest !

MONK.

Too long I've prated with thee : I obey
The holy bidding of a Cardinal ;
Hear what he orders.

[Draws a paper from his breast and reads.]

" I, in Adrian's name,

" Bid thee imprison Arnold : let him go

" Back to his cloister ; there repent and live,

" For the Lord's vicar is a foe to blood."

A gentle penance, doubt not, thou shalt have
Within my convent, there to occupy
The hermit cell where man departs in peace.

ARNOLD.

Hath thy deceit no end ? he overlays
Atrocious punishment with kindly words.

MONK.

Why this delay ? give Arnold up to me !

FERONDO.

Let's quit his cause.....

GALGANO.

I stay, and draw my sword.

MONK.

Cease, fellow, from thy mad attempt.....

GALGANO.

While I

Have life, ye take not Arnold.....

*[The Monk's soldiers take ARNOLD prisoner, in
spite of GALGANO's resistance.]*

MONK.

He is mine !

Take him away.

SCENE VIII.

OSTASIO, *with Vassals, the above.*

OSTASIO.

Ha! I am come in time
To liberate my friend.

MONK.

*[Seeing that in the struggle between his soldiers
and OSTASIO'S, the former begin to give way.*

The troop I brought
Give way.....now mercy were a crime. Shall we
Behold the wicked triumph?.....when the Church,
Altho' a loving mother, asks of God
That he will please exterminate her foes.
Let Arnold die!

GALGANO.

Thou shalt die first.....

*[Coming out of the fight, and going to strike the
Monk. ARNOLD prevents him.*

ARNOLD.

Hold! Hold!

GALGANO.

Vainly he flies: my comrades will ere long
Come up with him.

ARNOLD.

I charge thee to restrain
The soldiers' blinded rage...

OSTASIO.

Shall one so base
Escape unpunished?

ARNOLD.

Leave him to himself;
His punishment begins; remorse pursues him
E'en to that desert. He might turn to God

By penitence. Let us compassionate him !
The wretch knoweth not love.

OSTASIO.

The voice of God
Speaks from his lips : let Arnold be obeyed,
And worshipped as a prophet.

ARNOLD.

Nay ! stand up ;...
Be glory to Him only who first taught
The gentle law of God called Charity.
Mark what it should be, from his parable,
And see how nigh the modern Pharisee
Comes in resemblance to the priests of old !

CHORUS.

“ Half dead and naked on this public way
“ Which leads to Jericho,
“ Seest thou me, cruel priest,
“ And yet dost onwards go ?
“ Vainly my glance meets thine :
“ Vainly my wandering eyes,
“ Half veiled in death, with piteous glance I turn
“ Towards the skies.”

Thus spake the unknown wayfarer.
And wise it was in Him whose precept ran,
“ *Love is the sole fulfilling of the law,*”
To hide from us his name ; and call him only, Man...
Then failed his voice, his eyelids closed,
And in that cold deserted frame
Were life and death confused.
Who comes ? a Levite.....“ Oh, unloose the folds
“ From round thy head, far holier if they bound
“ Each gaping wound :
“ The streaming blood with pitying hand restrain.
“ Ah, if thou linger !...thou art come in vain.”

These words appeared to rise
From the mute aspect of the dying man :
And in the Levite's heart, who near him drew,
A thought of love upgrew ;
When from the vale below he saw appear
The priest that had been there ;
And, from the road he took, too surely knew
That the forlorn one must have met his view ;
Then silently

The Levite passed, as did the cruel Pharisee.
E'en now the hour of dread

Over the fainting sufferer came ;
The soul her pinions spread

From out the sanguine stream :
When nigh the Jew at last,
One of Samaria's children, passed
Oh breath of love divine, relate to me
The language which his heart spake inwardly.

" Because Jerusalem
" With cruel interdict presumes to shut
" The breast of Abraham
" 'Gainst us whose rite is different from her own,
" Shall then my bosom close
" Against the woes
" Of this bare wounded wretch ? should I desire
" The wayfarer to leave me all alone,
" If here I met the fate that he has known ?
" We both are sons of Eve, and how can he
" Share in man's common pain, and yet be strange
to me ?

" The stormy paces of my nimble horse
" Afford me no security,
" More rapid is misfortune's course.
" Aye ! but the sufferer is to me unknown.....
" Is that a crime ? had he been known, perhaps,
" I were more merciful Ah, whilst I speak,

"Some hearts are weeping for him.....he may have,
"Poor soul! a wife, or children!".....at that thought
The kind Samaritan felt tears bedew
His eyes, and what his mind conceived was true.

For in the west the sun hath sunken down,
When the sad wife looks from her balcony :
Nor hears, nor sees, but stirless droops thereon,
The while her words are mixed with many a sigh :
"Have my beloved's footsteps weary grown
"Amid the burning sand, or doth he try
"Some other path, whose windings may afford
"Rest from the ambush of the thievish horde?"

"Mother," her son replies, "he journeys fast,
"And ne'er is wont to choose another track :
"I will return ere sunset's hour be past,"
"My father promised, yet he comes not back ;
"I know each word he said, and how at last
"He kissed me ere he went"...the while he spake,
The wretched wife wept on without reply,
Amid her doubts bewildered tremblingly.

Meanwhile the pious man, like one that prays,
Stands o'er her wounded mate ; with ready skill
And gentle touch the unguent spreads, and lays
The bandage every gaping wound to still :
And bending low, with fixed and thoughtful gaze,
A doubtful joy his anxious face doth fill,
(Like one whose hopes and fears contend the while)
As the faint eyelids open with a smile.

Thus the Samaritan with pious care
Lays him upon his steed, and wends along
To a poor home, and heals his gashes there ;
Soothes him with words that unto love belong.
And when this faithful friend, amid despair,
Long time above the sufferer's couch had hung,

He brought him to his wife, who once more bound
The rose of Jericho her raven locks around.

This was among thy works,
O divine love, whose rays
Dart from a sun that feareth no eclipsæ.
There was nor time, nor space,
When, like a fire-born spark, from out the breast
Of thine eternal substance, at a word
Flashed forth the universe !
Then poured thy thought
Into the ocean of infinity :
Nor would'st thou linger on thy veiled throne
Without or Earth or Heaven, a Monarch lone.
O self-create, without before or after,
Present, immense, eternal, thou art still
As from all ages thou hast been, thy life
Pervadeth all, in every form is shown,
Yet undivided, still remaineth one ;
A torch which warmth and brilliancy outpours ;
A pleasant tree, whence spring perpetual flowers.
The gentle flame of God, called Charity,
Is freedom on this earth ;
Necessity, above :
O blessed he that can both will and love !
Of sin and death
Sprang hate, the soul till then
In her immortal veil had lain,
Like to a star of Heaven....She that is now
Slave to the flesh in darkness and in woe.
But when benignant smiles
Glow in the eyes of men,
Once more she doth reveal her lofty strain ;
For then the soul mounts up
To her eternal source, and groweth fair again.

For so prevails primal equality,
That one true language in all hearts must be.

The face which in repose
A thousand silent meanings shows,
Turneth to Him who can give rest
Unto the stormy breast :
So in a troubled sea

The furious billows rush and roar,
Which yet, if calmed they be,
Feel love, and penitently kiss the shore.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

A place near Sutri, called Campo Grasso.

SCENE I.

*Inhabitants of Tortona, Asti, Chieri, Trucate, and
Gagliate, escaping from those Cities and Villages
destroyed by FREDERICK BARBAROSSA.*

CHORUS.

Lo! the German, fierce and stolid,
Burneth cots and mansions too...
See ye not the sparks fly upwards,
Mid yon smoke so black of hue?
Hear ye not unsinching childhood
Shriek, 'mid crash of ruined homes?
And the voice of maids he haleth
By the hair, that shrilly wailleth
On each breeze which hither comes?

I. SEMICHORUS.

Up the valley rolls a cloud.

II. SEMICHORUS.

'Tis the dust of coursers proud.

I. SEMICHORUS.

What is gleaming in its breast?

II. SEMICHORUS.

Wretched we !-'tis spear and crest.

CHORUS.

Like billows driven o'er the sea,
Chafes the great host impatiently ;
And lances lightening swift are laid
In rest...so many, that for dread
Earth shakes beneath the cavalry.

WOMEN.

Fly !...fly !

OTHER WOMEN.

O let us fly !

AN OLD MAN.

I have not strength
To bear the journey's toil,...my weary knees
Shake under me...my limbs are bound to earth ;
Nor can I rise again. Wretched old age !
Thou canst nor fight nor fly !

A CHILD.

Mother, I'll stay
Beside our grandsire ; vainly my short steps
Try to keep pace with thine.

MOTHER.

Abandon thee !
My little one ! nay, I can bear thee well
Upon my shoulders.

CHILD.

How, then, in thine arms
Carry my baby brother, whom thou still
Feed'st from thy bosom ? See ! he is asleep !
Don't waken him for me.

MOTHER.

My own poor child !

SCENE II.

A MESSENGER, *the above*.

MESSENGER.

Here ye may rest awhile ; for in the fields
Which terror maketh theirs, the Germans reap
The harvest with the sword, and feed therewith
Their smoking steeds ; that done, to their huge
frames,
With heat and dust outwearied and subdued,
They surely will give many hours repose,
Stretched on the ground.

AN INHABITANT OF GAGLIATE.

We're on our way to ask
A kindly shelter of the Roman pastor
Within his holy city : all our towns
Are now at war. Pavia doth support
The Empire's cause, and has behaved to us
More harshly than the German : thankless Milan,
Since good Gherard's mansion she destroyed,
Refuses us asylum : even the smoke
Reveals no longer where our homes arose,
And weeds, grown rich on blood, cover the ruins.

AN INHABITANT OF TRECATE.

Art thou a native of Gagliate ? we
Are from Trecate.....

AN INHABITANT OF CHERI.

Proud towers of my Chieri ;
Ye fell ! then hostile flames devoured you.

AN INHABITANT OF ASTI.

Not for one day by her weak sons defended,
Asti became a ruin, deep disgraced.

May barbarous herds tread down, triumphant winds
Disperse her bloodless ashes! Woe is me!
I see the German, greedy first, then cruel,
Sit on her walls to contemplate the flight
Of the Italian sheep, and then descend
Into the city's heart, and, having stripped
The gold from off her hallowed sepulchres,
Make her a prey to fire.....

AN INHABITANT OF TORTONA.

Tortona fought.

Then the Italian sword drank German blood,
And vainly their Teutonic pride had hoped,
With sight of tortured slaves, to make us cowards.
Bavaria yet laments for Cadulus,
And that proud Saxon, quelled in single fight,
Appeased our thirst for glory and revenge....
These are no vulgar deaths...illustrious tears
Bathe haughty cheeks...The warrior bands in vain
Demand their leaders! O how red with blood
Ran the stream, guarded by those valiant hearts!
When, putrid with our dead, we drank it still,
Till Frederic so with pitch embittered it,
That thirst o'ercame us: thus the tyrant gained
His victory...yet is Tortona dust!

ANOTHER INHABITANT OF TORTONA.

But Milan shields her children. I alone,
Weighed down with years, and forced to beg my
way,
Arrived too late.. the gates were closed.

AN ITALIAN.

God gives
And takes away men's strength...may grief at least
Make brethren of us! Let us speak no more
Of glory, which befits the fortunate.
Here let such strains resound, as may become
A mother weeping o'er an only child.

INHABITANTS OF TRECATÉ AND GAGLIATE.

The barbarian's fury stroweth
Corsets on thine every track,
As the hay-sward's rich abundance
Falls behind the mower's back....

AN INHABITANT OF TRECATÉ.

I have neither friend nor son,
All my joy is fled ;
Happy days are come and gone,
For my land is dead.

A WOMAN OF GAGLIATE.

O that beloved home where 'I became
A mother, perished 'mid barbarian flame !...
(*to her Son*) Thou wast not there, to see the threshold
red

With the heart's blood thy dying father shed !

A WOMAN OF TRECATÉ, AND ANOTHER OF THE
SAME TOWN.

Poor wretch ! thou sought'st in vain thy little ones,
And, 'mid the ruins, foundest but their bones.

CHORUS.

E'en so the dove, whose young ones in their nest,
Hid among leaves, a snake hath made his food,
Returning home, with wonder is possessed,
At the strange stillness of her prattling brood,
Stands with spread wings, then drops their food, dis-
tressed,
Seeing the well-known fir-tree stained with blood,
And recognises, with a mournful cry,
The feathers in her ruined home that lie.

AN INHABITANT OF ASTI.

I looked on the wretched,
Who, sighing and crying,...
Oh shame, and oh sorrow !...
Were timidly flying
Their tenantless city.

L

With lingering footsteps,
With glance backward turning,
And gazing, and yearning,
Then bitterly sighing,
Meet objects for pity!...
The sorrowing mothers,
The want-stricken fathers,
The infant unsinning,
The agèd declining....
Amid the fierce bands
Of foemen, whom see I?
Oh moment of fury!
The pastor of Asti
By Frederick stands!...
Canst *thou*, righteous father,
Declare the fierce squadrons
Thy friends? With that hand
Which Godward thou raisest,
Receiv'st thou and blessest
The foes of our land?

CHORUS.

Alas, our spirit to the dust is bowed.
'Gainst the hard earth we press and hide our brows,
There to conceal our sorrow and our shame.

Like to a dream

Our thoughts are grown, since we became
The scorn of nations, the ensample vile
Of every woe. The barbarous German shakes
His haughty head over our deep disgrace.
And still the mocker with a lazy glance
Scans the high turrets of our useless walls.

Who puts us, King of Heaven!

Far from thy thoughts away?

And, "Where is now their God?"

Why do the wicked say?

And would'st thou have us, 'mid barbarian tribes,

Go forth and be dispersed? the sickly sheep
Of thy whole flock, which not the meanest wretch
Consents to take for food,
But turns with loathing from the meal away,
Not sold, but given to the wolves for prey.

See! Italia mourneth,
Like the sick that turneth
On his weary bed.
For all the billows of thy wrath
Have passed o'er her head...
Upon the trampled sward
The husbandman lies dead.
The herdsman with the herd
To slavery is led;
And all the billows of thy wrath
Have passèd o'er our head.

AN INHABITANT OF GAGLIATE.

Here comes.....

AN INHABITANT OF TRECATE.

Whom do I see?

AN INHABITANT OF TORTONA.

The priests themselves

Are safe no longer. Whence then art thou come,
If we may ask of thee?

SCENE III.

A Priest of Spoleto, and the above.

PRIEST.

The flames destroyed
My Church near to Spoleto, the proud city
Is girt with foes; in tardy penitence
She hoisteth Peter's banner on her walls,
And calls herself his vassal, but in vain:
The ruthless German wades thro' human blood,

For that inhuman race
 Forgiveth not : and shelter from distress
 Is no more 'mid the altars found,
 While through each desolated fane
 Unhallowed echoes ring again.

AN INHABITANT OF TORTONA.

Will Rome amid their hostile rage remain
 Inviolatè ?

PRIEST.

When Arnold's light is quenched,
 Then the fierce lion which now threatens her
 Shall kiss the lamb : justice and peace at length
 Shall in our sight embrace, and 'neath the wings
 Of God, his city shall obtain repose.
 For the unconquered held the world

Not with her own arm's might,
 It was the Lord, who at her knee

The nations laid in fight.

When the word whose breath was fate,
 When the word which did create,
 Echoed first with awful sound
 Thro' the space which hath no bound,
 In converse with the Son : to him it said,
 The world one day should all belong to Rome.
 That it might all be his, a double sway
 To the eternal city should be given
 By thy right arm, thy thought, O Lord of Heaven !
 I'll to the Pontiff.....

AN INHABITANT OF ASTI.

Wilt thou be our guide ?

PRIEST.

Ye're Lombards... Adrian hath not as yet
 Judged your high quarrel with the Emperor.
 Fount of all justice is the Pope alone,
 For his decrees I wait...

[he goes out.

AN INHABITANT OF TORTONA.

What a base heart is his !

AN INHABITANT OF CHIERI.

May hate increase
Against the German, till the very priest
Becomes a citizen.

AN INHABITANT OF TRECATE.

Our only trust
Is in Milan.

AN INHABITANT OF GAGLIATE.

God grant her, as one sword
Arms every hand, so one may be the soul
Which makes its dwelling in a thousand hearts.

CHORUS.

Frustrate the will
Of ruffian Barbarossa, and destroy
His soaring hopes: that power wherein he trusts
Grow like the torrent's force,
Which inundates the fields for little space,
And then deserts and gives them fruitfulness.

May the wife, leaning from her homestead wall,

Exhort each one bravely to dare and do:
The terror-stricken fugitive recall,

With loud reproach, and hold his babes to view.
Think that the present race, the future, all

Uplift one voice of prayer, and counsel you
To die, or ere with bended necks ye stand
'Neath German loads, and lose both name and land.

MESSENGER.

Suffice this rest! e'en now a broader shade
Comes down the mountains; with the rising breeze,
Which doth caress and give the German life,
Declines the fervid radiance of the sun,
Avenger of our wrongs. Now do the knights
Replace the weighty helmet, and bestride
Their neighing coursers' backs.....do ye delay?
Have you forgot that 'tis the coward sport
Of those base hearts to press upon the track
Of weary fugitives, and trample them? [*They go out.*]

SCENE IV.

CHORUS OF GERMAN SOLDIERS ARRIVING.

Too proud art thou to wound the timid crew,
O German lance, thirsting for blood in vain.
Here, with the sword which thousand battles knew,
We, for our war steed, mow the harvest grain.
The brave horse faints: on the parch'd earth are spread,
Damp with ignoble sweat, his limbs unstrung :
No trumpet blast he hears, nor 'neath his tread
Rise stormy waves of dust the path along.
Enervate dwellers in a land so fair!

The sun alone defends you with his power !
How could you leave your children to despair,
Amid the dwellings which our flames devour ?
When e'en the timid bird, which ne'er possessed
Strong beak and grasping talons to contend,
Yet fights with outspread wings upon her nest,
And scorning flight, her offspring doth defend.

A GERMAN CAPTAIN.

O regions widowed by perpetual frost,
O mournful smile of day's uncertain light,
For aye farewell ! a throb of new delight
With sudden power this panting bosom crossed,
When first the radiant tyrant of Heaven's height
Revealed Italia's paradise to sight :
Where winter now no more spreads silently
His rigid veil o'er each mute flow'ret's eye.
Soon beside the drooping clusters [to the Soldiers.
Which the mother vine presents,
Each may quench the thirsty longing
Which his parched lip torments.
Underneath the plane-tree's shadow,
Ere the grape grow dark of hue,
Sit we, while our trembling captives
Fill the agèd wine anew,

Long hoarded for his banquet's pride alone,
In golden cups which force hath made our own.

SCENE V.

FREDERIC, *with the German Army*; OTHO, *Bishop of Freising*; OTHO, *Count Palatine of Bavaria*; ROBERT, *Prince of Capua*; SERGIUS, *Duke of Naples*; *Admirals of Pisa, and other Princes and German Bishops.*

SOLDIERS.

Long live the German monarch!

PRINCES.

Italy

Is *all* his heritage.....

SOLDIERS.

We swear to punish

Her rebels and usurpers...

PRINCES.

On! to Rome!

SOLDIERS.

She is thine own...thou art our princes' choice;
Let him that doth succeed to Peter, haste
To crown thee Emperor.

PRINCES OF PUGLIA.

Thou'lt then have power

To give us back our land.

FREDERIC.

Illustrious exiles,

Princes of Puglia! drawn by your misfortunes
And my renown, I came. When at my feet,
In Würzburg, ye implored the empire's aid,
'Twas not besought in vain. We claim of right
The fertile province which Guiscard usurped:
Go, Sergius, Robert, with your men at arms
Enter the realm, arouse it from its sloth,

To crush the tyrant, when upon this brow
Shall gleam the proudest crown the world can give.
Then, to assure your new-born enterprize,
Cesar shall come !

[SERGIUS and ROBERT go out : FREDERIC
turns to the Admirals of Pisa.]

Ye who with aid and arms
Uphold the Roman empire, who are ever
Unshaken in her cause, not swayed by chance :
O, Pisans ! take henceforth the Tyrrhene sea
As a perpetual heritage. In vain
I asked of Genoa ships and gold : she gave
The luxuries of the East, and I must feed
The desert kings, her lions, with much flesh ;
They are the only spoils her avarice
Gave freely. Let my faithful Pisa arm,
And spread her ships of war over the track
Of their old triumphs. Let them bear my troops
Across to Sicily, and Syracuse
I give to you in fief.

PISAN ADMIRALS.

We are prepared
To do thy bidding : all our shores are lined
With armed galleys, and men chafe, and cry
That thou, O Cesar, should'st thy banner spread,
And of thy royal favour dispossess
The faithless rival city.

FREDERIC.

Dauntless leaders
Of Pisa's naval force, I swear it you !...
Take ye in pledge thereof this strong right hand,
Famed through the world for valour and for truth...

[The Admirals go out.]

I hope to bring the empire back again
To greater glory ; therefore came I down
To vindicate her rights. Brave German hearts !

Desire ye that the destinies of Rome
Should live again among you? Would you be
The world's first nation, see beneath your feet
All that the ocean girds, the sun illumines?
Then make the crown I wear hereditary,
And learn the fruit of aims discordant *here*.
O fickle Italy! that wilt not stoop,
And canst not stand, thou never dost obtain
Freedom nor peace: but we must first restrain
Her fruitless efforts: ye will weigh aright
My whole design, when we have quite o'errun
This German province; when the sea, that flows
Round neighbouring Sicily, shall break at length
On German coursers' hoofs, and we exclaim
As once Autharis—" *These*, the boundaries
" Which Nature gave us; for the German race
" There are no Alps...all Italy is theirs..."

OTHO, COUNT PALATINE.

[*At a sign from* FREDERIC.

Hence, soldiers! to the camp, ye faithful guards,
Defend the entrance of the royal tent
With your swords drawn

SCENE VI.

The Pavilion of FREDERIC.

FREDERIC, PRINCES, and GERMAN BISHOPS.

FREDERIC.

O ye illustrious names
Of the Teutonic realm, made terrible
By sword and mitre, may it profit me
To take you to my counsels! Speak thou first,
Pastor of Freising, Otho, worthy brother
Of Conrade, who did train me to the throne;

Who, in the midst of death, to his own son
Preferring me, by strong persuasion led
The German princes to confide the load
Of this vast empire to my care, unfold
Thy heart unto thy nephew : well I know
Deep grief lies heavy there, although thy face
Serenely feigneth hope.

OTHO OF FREISING.

Puglia will be

Destruction to us :...we should first reduce
The rebel Milan.

FREDERIC.

To those wayward men,
Who on her haughty towers keep watch, I showed
Castles in flames, and the proud city saw
(Sure image of the fate reserved for her)
The women from Tortona's ruins driven,
Grouped by one common woe, in every street,
Their white veils rending with their tender hands,
And bathing with hot tears the breasts wherefrom
They fed their babes. 'Twas not my wrathful sword
Widowed those hapless ones...Pavia did it :
Let Italy avenge the German's wrong.
I do not fear yon fools, wont to change sides
With every hour...we are not strangers here...
I came a looked-for guest : my victories
Brought, as thou saw'st, to the Ticino joy,
And grief to the Olona. That small space
Of earth, which neighbour cities doth divide,
Has grown a desert through the frenzied crimes
Of those whom God made brothers ; yet such men
Call *us* barbarians ! Ere I conquer them,
Be theirs the liberty for which they pant,...
The right to slay each other...Canst conceive
Concord in Italy, or can she stop
Our homeward course ? why is thy counsel changed ?

I saw thee on the Rhine, from Italy
But just returning, then thou didst deride
The weak one's never-ending strife, and saidst,
Referring to the ruins of old Rome,
"Those walls, with fratricidal blood besprent,
"Eternal image of her fate present."

OTHO OF FREISING.

Although divided, she may conquer us :
Thou seest a single city fearlessly
Defies thy forces, though she be restrained
By reverence to the empire, and a thought
Cry to her inmost heart, that she rebels ;...
If any pious feeling there be left,
She cannot deem that she is just. What right
Had she to pillage Lodi, and enslave
Each living soul that 'scaped from fire and sword,
Forbidding them to dwell 'mid the remains
Of the loved city, thinking to tread out
The love of country, housed in every breast ?
Her memory was an heritage of love
And vengeance to her sons. Thou sawest them
Through ranks of German princes make their way,
Bearing that cross which teaches charity,
And crave for pity in our scarce-known tongue,
Unridiculed ; yet more by tears than words.
I still behold those two gray-headed men
Draw forth the ashes of their childhood's home
From 'neath the tattered cloaks where they had lain,
Next to their hearts, and cry aloud to thee,...
"Take what remains of Lodi !" What availed
Thy steadfast will, and thine imperial power,
To make Milan give back to those poor wretches
Their walls...their laws again ? The world well
 knows
What outrage once Sicherius suffered there.
Canst thou forget the edict's hallowed scroll,

Snatched from his grasp, and, with a general shout,
Torn piecemeal, and then trampled in the mire
By the vile populace?...Canst thou forget
The herald's sacred person violated
By stones and blows...the mockery of that fear
Which with such rapid pinions winged his flight
That his escape was flight indeed? the wrath
Which pity wakes, perhaps dictated then
Thy haughty words, and rigid justice seemed
A grave offence to them who would not bear
Restraint and law. Let Milan from our sway
Withdraw herself, and surely I predict
The unjust city shall not long be free.
Terror e'en now wakes discord in her breast ;...
Then why delay the purposed enterprise,
And make the turbulent Italian towns
Bold by example? The one spark thy foot
Can quench, may yet grow to a conflagration.

FREDERIC.

Thou know'st me, noble uncle: I was trained,
From my first years, in all the risks of war,
Keenly alive to kindness and to wrong:
The shame my herald suffered is a thought
Which wakes and chafes for ever at my heart.
Now for that hour I sigh, when I shall pay
The crime with chastisement proportionate:
I scorn to conquer a divided town,
Without the sword-thrust, or the trumpet-clang,
And be compelled to wreak upon a few
The vengeance due to all...light penalties
Are soon forgotten: I will grasp the rein
Of Italy, as of my battle-steed,
Which calls me to his back, and pants for war
With haughty neighings. Let Milan resist,
Aye, and insult me! were it not for her
Piacenza, Crema, Brescia presently

Would stoop to terms ; for rage doth ever wear
A humbler semblance in the weak man's breast.
But I have made my rebels' punishment
The first-fruits of the slaughter ; and, thou seest,
I grudge the German blood, and use the troops
Sent by Pavia, Como, and Cremona,
And those who side with us : I place them ever
Foremost in bloodshed, and in pillage last :
Nor pity them, nor yet admire their deeds,
For valour is the offspring of revenge
In the Italian heart. *This* will I use
To work Milan's destruction : I will pile
Her circling fosses with their mangled limbs
Who can obey not, nor forgive their own.
Yea, let the German's foot mount to th' assault
Of her high bastions o'er Italian heads
Yet half-alive, and crush him most, who cries,
At the last gasp... " Why dost thou trample me ?"
Nor can the oath, which in my wrath I swore,
Be yet fulfilled. If in these hands I grasp
The impious city, I will lay her low,
Even with the ground, and her proud stature make
A prostrate ruin : with the German plough
I'll tear the earth whereon the boaster stood,
And strew, in signs of endless condemnation,
Salt on the barren furrow. This one deed
I will allow my Germans to perform,
In token of dominion ; for I know
That at the sight of me the allied troops
Of every city faithful to our realm,
Wild with the drunkenness of wrath and triumph,
Will lift the axe on high, and shake the torch,
For Milan's downfall ; and if I but speak
Of mercy towards the vanquished...if I feign
The slightest show of pity...thou wilt see
Their troops desert our banner, and rebel

M

'Gainst Germany to slay their countrymen....
But 'tis my duty, as a general,
To check all tumult, and I could not find
Among the bands which round my standard throng,
Hands readier for th' exterminating work,
Prompted by rage. Here may we sit and gaze,
As at a public show :...returned from Rome,
And Milan by *their* sword and flame destroyed,
Thus may we answer to the sharp reproach
Which Italy for ever casts on us,...
" Here spread the smoking ruins wider far,
" And *ye* have made them !"

OTHO OF FREISING.

Sire, as thou would'st have
Fortune perform the work which wrath conceived,
When that imperial crown (which is God's gift,
But whereto Germany elects) shall rest
Upon thy head, return thou to Pavia,
And hope no more from Peter's successor.

FREDERIC.

My promise to the Third Eugenius given,
To the Fourth Adrian I will now perform :
The Roman pastors, rebels evermore
Against the Empire, crave her aid to quell
Rebellion, to their yoke I must restore
My vassal, Rome. But I care little for her...
I scorn her proffers more than Conrade did...
Proud foolish city ! I begrudge thee not
To the Great Pastor ; let his holy foot
Insult the ashes of thy gods and tyrants...
But let my sword protect him. Adrian
Must keep the terms of Würtzburg ; there he swore
To aid me to give back into her grasp
Our Empire's ancient rights.

OTHO OF FREISING.

Christ's vicar counts

Puglia his own, and has for many years
Received her tributes.

FREDERIC.

I must needs caress
The monarch's stepdame !

OTHO of FREISING.

Henceforth serve the Church,
Whose son thou art, and set thy hopes no more
Upon the Court of Rome ; the short-lived wrath
It shows to William will but be the pledge
Of long-enduring love. Thou canst not rule
Puglia as thine ; and long'st thou to become
The Roman pastor's vassal ? useless 'twere
To stoop thee to that shame : Rome suffers not
Such mighty neighbours, therefore she opposed
The Norman to the German. Oh ! when time
Shall bless thee with a son, conceive thou not
The fatal longing for another realm
On the far shore of Italy, acquired
Through force and cunning by Guiscard ; but rear
The August plant beneath a frigid sky,
Weak were its roots if struck into a soil
Of fraud and luxury : the interdict,
(The bolt which sleeps in those mysterious clouds
Which veil St. Peter's throne eternally)
From brief or feigned slumbers, unto which
Thou art unwise to trust, would then awake
To fiercer rage. O may that sacred fire
Never descend, to spoil the precious tree
Which from thy root shall spring !...Swift runs the
flame
O'er flower and leaf, nor pity ever feels
For the bare trunk.

FREDERIC.

Through reverence for thy years,
And thine advice, though I must needs believe

That which thou giv'st me now, the timid child
Of hoary age, I will not say to thee,...
" Into thy convent Otho get thee back ;
" It ill befits thee here to prophecy
" Misfortune to our race : "...thou hadst the skill
To sever church and Rome ; yet ye whose brows
The honoured mitre circles, should be all
Brethren, not slaves to Peter's successor.
I swore to give him back his ancient rights...
Consuls and tribunes will I none in Rome,
Nor any of those names our ancestors
Neglected to erase there with the sword.
I'll rear the Cross above her ancient ruins,
Where a rebellious monk, driven long ago
Out of the Church's bosom, doth reproach
The senseless crowd with present cowardice.
I'll place the heretic within her grasp,...
For I am sworn defender of the faith ;
Yet is my justice sacred. Adrian vowed
To excommunicate each one who should
Strive to evade it ; in a little while
It will be seen how he, whom men call just,
Fulfils his terms...whether he be in soul
Matched with his lowly birth, or more puffed up
Than Hildebrand, whose source was not so mean.
But should he purpose to retrace his steps,
And shield the Lombard rebels, when the reins,
Now floating loose upon the neck of Rome,
Into his hand by me shall be restored,
Or, grown ungrateful to the distant Cesar,
Dare call the crown, which comes to me of God,
His gift.....

OTHO COUNT PALATINE.

The wily Court of Rome conceals,
And mingles with the sweets of its meek letters
That fatal doctrine, like a snake 'mid flowers.

If, of the princes gathered here before thee,
One should be found who dares to carry it
To Germany, and fence that ancient lie,
I, with the sword

*[Lays his hand on his sword ; all the Princes
show signs of anger.]*

Thou gav'st me to avenge
The Empire, were he Cardinal Legate

FREDERIC.

Hold !

I can prevent such sacrilege...be calm !...

A PRINCE.

Our monarch is the master of the world.

ANOTHER PRINCE.

Germany is the heir to Rome.

ANOTHER PRINCE.

In thee

The law hath life :...thy will is law.

BISHOPS.

'Tis thine

To free the German Church from Roman harpies,
And loose us from the shame of her old yoke.
Now let the Israelites go forth from Egypt !

FREDERIC.

If ye be with me, Princes of the Empire,
I have good hope, as in the days of Charles,
To reinstate the Church in all her rights ;
Then, if Rome grasp her weapons, at my feet
Her interdict shall fall, a mockery.
True, every sheep is cunning 'mid that flock,
Which to the erring shepherd nighest stands,
And mocks the holy ire of that frail crook
Which once could scare the nations with its shade ;
And he, who calls my sword to aid, can trust
In his own strength but sparely.....

OTHO OF FREISING.

O my king,

Thou must not re-awake the slumbering strife
'Twixt Church and Empire, lest thou should'st behold
The keys of Peter, as a standard, borne
By rebels in the fight. I did dissuade
Thee from the Puglian enterprise, and stated
Briefly the weighty reasons for such counsel ;
But add to these, that at the fatal heel
Of armed Orion, the fierce dogstar soon
Shall flame in Heaven ; let us then fly His wrath
Who dries the rivers up, and cracks the soil,
Hanging on high the fiery sluggish clouds,
Which bring us death.

OTHO COUNT PALATINE.

Fly ?...what a word was there ;
Used to the cloisters' shade, dost fear the sun ?
To spare the soldiers an ignoble death
From noxious vapours of the Roman waste,
And to subdue Spoleto, false and slow
In paying tribute, who e'en yet retains
One of thy friends in prison, leave we Rome,
And so bestride the back of Appenine,
Close to the Nera, and by other paths
Direct our steps where fertile Puglia smiles ;
The air is healthful there, bounteous the wealth,
Ta'en by Guiscard from men effeminate
Even in their rudeness. Thou need'st only fear
Lest sloth should overcome thy warlike bands
In that sweet land, the coward's paradise.
Few Normans will oppose thee, and the sword
Hangs useless at the Puglian's side,...his feet
Are only swift in flight : thou hadst no need
To sue the Greeks for aid to conquer William,
Whom his chiefs hate already....Cesar, take
Swift vengeance for thy Germans, mocked by men
Whose cowardice is ever glib of tongue.
They will not wait to hear thy trumpet sound,

And see through whirls of dust the flashing swords
Of German warriors, to the earth shall fall
The scarce-poised dart from each unwarlike hand.

FREDERIC.

What time the mind hath most tranquillity,
Within my silent chamber, where mine ear
Receives no clang of strife-inviting arms,
I will decide : ye know that haste and wrath
Are foes to prudent counsel. I suspect
The faith of Adrian : he has not arrived
At Sutri, as he promised.....Hark ! without,
A joyful cry.....it may be he.....

SCENE VII.

A HERALD, *the above*.

HERALD.

The Pope

Is come from Nepi.

FREDERIC.

I await him here ;

Princes, advance to meet him.

HERALD.

All arrayed

In sacred robes, the Clergy go before him,
And on his steps a following multitude
Gathers and grows ; the Cardinals demand
Admission.

FREDERIC.

Let them enter, but keep back
The crowd, and check this insolent rejoicing.....

[*The BISHOPS and PRINCES retire with the HERALD.*

VOICES, WITHOUT.

Vivat ! long life to Peter's successor !

OTHER VOICES.

He only is Christ's vicar upon earth.

VOICES.

Long live our Sovereign Lord !

SCENE VIII.

FREDERIC.

Will Adrian choose

To be the people's foe or mine ? he holds
That power which steadfast purpose maketh great :
Let him but o'er the nations domineer,
He'll say the world is free ; but once forbid
His tyranny, he calls himself oppressed.

SCENE IX.

THE CARDINAL OF STS. JOHN AND PAUL, THE CARDINAL OF SANTA MARIA *in Portico*, CARDINAL OCTAVIAN *of Saint Cecilia*, and FREDERIC.

CARDINAL OF STS. JOHN AND PAUL.

The Father of the faithful, well assured
That thou bring'st peace, and in the name of God
Art come among us, sends thee health and greeting.
That august crown to which thou dost aspire,
Shall on thy consecrated head be placed,
By the same hand which opes the gates of Heaven.

FREDERIC.

God shuts them against those who bow not here
Before my power, which comes to me from Him.
Enough of this : for Adrian I reserve
Matters of greater weight ; to my good faith
His fears have been a long protracted insult.
Do not these alternating terms and oaths

Weaken respect and faith in both of us,
And swell our adversaries' hopes the while ?

CARDINAL OF SANTA MARIA IN PORTICO.

Danger excuses fear, and such deep waves
Of civil discord vex the sacred bark
Of Peter's successor, that he is forced
To watch his vessel's helm, and deem each wind
A foe, by reason of thy hasty coming.
Now let the greatest of his sons forget
Things past, and full of pious reverence
Go meet his father.

CARDINAL OF SANTA CECILIA.

Had Christ's vicar deigned
To take my counsel, thou hadst not endured
The shame of doubt which justly wakes thine ire ;
Cesar and Peter reconciled at last,
One journeying along the way of Earth,
The other on the path which leads to Heaven,
Had guided tranquilly their human flock
With but the shadow of the sword and crook.

CARDINAL OF SANTA MARIA IN PORTICO.

Thou speakest foolish and irreverent words
Against our master ; he rejected thee,
And thou, a rebel to his veto's power,
Hast dared be present here.

CARDINAL OF SANTA CECILIA.

Have some respect
For one who is thine equal, and remember
Both where thou art, and who is listening to thee.

FREDERIC.

Ye from the altar cry, " Peace be on Earth ;"
And all the while make war among yourselves.

**CARDINAL OF STS. JOHN AND PAUL, AND OF SANTA
MARIA IN PORTICO.**

If thou put trust in *him*, we leave thee.

FREDERIC.

Stay !...

I came not here to judge your bickerings.

[*Aside to* CARDINAL OCTAVIAN.

Do not refuse to yield : from this time forth

The Cesar's friendship is secured to thee,

He deems thee worthy of the triple crown.....

[*Aloud.*

'Tis plain that I have heard you all too long ;

Adrian alone is worthy to give ear

To my discourse...therefore to him I go...

[*The CARDINALS are dismissed and retire : CAR-*
DINAL OCTAVIAN *going first.*

SCENE X.

A place near FREDERIC's Tent. FREDERIC dis-
mounting from his horse.

I leave thee, true companion of my perils,

My noble steed, I leave thee on the earth

Which should have echoed to thy bounding speed ;

I track with silent feet my lowly way.

What do I see ? the servants' servant comes

This way with tranquil pride, on his white steed,

Obedient to the curb, as he would have

Us kings : on Adrian's path the troops, the crowd,

Both sexes, every age, in blinded worship

Come thronging, mingling, casting themselves down,

One falling on another, till mankind,

Whom God created to look up to Heaven,

Become as 'twere a pavement for his pride.

Thou would'st declare that for the wretch who dies,

Crushed by that courser's hoofs, the gates of Heaven

Stand open. Thou dividest not with me

Imperial sway : *alone* thou hold'st the world ;

He does not turn this way his haughty head,
 With the Tiara circled, makes no sign
 Of greeting ; but, like God, beholdeth all
 Beneath his feet. Hark ! murmured prayers, or
 silence.....

He blesses...and moves on. What wonder then
 If with his haughty foot he do disdain
 To touch the earth ? Unto the lips of kings
 He proffers it : I too am bound to stoop
 To such indignity.

SCENE XI.

ADRIAN, *after vainly waiting for FREDERIC to
 take his rein, and hold the stirrup for him to
 dismount from his horse, descends by the help of
 his attendants, and before taking his seat on the
 faldstool prepared for him, addresses the CAR-
 DINALS.*

ADRIAN.

Brethren, no more !...
 Here I dismount, nor can I longer hope
 From yon proud Swabian the accustomed homage,
 Which until now with olden piety
 The Cesars, who rebelled not against God,
 Have paid the Roman Pontiffs. I assume
 My seat upon the Faldstool :...Go, inform
 The new elected King of Germany,
 The emperor that is to be hereafter,
 That here I stay.

[*The CARDINALS retire to announce the POPE's
 will to FREDERIC.*

O Swabian Lion ! thou
 Hast tasted of Italia's blood, and thirst
 Will now grow fiercer in thy burning jaws.

Within the Church comes hideous war again !
But victory is sure. Since Jesus died,
The faith of Peter wavereth no more ;
And now with step assured he wends along
The tempest's watery path.

SCENE XII.

FREDERIC *enters, approaches ADRIAN, and gazes on him.*

FREDERIC.

Upon that face
Sits arrogance, veiled in humility.....

[*FREDERIC here approaches the POPE and kisses his foot, then, as if desiring the kiss of peace, which ADRIAN refuses.*]

Dost thou upraise tow'ards Heaven thy front austere,
And spurn me silently ?...Trembles that lip
Which thou refusest to the kiss of peace ?
Then thy refusal marks thee as a foe.

ADRIAN.

I turned me to my God in silent prayer ;...
Such wrath is merciful ; I do but threaten
The son I ought to punish.

FREDERIC.

This is not
Canossa ; nor, amid the wintry frost,
Trembling and lone wait I for that forgiveness
Which Henry ill besought, and worse obtained,
Nor did I cross the Alps a fugitive :
All know which way I came, what tracks I left,
E'en to thy presence ; neither does my foot
Tread falteringly, by frosty paths benumbed,
For it is used to press the scorching ruins
Of contumacious cities.

ADRIAN.

He whose name

Thou dar'st not utter, hears thee from his Heaven...

Think on his mighty deeds, and fear !...

FREDERIC.

In vain

Ye hope to work them in this age of ours.

Let the Church write the greatest in her annals,

For Cesar never can be more debased,

Nor Peter ever rise so high again.

We know how he forgives, and never more

Shall kings display such abject penitence.

Germany has grown wise, and ye shall ne'er

Bathe her in blood again : the father's pride

Is grown the sons' disgrace ; nor can that hand,

The Roman pastor lift to hallow crime,

From sacred oaths absolve them any more.

ADRIAN.

I ought to call thee impious, but I trust

That anger speaks in thee ; and God forgives

The blinded passions their first impulses....

Compose the tumult of thy soul ; for Christ

Would have us meek and mild.

FREDERIC.

I know how like

Thou art to Him.

ADRIAN.

Honour me !

FREDERIC.

Why, what more ?

With filial reverence I received thy Legates,

Nor deemed it irksome to renew the oaths

Sworn first to thee ; then sent I to Viterbo

The Pastors of Ravenna and Cologne,

To fix the day when it should suit thy pleasure

To crown me emperor :...thou shunnedst them,

N

As they were foes, and then didst shut thyself
Into the city from her castles named,
Dreading the long delay, and the return
Of those proud men who form thy brotherhood :...
I curbed mine eagles' flight where lies Viterbo
Close to the mountain's foot. Is't not enough,
O father! that, before th' assembled hosts,
Their leader on the Gospels swore to hold
Thy person and possessions safe from harm?
If Adrian doubts me thus, I needs must deem
He'd play me false!...It is a foolish deed
To ask the aid of one we fear; and when
I come to punish those that have rebelled
'Gainst Church and Empire, hide thee for defence
In thy strong forts, as though thou wert the culprit!

ADRIAN.

Know'st thou what risks I ran?

FREDERIC.

Wert thou the friend
Of Cesar, in his camp should be thy place:
Now 'tis too late...it suits thee ill to come.

ADRIAN.

O cruel victor! thou hast forced thy way
Through ruins, and dost leave the track of blood!
Yet, if I feel the terror which precedes thee,
Thou'rt angered with me.

FREDERIC.

Nay, thou tremblest not;
I know it, and I fain would have it so:
A looker-on secure, thou feignest fear,
And dar'st reprove for that thou should'st forbid...
Vainly we hope ye teach men to obey!
The name of Cesar is no more inscribed
Upon God's book; and thou hast dared to raise
The sword He suffered not in Peter's hand,
From a slave's ear, e'en to a monarch's head.
But thou, who deem'st my power sacred, who

Hast sworn to anathematize the man
That dares evade it, wherefore hast not thou
Fulfilled thy promise? Must I in Milan
Endure what, movèd by thy prayers, I came
To crush in Rome? My rights are surer far
Than thine; the Empire was before the Church,
Or Constantine had gifted her with that
Which was not his. Thou cravest Arnold's blood,
And wast the first to launch the sacred bolt
Against th' eternal city; yet for me
Hast thou no arms!...are rebels to be found
There only where I suffer thee to reign?

ADRIAN.

Suffer!...would'st have the successor of Peter
An endless wanderer?...In this vale of tears
Shall not the host, which triumpheth on high,
Find space to pitch its tents? Rome, till this hour
Hath seen her shepherds fugitives and slaves....

FREDERIC.

And churches forced by them, with din of arms
And bloodshed, 'mid the shrines, and liberty
Upon the Capitol, and us called down
Over the Alps, to chase that masked shape
Which scareth you, and is the loathsome child
Of your misdeeds...What ye of old have been,
Free men or slaves, exiled or on the throne,
Why force me to inquire?...Man's judgment bears
An erring scale, for vice cries out on earth,
And virtue hath no voice. I will attempt
To tell thee truth: be calumny or praise
Upon the lips of slaves....ye were akin
To Adam's evil seed, through whom the sin
Of earth did so increase, that Heaven outpoured
The all-avenging floods, and man became
The cause of God's repentance. He alone
Bore rule over his Church from Paradise;...

Thy place, O Christ ! was vacant upon earth !
Then Otho brought you back by force of arms
To the Lord's way, and austere Germany
Sublime examples gave on Peter's throne.
Ye afterwards dared to withdraw yourselves
From the imperial rule ; the world knows how
That pious Satan showed his gratitude,
Who, first the Cesars' slave, their rebel next,
At last became their judge, and, o'er all thrones
Crushed 'neath the altar's load, dared to exclaim,...
" I'm one, as God is"...he with blood washed out
Pollution ; and throughout the wrangling world
There flamed such impious wars, that ancient vice
Was far less fatal than the modern virtues.
Ye are a mockery, or a woe !

ADRIAN.

I should not have invoked thine aid : behold
Thine homage to the Pontiff.

FREDERIC.

Has he dared
Receive me in such sort ? insulted Cesar
Fell at thy feet, and thou refusedst him
The kiss which Christ to Judas gave again !...
Peace thou rejectest, and thou would'st have war.

ADRIAN.

Thou art God's foe already, and to hell
Thine impious words bring joy : now if the hour
Of death were come for thee, from secret wiles,
Or open enemies, thou would'st in vain
Turn to the King of Heaven : shorn are the wings
Of thy petition by my interdict.
I pity thee ; an ancient principle
Genders the impulse which doth make you strive
Against the will of God ; the stream, though far
From its original source, doth still retain
The waters of that fount which gave it life :...

The pontiffs are the offspring of that blood
Which hath redeemed the world. The Empire rose
From out the crimes of man.

FREDERIC.

I'll hear no more ! [*Going.*]

ADRIAN.

Go, I have answered thee :
While to the *man* thou spak'st, I could be mute ;
But as a priest I must avenge the Christ :
Show where we've stumbled on the way of life...
How we have troubled that pure stream wherein
The Lord beholds his image ! if our foot
Fail 'neath the load of Adam, on that path
Where now the holy spirit counsels not,...
If mortal passions fold us in their gloom,
Our faults are recent ; but the crimes of kings
Are agèd as the world.

FREDERIC.

It suits thee ill

To echo Hildebrand's proud blasphemies,
And flash his lightnings forth : dost thou not know
That with the Swabian current flows the blood
Of the Fourth Henry ? Why wilt thou unchain
The proud blast from thy caves, to drive away
The dust of lying ashes, and unveil
The fire concealed beneath ?... When chosen first
To rule the German realm, whose heritage
Is Italy, I read the mournful fate
Of that unhappy monarch : wrath and shame
So filled my heart, that through the pages foul
I drove my dagger, and the tears of rage
Fell scalding on them, and devoured the words.
But the dark ending of that hideous tale
Cast down all thoughts of daring from my brow,
Astounded horror overcame the strife
Of passions in my soul, and to the ground

The fatal volume dropped ; but in my mind
Was written each event as deep and firm
As if engraved on marble...in my dreams
Still doth the crime revive : I ever see
The hoary king, weighed down with chains and
years,
Prostrate before his son, embrace his knees
With vain entreaty, then, by all abandoned,
Go forth a wanderer, enter that same church
Which he had founded, as a beggar crave
For bread, and be denied, and die, poor wretch !
Of sorrow...nay, not e'en within his grave
Find rest, but lie for long, a livid corse
On the bare pavement of a narrow cell...
Betrayèd monarch, by his son exhumed.
Oh ! if the merciless Tiara dare
And do such deeds, let royal nuptials cease !
Perchance to me a son might yet be born,
A perjured parricide, who, blest by you,
Might one day rob his father of his throne...
His life...his tomb !

ADRIAN.

Why tell of past events ?

FREDERIC.

I speak but of the present ; if my power
Thou deem not sacred, every pact is loosed
Between us. What ! permit the pride-born ravings
Of Hildebrand to be accounted doctrine ?
I'll reconstruct with blood the diadem
Which Henry laid aside ; and from the earth
Shall fade all traces of that haughty foot
Which trampled kings.

ADRIAN.

Listen with mind composed
To unrestrained speech :...The regal power,
Hallowed by us, loses the sinfulness

Of its profane source, and the spirit of Christ,
Which lives in us, is champion of its rights :
Let our old compact at the altar foot
Unite us, and assure to me in Rome
A throne secure. I will o'erwatch the world,
Even as the eye of God ; if we be one,
Who then shall stand against us ? When to Christ
Th' Apostles came, and cried, " Behold two swords,"
" No more !" he answered, and the Empire thus
Was wedded to the Church. Let each shine forth
Upon its throne : even as the moon would keep
Eternal silence in the wastes of Heaven,
If the sun's might were voiceless there...

FREDERIC.

What ! I,

A minor planet !... Can I but reflect
Thy radiance !

ADRIAN.

It proceeds from Christ to him
Who holds his place on earth ; I am the truth,
Thou art the power : if thou abandon me,
Thou dwell'st in blindness, helpless I become.
Let us at last be one ; the simile
Which roused thee into sudden ire, be dropped,
Cesar and Peter are the hills of God :
Let awestruck man gaze up to them from earth,
And ne'er inquire which of the twain uprears
A loftier top to Heaven, or divine grace
Will from creation visibly withdraw,
And nation rise 'gainst nation ; every height
Will disappear, and all things here become
Valley and dust, vile sport of every wind,
Till God shall come in clouds to judge the world.
Be wise at last, and learn from the example
Of impious Arnold, that the altar's foe
Is hostile to the throne.

FREDERIC.

Into thy hands
I know he fell : the Church has sentenced him :
On me alone his punishment depends.

ADRIAN.

Thou hop'st in vain.

FREDERIC.

How !

ADRIAN.

He is taken from me.

FREDERIC.

Who dared without my bidding do as much ?

ADRIAN.

It is unknown.

FREDERIC.

The heretic shall come
Within my grasp : and death most infamous
Shall be the punishment decreed to him.

ADRIAN.

A holy zeal inflames thee in God's cause.

FREDERIC.

Wherefore has Adrian stood aloof from us
In such great perils ? I could lend to him
Far readier aid in danger, yet ye seeks
Shelter in faithless cities ! be we friends.

ADRIAN.

The kiss of peace I'll give thee.

FREDERIC.

Why delay ?

ADRIAN.

Thou wrongedst me.

FREDERIC.

Who drove me to that wrong ?
Forget it, thou who teachest to forgive.
None overheard us ; I repent, enough !

ADRIAN.

If thou thus late wilt pay before the world
The debt thou ow'st me, I will be content ;
Nor call thee guilty, if thou but confess
Thine ignorance.....

FREDERIC.

How so ?

ADRIAN.

Chosen but now
Emperor for thy wisdom and thy valour,
Canst thou be blameless if thou'rt ignorant
Of the old customs of thy lofty charge ?

FREDERIC.

What customs ?

ADRIAN.

For a stonethrow's brief extent
Thou should'st have held Adrian's rein.

FREDERIC.

God's life !

What do I hear ?...

ADRIAN.

And to the royal tent
Thou should'st have led my horse, and held the
stirrup,

While I dismounted ; *then* I had not set
The faldstool 'gainst the throne, but lovingly
And gladly would thy father have bestowed
The holy kiss on both thy cheeks.

FREDERIC.

And thou
Didst hope I'd be so base ? Am I thy groom ?

ADRIAN.

It is an ancient homage : thy refusal
Hath now no more excuse.

FREDERIC.

May hell uncloze

This moment at my feet, before I move them
To such dishonour !.....let the trumpet-call
To their entrenchments bid my warriors back :
And may I ne'er by act so vile offend
The majesty of blood and of the Empire !...
Let's show that Italy, that Rome is mine.

ADRIAN.

What would'st thou ? I may fall into thy power,
But thou canst nought against me : even in chains,
I still should be thy sovereign : I alone
Govern the souls of men.

FREDERIC.

Aye, and thou leavest
Their senseless bodies to be sport for kings.
But wherefore tremble ? I am not profane,
Nor dull of apprehension. Thou may'st here
Boldly uplift thy hoary head august...
The people's adoration :...I myself,
Who did refuse to pay thee servile worship,
Would with this sword avenge the lightest insult
Done to the great high priest. Now I withdraw
My squadrons, for as yet I have not gained
Full victory o'er the Lombards, nor art thou
My true ally : one thing is on thy lip,
Another in thy heart : thou call'st thyself
Oppressed by Norman violence, perhaps
Thou bidd'st them here in secret : I would fain
Defer the Puglian conquest : heaven forbend
That I should wear the crown thou offerest me,
If I must buy it at the price of shame.
Thy rite is useless. I am Emperor
By Germany's decree ; thou canst not give,
But dost confirm the empire : I might well
Expect thou would'st declare it thy free gift,
Then call me ingrate.....Rome has ever been
Destruction to us. In the dust of ages

Should have lain hid the fatal western crown,
Which with sad augury resaw the light
When placed by Leo on the brow of Charles.
Alas, the seeming homage was a snare !
The King lay prone, the Pontiff stood erect.
Thus did that empire which his sword and God
Had won the hero, seem your gift to him ;
And thus astute Byzantium's abject slave
Had strength to rise no more than kingly sway.
Then Charles foresaw your pride, repented him,
Convoked his senate in the Church of Aix,
And when he gave the old Imperial crown
Unto his son, he laid it on the altar,
Crying, "*With thine own hand remove it thence,
And crown thyself: for thou receiv'st thy power
From God alone !*".....I too returning here
Italy's conqueror, will take the crown
From off the altar, press it on my head
With my good sword, and he may view this rite
Who for his groom would have an Emperor.

SCENE XIII.

OTHO OF FREISING, *the above*.

ADRIAN.

Pastor of Freising, in good time thou comest ;
And since in vain I've spoken, thou who art
A master too in Israel, persuade
Thy king to holy homage : here survives
Lothair's example : Time's despoiling power
Has that of Charles o'erturned ; I leave thee with
him,
And to that God who holdeth in his hands
The hearts of monarchs, his unworthy servant
Will offer supplication.

SCENE XIV.

OTHO OF FREISING, FREDERIC.

FREDERIC.

Otho, speak !

What would'st thou of me ? sure thou dar'st not give
A dastard's counsel ?...

OTHO OF FREISING.

'Tis an honest zeal

Which guides me to thy presence.

FREDERIC.

Ask'st thou me

To imitate Lothair, the pontiff's slave,
My father's foe, who by his mean compliance
Deprived him of the throne ? and think'st thou not
That if I hold this fellow's rein, who went
Begging his bread from convent unto convent...
Servant of servants *then* in truth...my power
Will never curb upon her haughty way
Rome, who e'en now converts into a right
The baseness of Lothair ? my new example
Will be a precedent ; our ancient empire,
Which from the Church I sought to liberate,
A papal fief ; and of his vassals first
The German Kaiser.

OTHO OF FREISING.

He of Spielemberg

Was over grateful to the holy seat
Where Peter throned ; but whether he who stooped
First to such homage from his height supreme
Were base or pious, not to copy him
Were dangerous for thee. Men will say thou com'st
To reawake the war they yet bewail ;
And tho' in thee the Guelphic current run

Mixed with the Henries' blood, thou hast preferred
To Altdorf Ghibelling. Thou wast baptized
Friedreich, a name which augurs well for peace :
Why wilt thou now unclothe the mortal wounds
In the fair bosom of thy Germany ?
Heaven gave thee in the pontiff an ally,
Needful yet terrible ; if yet there be
One hope that rebel Italy may come
Beneath our curb again, this is the moment.
For well the ancient king of priests doth know
That freedom is his ruin.. Grasp thou then
The fleeting opportunity, and let
This impious Arnold be the sacrifice
To reconcile the Empire to the Church.

FREDERIC.

Days of my glory, whither are ye fled ?
O happy Eastern Kings ! who in the field
With absolute command collect and rule
The waves of your armed host, whose single glance
Announces death, whose smile conveys to them
Both hope and fortune ! Here upon my throne
Is slavery : I must become a groom,
And be the mockery of my peers in age.

OTHO OF FREISING.

O Emperor ! the youthful impulse curb,
Which doth transport thee...there are many leaders
Among thy troops, who followed once Lothair
To Puglia, and who here have shed their blood
In Innocent's defence ; if now thou stoop
To the same homage which they then beheld,
They cannot deem thee base. Oh seek alone
The approbation of grey headed men :
Thou didst at Aix display a mind mature.

FREDERIC.

And shall then, Otho, all the sacred rights

Of empire which I hold, be trampled down
For ever?...

OTHO OF FREISING.

Trust to me. I have prepared
For all contingencies : it is my creed,
That the crown comes from God alone : I have
Already in my mind conceived a plan,
To pay that homage which aggrieves thee so,
Yet bate not majesty : I'll tell it thee.
Let Adrian know that thou art ready.....

FREDERIC.

Otho !

To what dost thou compel me ?

OTHO OF FREISING.

Why remain
Thus sternly obstinate ? I pray thee yield
To that authority which age confers :
Think that in love I am indeed thy father.

SCENE XV.

*The Camp of FREDERIC, near Nepi, on the banks
of a Lake. FREDERIC and OTHO OF FREISING
standing in the back-ground.*

FREDERIC.

Art thou not yet content ? Adrian, the monk,
Is leader of my troops ; for him I left
The smiling plain of Sutri, and encamped
Near Nepi, to my shame ! How dost thou call
This lake ?

OTHO OF FREISING.

Giaula.

FREDERIC.

Oh may I forget
The name for ever ! troth ! I am rejoiced

The waters are so low : when on its banks
I bow my head in homage, 'twill not be
A mirror to my shame. Take hence, my squire,
The sword, the crown, the helm : nay, not the helm !
'Twill cover my disgrace.

OTHO OF FREISING.

Prithee be calm !

Compose thine intellects...

[*He signs to the oldest leaders of the German army
to approach.*]

Ye agèd leaders
Of the Teutonic bands, to whom I have
Declared the act of homage which the Pope
Requireth of your Emperor, be pleased
To tell him, in the presence of us all,
If he who led you hither, good Lothair,
Paid not like honours to Pope Innocent ?

LEADERS.

'Tis true : we saw it.

OTHO OF FREISING.

Will ye on this cross

Swear to the truth of what ye say ?

LEADERS.

We swear. [*Having sworn : they retire.*]

OTHO OF FREISING.

Behold ! the tent of Adrian is unclosed :
His steed is getting ready. Why stay here ?

FREDERIC.

Haughty apostle !...

OTHO OF FREISING.

If thou yet delay,
With haste ignoble thou must seek his face :
I pray thee, cheerfully perform the task
Which harsh necessity compels, and act
As though it were thy will.

SCENE XVI.

The Soldiers and Princes composing FREDERIC's army, on seeing him assist in holding ADRIAN's horse, break forth into exclamations.

SOME SOLDIERS.

O slavish act !

OTHER SOLDIERS.

O pious prince !...

A YOUNG PRINCE.

Old age this counsel gave ;
It fears the future still, and lauds the past.
Each greybeard left, before he crossed the Alps,
An ample portion of his illgot wealth
Unto the monks, who shall more richly fare,
For his soul's cure.

ANOTHER PRINCE.

I ne'er could have believed
Frederic would be so base. Is this the man
To whom we gave the empire ?

ANOTHER PRINCE.

I desired
To place the son of Conrade on the throne.

ANOTHER PRINCE.

May fire consume my castles, ere our crown
Become hereditary !

ANOTHER PRINCE.

Now doth Rome
Triumph in her proud pontiff, yet the fool
Makes war against him.

A YOUNG SOLDIER.

If the Emperor
Hold the Pope's rein, where then shall be *thy* place,
O wretched people ?

A PRINCE.

Boy! if thou turn monk,
Thou may'st mount Peter's throne, for poorer far
Was Adrian than thou.

A SOLDIER OF ZURICH.

Come! walk aside:
We are of Zurich; and though gathered here
Round Cesar's banner, ne'er can we forget
Our country, nor the doctrine spread therein
By Arnold: thou who much exceedest me
In years and wisdom, say, what hopest thou
Or fear'st from such a scene?

ANOTHER SOLDIER OF ZURICH.

I see a wolf
Which with a fox makes friends: cunning and force
Make short lived compacts; they shall soon be written
In Arnold's blood.

SCENE XVII.

ADRIAN (*having dismounted*), FREDERIC, *the above*.

ADRIAN.

Now by my faith thou art
A prompt and skilful squire, and with firm hand
Hast held my stirrup: therefore, son, receive
The kiss of peace, for thou hast well performed
Thy duties.

FREDERIC.

Father, nay: not *all* of them.

[*At a sign from the EMPEROR, the whole German
army assembles, and he cries*
Leaders and soldiers hear! I have done homage
To Peter, not to him.

SOME SOLDIERS.

Long live the Cesar!

o 3

OTHER SOLDIERS.

Hurrah for Germany !

ADRIAN.

[*Aside, between anger and fear.*

False Basilisk !

Oh for the day when prostrate thou shalt lie
At the Pope's feet : when if thou dare to breathe
These proud words, he'll tread down thy vanquished
head,

And cry aloud, "To Peter and to me!"...

I must conceal the pang of this offence.

[*He returns to* FREDERIC.

SCENE XVIII.

A HERALD, ADRIAN, FREDERIC.

HERALD.

The Roman Legates are arrived : wilt thou
That we admit them straightway ?

ADRIAN.

I must stay

No longer with thee : for the daring flight
Of frantic words from their presumptuous lips
Will blow the wrath which burns within thy breast,
Like as the wind-blast doth the flames : thy task
Is, threats and punishment ; mine, tears and silence
Over those wandering souls shut out from heaven.
When thou with thine imperial sword shalt wreak
God's vengeance, I will turn mine eyes away :
That glory be for thee alone.

FREDERIC.

Enough !

I comprehend...In vain would'st thou have craved
Of me the chastisement of Rome, were not

Her people rebels too against my power.
 Kings are not common headsmen, to uplift
 The sword at priestly bidding... Why do I
 Renew the strife between us ? holy Father,
 Trust to my justice : thou'rt a Briton, I
 A German born ; one thing we have in common...
 Hatred of Rome. Her pagan idols wage
 War against Christ and us ; most dread of all
 Is ancient liberty, whose venom flows
 Through all Italia, wakening names and laws,
 And tumult everywhere. Now crown the work
 Of the old pontiffs, with proud marbles gift
 Each humble convent : in the Vatican
 Destroy all memory of the Capitol ;
 Yea, raze it to the ground ; let the proud city
 Become a sepulchre, where penitent
 The Roman may fall down, and ask of God
 Forgiveness for his glories and his crimes.

SCENE XIX.

Roman Legates in the back-ground ; among them
 GIORDANO.

A LEGATE.

- In every state the treacherous cardinals
 Laid snares for us, and by a lengthened way
 We come thus late to Frederic : he expects
 The Pope will aid him to replace the curb
 Thrown off at Milan, therefore hath he promised
 To make him in return the Lord of Rome,
 And, bending down his head to servile homage,
 In meditation he doth forge new chains
 For wretched Italy ; yet smarts the shame
 Which he endured : with cruel virulence

Will he oppose us now :...wrath, shame-begot,
Flames ever fiercest in a haughty breast.

GIORDANO.

Far be all weakness from our lips : hold fast
Your honour, though your liberty be stolen !

SCENE XX.

FREDERIC (*ascends the throne*), *the above*.

FREDERIC.

The men of Rome may speak !

A LEGATE.

Dost thou concede

Full liberty of speech ? and guarantee

Our lives amid thy camp ?

FREDERIC.

Speak !

LEGATE.

Mighty King

Of Germany ! but future emperor
Of the world's mistress, sacred and benign !
If God permit thee, with benignant ear,
And mind serene, be pleased to hear what Rome
Addresses to thee. We have sought thy presence,
Sent by a people which hath shaken off
The priests' vile yoke, and for great length of time
Hath waited for, called on thee...wherefore come
A passing guest amongst us ? here return
And dwell, if thou would'st have the Cesar's name :
A stranger then no more, but citizen :
Here reassume the reins of the whole world,
And govern the eternal city :...think
How she was pleased her virtues to impart
To those she vanquished : in Rome's service, great
They then became, and in return received

Laws, power, discipline and arms, and e'en
At last imperial sway : restore her these,
And let the eagle once again return
To his deserted eyrie, give thou back
To his broad wings their ancient lightning-speed...
Beyond the heights of Taurus and Immaus,
Extending from the Alps...

FREDERIC.,

 Italian born,
Dost thou presume to name them?...Dar'st thou
 climb

Those lofty peaks which shelter not thy land?
God made them, that we might descend thereby.
I hear an empty noise of boastful words :
All know your ancient glories, less your shame
If their remembrance were extinct : he most
Prates of the virtues of his ancestors
Who widest swerves therefrom, and calls that his
Which he has ne'er achieved. Cease this vain talk,
O, foolish Roman, cease ! reflect at length
On what thou art : the night of many an age
Of slavery now broods with lasting gloom
O'er those proud piles, the toil of lands oppressed,
Where to thy *real* barbarian souls man's death
Was a delightful show, the only hour
Of pleasure that they knew. To punish Rome
For such protracted crimes, the will of God
Chose forth Arminius' sons, and that in her
Might live a towering memory of revenge
She was not turned to dust, but is a ruin.
Her present I despise...her past detest !
Let none admire it : every state must rise
(By fateful impulse of a secret power
Which speeds towards its aim) unto the height
Prescribed it, there it turns, and thence to death
Descends. Profane and impious is the city

Which hath presumed to call herself eternal,
Forgetting how to every nation God
Decreases the change of fortune...how one swift
Necessity enfolds and governs all.
Upon the fatal Euxine's shores arose
A second Rome: the Greek had so impaired
The former, that, having devoured the world,
The greedy she-wolf pined for hunger still.
Then the barbarian came, and Rome, thou layest
Forgotten slave upon a bed of pain,
Through thy great age, nor didst thou dare to lift
Above the dust of thy deserted plains
Thine aged head; and when the cloud of war
Arose on thee, thy pallid people came
To hide themselves beneath the sacred robe
Of Rome's great pastor, like a child that swiftly
Clings in each danger to his mother's skirt.
Ungrateful people! ye rebellious fools
Who call for freedom, go! prostrate yourselves
Where Peter died! but for his blood, the Lord
Full surely had condemned to endless tears
The city of triumphs, for 'twas Charlemagne
Here lent the Church his aid, and in those times
Ill rose that shadow of the Cesar's throne,
Whereof ye boast: why called he after Rome
The empire granted him by Germany?
The Lombard, whom he vanquished, sought in vain
An insult for the most abject of slaves,
Worse than your name.

LEGATE.

Italy is the womb
Of the whole world, and all the race of man
Nurselings of Rome; if thou consider her
A tyrant not a mistress, and applaud
The sons who slew their mother, and convert,
Ungratefully, her sorrows into crimes,

Why speak of Charles, or ask Augustus' crown
Of us?...thou art but an usurper here
If Rome bestow it not : pledges of faith
We've given to the Empire, and restored
The self-same curb once held by Constantine,
Next by Justinian. Valiant Germany,
Thou hopest peace from the false court of Rome,
Yet dost not gaze on thine own breast, which now
Teemeth with war : thy bitterest enemy
Is this eternal trafficker of Christ.....
Thou think'st he'll aid thee to win Puglia back,
While he usurpeth the imperial rights
And holds her as his fief :...three lustres since
The Second Innocent opened anew
The hateful trade of bloodshed with the Norman,
To whom he gave the name of king ; in vain
Conrade, thy predecessor, heard that shame :
Supply thou his defects, mend his disgrace,...
If thou assist the city which laments
Beneath her heavy yoke, and dwell with us,
And dare from impious grasping Babylon
To snatch away the ample wealth which hell
And her Christ, Satan, have bestowed on her.
One day her greediness shall be chastised...
She thirsts for gold, and gold shall stifle her.

FREDERIC.

Silence ! I hear the impious creed of Arnold...

ANOTHER LEGATE.

Let us at least declare what we have done
I' th' Empire's holy cause. We've occupied
Or levelled with the ground, thy foe's high towers ;
Fear not lest any should resist, or side
With the Sicilian, vassal to the Pope.
The Milvian bridge, so close to Rome, destroyed,
To bar the entrance of the German troops,
Has in short space been prosperously rebuilt,

And furnished in such sort with strong stone walls,
That it can frustrate all the base designs
Planned by the Pontiffs and the Pierleoni,
Who with the Norman's leaguings, from the top
Of that dread fortress called St. Angelo,
Would with their fierce balistas launch forth death.
And canst thou deem us foes? this haughty Adrian,
The Frangipani, Pierleoni's sons,
Except Giordano, who is true to us,
And in mute reverence stands before thee now,
Will stir up warfare between Rome and thee.
Much adverse breath of wily calumnies
Whispers already in thy royal ears.

FREDERIC.

Vain boasts and falsehoods! Rome has kept her
faith

Towards the Empire; where then is my prefect...
Consuls and senators, knights, magistrates,
Ye that are names and shadows in a city
Of sepulchres, do ye believe yourselves,
At a monk's voice, new risen from the grave?
The idle flight of your audacious thoughts
Doth lead you to that past which has no power
To give you back the future,...whining slaves!
A mingled throb of memory and hope
Burns in your breasts.

LEGATE.

Thou should'st allow the rights
Augustus granted us; Rome by thy favour
May Empire gain and liberty.

FREDERIC.

What name
Dare ye pronounce? it is for *this* I know
That these Italians rave, and they desire
The consuls, not the Empire. Arnold came
Hoping, amid cold ashes of the past,

To find a spark whence mighty flame should spring.
I in three towns have quenched its light with blood,
And if, proud fools ! I have not yet inflicted
Like penalties on you, for *that* the flock
May thank its shepherd. Rome is sacred to us,
Since she became God's city ; wherefore now
Is not all Italy assembled here
To list to me ?...I speak as if she were.
She has become a province, heritage
Of Germany, who doth impose on her
Her own elected king ; she's dragged along
Behind his chariot, in eternal triumph.
Otho once bound her in a chain, which may
Be lengthened, but which never can be broken :
Because it clanks, think ye that you are free ?
I'll put a stop to the deceit, and mute
Shall be the bonds riveted by my sword.
Does Italy hope to withdraw herself
From German power ? she can have nought her own,
No, not her tyrants ; let her give a thought
To her past fate. When Berengarius tried
To raise her to dominion, he became
Grayhaired among us, vanquished, and a slave,
Left e'en his captive bones to Germany ;
I to his place of sepulture will drag
My haughtiest rebels, and the dungeon then
Shall be their living grave. Romans, to you
I turn me now...and can you really dream
The bird of God will to his nest return,
Since to the queenly city of the East
His flight has been directed ? we are heirs
To all your ancient valour : look around ;
This is your senate...here be consuls, knights,
Tents and entrenchments, valour, discipline ;
Here is unbroken courage in the fight,
And stainless :...see a true republic here...

That which was yours is ours, and goes along
With the imperial power, which came not bare
Into our hands, but brought us in its train
The many glories of the Latin realm,
And left to you but torturing memories...
Dare ye call *me* a stranger? are ye Romans?
'Tis madness in good sooth to hear that you
Make me a monarch and a citizen,
If Rome be mine. Ye, without heart or arms,
First mocked, then slain : beasts timid and unclean,
Who, among tombs and ruins, have your lair,
Born but for flight, and to arouse the dust
Amid your ancient desert, who are only
Defended by your sovereign pastors' prayers,
Rebels to him, hope ye to rule the world,
And dream already that you face the Alps?
To his own realm Charles added Italy,
But never thought to fix his dwelling there,
For that presumptuous one who scorned restraint,
The circle, not the centre, had become
In her old age a province to the Greek,
Sport to the Lombard ; then she turned to us,
And craved our aid in arms. Germans and Franks,
We are one people, and the power of Charles
Descends to me : I am Rome's lawful master.
Let him who can, take Hercules his club !...
'Tis mine to rule you wisely, and repel
All insults offered you. William shall know
If Lombard slaughter blunt the German steel,
And certain proof in his own breast shall have
Who dares resist me. Unto you the empire
Has given no power ; only she allows
A Roman to be prefect, for she deigns
Elect him as her vassal, and transmits
Her sovereign power to him : suffice thus much
Unto the city's pride. Woods of Ardennes,

Pure waters of the Rhine, what! fly from you,
To dwell in squalid Rome, and dim mine eyes,
For love of ancient memories, with her mire,
And call the Tiber yellow!

A LEGATE.

Rome is ever
The country of the Cesar; she replies
To your Teutonic arrogance that name,
Usurped by you. Thou feignest to despise
The ancient throne, but thou dost feel thyself
Unworthy of it, and a secret voice
Whispers thy heart, that thou canst scarce bring back
A shadow of its greatness...but no more
Of what has been. Thou now must swear to keep
The laws and customs which the German kings,
Thy predecessors in imperial power,
Held sacred, and must guarantee to Rome
That she from German rage shall be intact;
And with an oath promise to grant to those
Who hold their office in the Capitol,
And shall proclaim thee emperor, that sum
Thou oughtest liberally to give the people:
Moreover, by thy hand these terms must be
Signed, to be made more binding.

FREDERIC.

Ye are mad!

Reason restrains the motions of my wrath,
Which, while I look on you, becomes contempt...
Refusal follows on an unjust claim,
And what is just I owe, because I will it;
Compelled, I will do nought. A slavish crowd
Dare impose oaths and terms upon their king?
My word suffices; what I speak is sacred.
The brave are generous; fear not that in Rome
One of our men will deign to lift the sword,
Which nobly vanquished Denmark, 'gainst a race

So vile, it merits death ere life begin.
Shall I give gold for honours which the sword
Of my brave German troops hath won for me?
I am the Emperor of the World; ~~my~~ rights
Stretch o'er the substance and the lives of all,
And what I please to leave is yours alone:
All that the miser hoardeth in his chest,
All that the bowels of the earth conceal,
Belongs to Cesar: gold and silver gain
Their value from my impress; and let that
Proclaim them *mine*. I've seen ambassadors
From every land prostrate before my feet;
Strange gifts I have received from shores unknown;
And shall I to a mean and greedy crew,
Proud in their beggary, a largess give,
Bargained for, called a due, as though I were
A debtor in his prison-house immured?
Hope ye such baseness from me? at the thought
I turn with rage. What! to your King give laws,
Perfidious sluggards?.....yet thou shalt not dare,
O Rome, to call me niggard; in the face
Of the few squalid tenants of thy ruins,
Wrapped in their filthy rags, my followers
Shall fling the worthless coin thou ask'st of me,
That I may view them rolling in the mire,
And 'mid my soldiers' laughter wrangling there
With bruised and bleeding faces for my tribute.

GIORDANO.

I blush for thee. Thou dost infringe the laws;
Thou tramplest on thy dignity. The sword
Is to such outrages the sole reply,
This be the Romans' care to give to thee:
We yet know how to die; Milan will know
The way to conquer. Thou shalt have a crown,
Not without blood, in blood to fall again:
This joyful future, which already strives

To become present, comforteth my soul :
Th' aspersèd glories and the woes of Rome,
Joy to the German...here will I defend.
When, as the sun is setting, longer grow
Even the shadows of the meanest hills,
So, from her greatest height, when Rome declined,
Each nation did increase ; and scarce uprisen
From out its native mire, showed to the world
Vile passions of a slave become a tyrant.
Unhappy country ! these, which never were,
Condemn what now thou art ! O Germans, when
In thousand stolid wine-begotten dreams
Can ye conceive a future that exceeds
The memories of Rome ? dare not usurp
Her banner : for in gloom and chains was born
Your eagle, which but stoops to our remains
For certain prey, but never dares to try
The burning paths of Heaven with eye infirm,
Which dreads the sun. Why speak of Germany ?
All nations had conspired for our destruction,
And all in vain, until the fatal day
When, the whole world o'ercome, Rome slew herself.
Ye had no thought of glory or revenge :
The wind of Asia drave you, and ye rushed
Flood-like upon Italia's fertile fields,
A lurid cloud which thunders not and flies.
No tears of monarchs dragged along in chains,
No dust of long-drawn triumphs, nor the waves
Of people shouting forth, " The Cesar comes,"
Then filled the Sacred Way : but with loud hoofs
Barbarian coursers made her echoes ring :
And then a greedy race spread far and wide
To seek for gold in tombs, and forced the sun,
Who ne'er beheld a greater than was Rome,
To gaze upon her heroes' bones dragged forth
And scattered on the soil ; with frantic rage

Ye sought to raze her ancient piles to earth,
 And by the vile task worn and wearied out,
 When ye had hid those ruins in the dust
 Which frightened you, ye dared not make your seat,
 Coward barbarians! on the grave of Rome.....
 And though ye had o'erthrown her last remains,
 Yet would the holy laws endure which once
 A kindly victor she was wont to give
 To willing nations, when one gentle sway
 Conjoined them all. Ye ever are unworthy
 Of man's great social ties, and climate works
 No change in you. Unalterable fate
 Compels the German on Italian ground
 To grow enervate, but be cruel still.

SOLDIERS.

Death to him: Death!

[*The German soldiery attempt to kill GIORDANO :
 but FREDERIC extends his Sceptre and prevents
 them.*

FREDERIC.

And stoops your wrath so low?

He is a Jew, brother to Anaclete,
 A worthy Legate of the new republic:
 Behold in whom revives old Roman valour!...
 I need not to inquire of stocks and stones,
 How low hath fallen your glory; on your brows
 I read it, ye are Rome's most mighty ruin.

THE LEGATES.

Messengers now; we meet again as foes.

FREDERIC.

Away! disperse you, fly. My bands are wroth,
 I can no longer shield you.

THE LEGATES.

Thou shalt have
 Rome and the Normans to thy face!

SCENE XXI.

ADRIAN, CARDINAL OCTAVIAN, *the above*.

FREDERIC.

(*To the POPE, who enters as the LEGATES utter their last words.*)

Heard'st thou?

ADRIAN.

I heard.....by *this*, know if I'm true to thee.

[*He gives him the Bull of excommunication.*

Read: I have launched my curse against the Normans,
And far from Rome they go; there ancient valour
Is not all spent: among her people still
Is many a wily, proud, impetuous soul;
She hates both priests and Germans. Choose the
 flower

Of all thy chivalry: let them invest
St. Peter's, and the city which is named
From Leo: I there left my troops on guard,
And if my will be signified to them,
They will undo the gates...Octavian...
Come nearer ...(*to FREDERIC*) I am well aware that
 thou

Affectest him, and therefore have restored
My favour to him instantly.

FREDERIC.

O father!

Thou art my true ally: one more embrace.....

SOLDIERS.

Long life to Peter and the Cesar!

ADRIAN.

Lead

The chosen brave, O Cardinalin thee

They have a worthy and a faithful comrade ;

[*To the Soldiers.*]

Right ancient blood runs in his veins ; make haste
To lead th' elected band where I direct,
That they may enter, favoured by the dark,
And so precede us to the holy city :
Then with the dawn of day, we, side by side,
Will head thine army ; and in Peter's Church,
Spectator of thy greatness, shall the sun
Shine on thy sacred head when newly crowned
By Christ his vicar.

THE ARMY.

On : to Rome ! to Rome !

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

A Chamber in the Vatican.

SCENE I.

ADRIAN.

Thou hast been pleased to look down, O Lord,
On thy poor servant, and the lion now
Dwells with the gentle lamb and serveth him !
The Swabian is no more the bolt of war...
Italy's terror, but hath laid aside
All his fierce passions, and with ardent zeal
Defends me, and our converse is like that
Of a fond father with a duteous son.
Respect and love unite, but not confound,
My clergy with his leaders, in one bond
Of cheerful order. He who dwells in me,
And speaketh by my mouth, quickens our hearts
With equal fervour towards one common aim ;
The world moves onward in the way of God,
For I precede it, and the Cesar follows.
Time doth at last obey eternity.....
As I was leading Frederic to Rome,
When he beheld her lying at his feet
Beneath the Gaudian hill, I pointed out
St. Peter's Church ; then from his steed he sprang,
And in the dust adored it from afar.

There came a sudden silence o'er the shouts
Raised by the joyous troops, and awestruck, all
Followed their king's example : voiceless joy
Awoke in my paternal heart...his host
How orderly, how swift, how terrible !
The sun drew lightnings from their arms, the hills
Grew bright therewith ; and from their dauntless
mien

His Germans breathed defiance. In the north
Is the world's seat of government : I too
Am proud that I was born there. Germany,
The simple-hearted, is by nature prone
To homage ; and most prodigal of life
For them that govern her. Oh, how unlike
This Latin race, which drives us and recalls,
Dreads and affrights, adores and tramples us,
Slays us and weeps ; which deems our might derived
From it alone, and Christ subject to Rome
As at his birth. The shepherd is unharmed,
But his rebellious flock have left his side,
And fancy that the Tiber's wave profane,
Which flows between us, speaks of ancient triumphs ;
But with sad voice, 'mid tombs and ruins flowing,
It murmurs, " All is lost...here I alone
" Remain, a fleeting stream !" too well I know
How stained with Roman blood its wave will be,
If they the German forces dare assail.
Now, even as I speak, they pitch their tents
Along that wall wherein the Golden gate
Gives entrance to the city ; here, around
The Church, is solitude and death ; and there,
Beyond the Tiber's stream, tumult and life.
O, thou accursèd Arnold ! foe to God !
'Tis thou, 'tis thou that wilt not let me reign,
Save at the cost of blood, and dost condemn
A British pastor to eternal shame !

Already from the vineyard of the Lord
That wily fox fled, trembling, and had fallen
Ere long into the net I spread for him :
Now, show me, Lord, the wretch that set him free,
And dares conceal him still !

SCENE II.

A private Chamberlain of the Pope ; ADRIAN.

CHAMBERLAIN.

A woman craves

Admission : wild and haggard, her pale cheeks
Hung with dishevelled hair, from side to side
Rocking her frantic head, she grinds her teeth :
Now rolls her eyes, now keeps them for long space
Horribly fixed : into the Church, poor wretch,
She came at first ; but scarce had she o'erpassed
The threshold, ere she stopped, and shrieked aloud :
" Anathema ! anathema ! an angel
" Of the most high driveth me back ! " thy guards
Would have repulsed her, but she clasped my feet,
And, bathing them in tears, besought me so
To lead me to his presence, who alone
Can on this earth absolve her : that I promised,
(So great the pity that her looks inspired)
To tell thee her request.

ADRIAN.

Knowest thou her ?

CHAMBERLAIN.

Perhaps I never saw her, or great grief,
May be, distorts her features, shielding them
From scrutinizing glances : the coarse garb
Of penitence weighs down her slender limbs,
Yet cannot wholly tame their bearing high,
For e'en in madness she hath courteous ways,

And through the cruel darkness of her mind
Shines forth her gentle blood.

ADRIAN.

All in God's sight
Are undistinguished dust : He may vouchsafe
To grant the sufferer health : He layeth low
The haughty oak, and lifts the lowly reed ;
And thou didst well...Go, quick, conduct her hither.

SCENE III.

ADRIAN ; *afterwards* ADELASIA.

ADRIAN.

O, if the finger of the Lord be seen
In this event ! the wretched woman comes,
Desperate terror urging on her steps.

ADELASIA.

Mercy ! absolve me, Father ! o'er my head
Hangs death, and hell is gaping at my feet !

ADRIAN.

Who threatens thee ?

ADELASIA.

The Lord !...I fly to thee !

ADRIAN.

Great is thy sin, indeed, if I alone
Can wash it out. Tell me, what hast thou done ?

ADELASIA.

I am a guilty wretch.

ADRIAN.

But how ? methinks
That thou art sick, or, it may be, the foe
Of man possesses thine afflicted soul.

ADELASIA.

Wo's me ! What say'st thou, Father ? at thy words
My dread increases.

ADRIAN.

Look upon the cross,
And him who died for us.

ADELASIA.

O God ! I see him !
He moves ! His pierced hand looses from the nails !
The blood streams forth...he raises it to curse me !
The earth is tottering !

ADRIAN.

Thou dost grasp my robe,
And hide thy face therein...poor wretch, thou ravest !
A flood of tears now gushes from thine eyes.
All sins find pardon where such grief abounds....
Take heart ; who art thou ?...speak.

ADELASIA.

Ah ! thou, perhaps
Hast heard the name of Adelasia ?

ADRIAN.

I am a stranger, lately come to Rome.....
Art bound in marriage ties ?

ADELASIA.

Oh, God ! too true.

ADRIAN.

Thou turnest pale...thou tremblest ! to thy husband
Hast thou been false, or springs from deeper guilt
The terror which doth so oppress thee ? speak...
Hast murdered him ?...

ADELASIA.

I ought...perhaps I ought.

ADRIAN.

What say'st thou ?

ADELASIA.

I would hate him, and I cannot.

ADRIAN.

What is his crime ?

Q

ADELASIA.

The fearfullest of all !

ADRIAN.

Yet is he dear to thee ?

ADELASIA.

I love him, yes,
I love him, though he be so greatly changed
From what he was : a cloud of gloom o'erhangs
Those features once so fair ; and 'neath his feet,
Now grown unsightly, droops the withering flower.
I know not if I wake or sleep, I know not
If what I see be dreams or visions, all
Is terrible : I can no more distinguish
Falsehood from truth ; for still I fear to sin
Whene'er I strive to reason : and I fly
The beloved couch where I became a mother,
Yet at dread midnight thither I return ;
I see my husband drowned in sleep so deep,
It terrifies me, and my trembling hand
Asks of his heart, the fount of life, if yet
It beat ; one icy kiss I give him then,
Clasp him with wild and trembling joy, and fly :
For his embrace I dread : then hurrying forth
I rush into the chamber of my babes,
Wake them with sobs, and drag them to the foot
Of an old image of the Queen of Heaven.
Awful, portentous, unto which I vowed
Unending vigils...everburning lamps :
There on the hard earth prostrate weeping lie
My naked little ones, and each repeats
The name of Mary, which I yet invoke ;
And I could swear she looks on them and weeps,
Then I exclaim—" Have pity on my babes ;
" Thou wast a mother, let the innocent
" Win pardon for the guilty one."

ADRIAN.

Thy husband
Is one of Arnold's followers. I esteem him
E'en guiltier than thou say'st: tell all the truth...
The greatest of Anathemas impends,
Dost thou not know it? o'er the impious man
Who liberated Arnold from my power...
Were he thy husband...which I dare not think...
'Twas sin and peril to approach his bed,
And with the water tainted by his lips
Thou might'st have drunk God's wrath.

ADELASIA.

Ah, woe is me!

Too well I know it! I have fasted long:
And dreading lest the food the father touched
Might to the babes be fatal, secretly
Fed them with that which sates and harms the while:
And my unfeeling piety has brought
The load of sickness on my pretty ones.

ADRIAN.

Although the grace which overcometh nature
Shine forth in thee, as yet thou art not freed
From every earthly tie...thou fearest God,
But dost not love him yet...thou dost remain
A wife and mother. If thy cherished young,
O frightened dove, dwell in that impious nest
Whence hardly thou hast 'scaped, I know the snake
Which drove thee to this flight...silence avails not...
I read it in thy face...unhappy woman!
Arnold hath found a shelter in thy home.

ADELASIA.

'Tis true, but I detest him, and my dread
Grew stronger while with artful words he sought
To still my heart...now, grant me absolution!

ADRIAN.

I cannot...know'st thou not that heretics

Should be accused unto the Church? yet thou
Conceal'st thy husband's name from me! Christ's law
Is over all: thy virtue I submit
To easy proof, by asking that of thee
Which any one can tell me.

ADELASIA.

He hath been
Arnold's declared supporter; and his name
Ostasio.

ADRIAN.

That suffices not: his rank...

ADELASIA.

He is of lofty lineage, and a Count
Of the Campagna.

ADRIAN.

Has he castles there?

ADELASIA.

Yea, many.

ADRIAN.

And he holds them?...

ADELASIA.

Of the Empire.

ADRIAN.

In which of them is Arnold now concealed,
That fierce and savage beast of heresy?...
Still silent?...there is danger in delay:
Consider...thou'rt a mother...oft-times God
Involves in wrath the guiltless with the guilty.

ADELASIA.

I will confess: but to Ostasio first
Promise forgiveness. If I tear him from
This impious wretch, I'll lead him back to God,
Along the way of love...e'en now methinks
I hold him in these arms; within his veins
Circles the holy flame of former days...
Panting upon my heart, I hear him swear

Endless abhorrence to the fatal creed.....
 I bless him with a long denied caress...
 O'er our chaste couch the angels of the Lord
 Spread wide their quivering wings, and one more soul
 Is born in heaven through me.

ADRIAN.

The wife forgets
 That I am listening?

ADELASIA.

Yes, I burn...I burn...
 Forgive me! I will watch before the shrines,
 And with delicious tears intoxicate
 All my refreshèd soul...Oh what deep joy
 Awaits the spirit which shall be translated
 Into the realm of the Elect!...*then*, Father,
 When thou the spotless victim dost uplift
 To heaven, then think upon Ostasio,
 And with thy prayers' omnipotence confirm him
 In his new path!...My husband has great wealth..
 He shall enrich the Church with gold and gems :
 So proving to the world how he detests
 Arnold and his false creed.

ADRIAN.

Speak plain at last!
 Where lies he hid?...thy husband I forgive,
 As far as in me lies.

ADELASIA.

O happiness!
 Thou art omnipotent in Earth and Heaven.
 Within Astura's fortress Arnold hides.

ADRIAN.

Kneel down...I do absolve thee...now depart.

ADELASIA.

Oh wherefore?

ADRIAN.

Hither comes the Emperor.

ADELASIA.

And here will I remain. The Swabian hath
A ruthless nature, and tremendous doubts
Are rising in my heart.

SCENE IV.

FREDERIC, *the above*.

ADRIAN (*raising his eyes to heaven*).

O King of Heaven,
How are thy counsels hid from mortal eyes!

[To FREDERIC.]

He caused the wretched woman who stands here
Before thee, to reveal...

FREDERIC.

To reveal what?
Upon thy face there shines unwonted joy.

ADRIAN.

At length the mighty cause of Peter triumphs,
And thou, who art the champion of the Church,
Haste thee to smite her enemy...be Arnold
Ta'en quickly in Astura.

FREDERIC.

Ho, there! my squire;
Call my guards hither!...Father, dost thou know
Who is Astura's lord?

ADRIAN.

The guilty husband
Of yonder pious woman...and a Count
Of the Campagna.

FREDERIC.

He is called?

ADRIAN.

Ostasio.

FREDERIC.

A name that I can ne'er forget : he ranks
Among the proudest of my foes : 'twas he
Who from the Roman senate would have chosen
The Emperor ; he's guiltier far than Arnold.....
To death with him, to swift and shameful death !
And be his children dragged away in chains
To Germany.

ADELASIA.

O God ! what have I done ?

[throws herself at FREDERIC's feet.

Have mercy on Ostasio ! O forgive
The ardent soul of youth its daring dreams,
Thou, who for glory panting, still dost feel
The motions of fresh life within thy breast.
Those little ones, whom thou would'st tear from me,
How have *they* sinned ? this proud unfeeling man
Disdains to look on me...stands mute and still,
Like a stern rock, around whose foot unmoved,
Murmurs with tearful voice some lowly stream.

*[Seeing that FREDERIC does not heed her prayers,
she rises.*

O Adrian, Adrian, wilt not *thou* assist me ?...
Thou ! who e'erwhile didst promise me to save
Husband and children ? thou ! that hadst the skill
In long discourse to draw my secret forth,
Now tranquil, cautious, in the monarch's sight
Standest, and utterest not a word to move him.
Ah ! if thou be Christ's vicar, at his feet
Fall down ; return the kiss he gave to thee !
Embrace them, bathe them with thy tears, thou ne'er
Wilt have shed holier drops...why then delay ?
Beseech him ! weep, or never more on earth
May any call thee Father !

ADRIAN.

Until now

I had not known how much thy husband dared :
O Roman pride ! such is his guilt, that prayers
Were spent in vain.

ADELASIA.

What would'st thou ? come with me !

[Grasps the POPE's robes.]

Here, here fall down !

ADRIAN.

She is distraught ;

ADELASIA (*falling again at the EMPEROR's feet.*)

Once more

I clasp thy knees, and hope.. *thou* hast not yet
Deceived me...now I see through this man's arts...
Once sure my husband was the Empire's vassal,
He made a show of granting him that pardon
He had no power to give !...O priest ! is this
Thy mercy ? Now has grief restored to me
My wandering reason, and upon the brink
Of an abyss I wake ; down drops the mask
Which hid this traitor's face, and by the light
Of truth, I see its hideous nakedness !

ADRIAN.

Sire, if thou canst, forgive Ostasio.

FREDERIC.

I am the guardian of the sacred laws,
Which to my successors I must transmit
Uninjured or avenged.

ADELASIA.

O, I abhor

Pontiffs and monarchs !...

ADRIAN.

Be thyself again :

Thy faith deserts thee. I, wherein I could,
Have sought to aid thee, but I could not force
Justice to yield to mercy ; it may be,

That God forbids it ; even the sword divine
Doth sometimes smite in haste. Ah, sire ! thou
see'st
How every pain th' anathema invokes,
Is on her babes fulfilled.

ADELASIA.

See'st not, barbarian !

A mother listens to thee ?

ADRIAN.

Nay, retake

Thy holier virtues ; 'tis a sin to feel
Repentance for a deed counselled by Heaven.
Christ said, " Hate e'en thy parents for my sake."

ADELASIA.

When said he to a mother, " Hate thy child ?"
I've been a traitor to them...woe is me !
Vainly I linger here ; the world's two monsters
Pity me not....O God ! let me begone...
Quick ! quick ! a horse !...yet whom do I beseech ?

[*Seeing FREDERIC's Soldiers.*

The tyrant's soldiers ? O, if high in Heaven,
There be a God who heareth mother's prayers,
Back to my castle bear me on your wings,
Ye angels of the Lord !

SCENE V.

SOLDIERS, FREDERIC, ADRIAN.

FREDERIC.

Go to Astura ;

Bid it surrender ; if ye be refused,
Storm it, and burn it : but I trust 'twill yield.
Then the two rebels, Arnold and Ostasio,
Laden with fetters, give into the hands

Of the Roman prefect : he is true to me,
And holds in our behalf the fortress called
St. Angelo.

SCENE VI.

FREDERIC, ADRIAN.

FREDERIC.

I have forgot the children
Of yonder maniac : now may God protect
Those innocents ! I feel my heart relent,
Though not a father.

ADRIAN.

Weep'st thou, sire ?

FREDERIC.

Christ wept !

ADRIAN.

When suffering ; now in his hour of triumph
I shed no tears : while I was yet a child,
I learned to curb my passions in the cloister.
Learn thou the same upon the throne, and now,
When I shall crown thee Emperor, pray God
To gird thy loins with strength !

FREDERIC.

Is then my sword

Not all-sufficient ?

ADRIAN.

If thou take it from
The altar, thou wilt slay without remorse.

FREDERIC.

I fear lest I be forced to stain that sword,
When hallowed, with the life-blood of thy flock.

ADRIAN.

Used in my cause, it cannot be profaned.
Perchance 'twill not be needed, for thy brand,

Like lightning if it but flash forth, will be
A tempest-wind, that drives the dust away ;
And when it seeks its foes can find them not.
The sacred rites are all prepared.

FREDERIC.

I come.

SCENE VII.

A Hall in the Capitol.

*Assemblage of Senators ; among whom GIORDANO
as Patrician of Rome, holds the highest place.*

GIORDANO.

The German monarchs, who, on Italy
Descending, at the hand of Rome obtained
The mighty crown which clasped Augustus' brow,
Were ever wonted to confirm by oath
The holy city's honours, and assure her
Against barbarian outrage. In this right
Consists the only comfort which remains
For our lost empire ; in the Lateran
We placed it in God's keeping : ancient lays
Attest it. These I told to all the people,
And they repeat the words, raising their eyes
With wrathful murmurs to that painted scene
Wherein Lothair receives the diadem
From Innocent. Ye, senators of Rome,
Heard, scarce five lustres since, the wonted oath
Sworn by the monarch ere he entered Rome.
Now the perfidious Swabian occupies
Great part of her by fraud, and will not keep
The ancient terms, nor yet the tribute give
To the eternal city, which he mocks
With all those insults which ye know too well.

A SENATOR.

The very dust we tread beneath our feet
Should deign him no reply, within these walls
Where, like a queen fallen prostrate from her throne,
The mother of so many empires hides
In a vast solitude the majesty
Of her departed woes. All here abhor
Ferocious Germany, which has bequeathed
Sad memories to us of tears and chains,
Even from that day when, by the lofty pile
Called thenceforth from Crescentius, the third Otho
Stood warily, and with his fierce blue eyes
Measured its strength, and with a Judas' lance
Made way to enter there, and put to death
The dauntless one whose life he swore to spare.
A century has past, and still the crown
A German Cesar doth usurp and wear
Within the holy city, is and has been
Sprinkled with Roman blood : each lightest stir
Among the people is a pang to him :
He'd have us mutely stupid, like the beasts
Which Germany sends here : the slavery
Which ends not, he calls order, and esteems
What force has wrung from fear a lawful right.

ANOTHER SENATOR.

Unhappy Rome ! for thy destruction joined
Thou see'st these two barbarians... German one,
The other born in Britain : to the fold
This shepherd led the wolves.

GIORDANO.

This is no time
For lamentation. Henceforth let our deeds
Be on reflection based. Since Frederic pays
His homage to the Pope, and not to Rome,
He has no rights here ; and the tie is loosed
Which bound us to him. No less than the crown

Is the tiara guilty ; we've the right
To raise our heads, which have been bent so long
Beneath the world's two loads, to the new sun
Of freedom which hath ris'n on Italy.
But to revenge the arrogant refusal
Returned us by the Swabian, all at length
Cry out for the republic : therefore Rome
In rapid tumult gathers up her strength ;
Chafes and conspires, and all her sons prepare
For combat. When the people shall behold
The crown they give, glittering upon the brow
Of that fierce monarch who refused them tribute,
Then shall the banks of Tiber ring again
With one tremendous shout ; and on the lips
Of priests, who hedge the tyrant round about,
Shall the profane Hosanna die away.
Then shall ye see all barriers of the bridge
Give way, and fall before the rushing crowd,
And then the Romans' grief shall turn to rage.
Let but the discipline of troops well drilled,
Increase and guide those sublime impulses ;
And may our trusty swords never grow faint
With shedding German blood.

A SENATOR.

But where is Arnold ?
His vigorous speech more than the trumpet clang
Inflames to battle.

GIORDANO.

From his castle walls,
Which overhang Astura, well I know
Ostasio has set forth, now the brave youth
Collects his troops dispersed in different forts.
And, these assembled, he will march to Rome
With Arnold. Nor have I concealed this fact
From his belovèd people ; he too knows
How prone to riot, how oppressed with spoils

R

Of Italy, the German. I to wrath
Have added hope : seek conquest, fear not death.
Soon as the time is ripe for strife, the bell
Shall give the signal from the Capitol...
If Latin valour here be newly born,
And victory be ours, more holy thou,
O bell, than any other brazen tongue
Which calls to prayer....The senate is dismissed.

SCENE VIII.

A Dungeon in the Castle of St. Angelo.

ARNOLD, then GAOLER.

ARNOLD.

Upon the ruins of thy shattered mind
This impious priesthood hath its banner reared,
O frantic Adelasia : me alone
Thou sought'st to give into the foeman's power,
And didst betray thy children, wretched one :
Imprisoned here, those innocents complain.
O outraged nature, should'st thou reawake
The deathless spark within her suffering breast,
Thou wilt but grant a brief and fatal boon
To the unhappy mother ! for indeed
Most fearful is the madness of remorse
For deeds whereof repentance is in vain.
God willed that from his old ancestral castle
Ostasio should be far, nor should behold
From his high towers Astura stormed and burned :
But, worthy son of Rome should combat there
For liberty. He must indeed bewail
His tender offspring and his fatal wife.
But let him curb his grief, I do not ask
One single tear for me : my fate can know

No change; I am the victim long desired
By yonder tyrants...who comes hither?...

GAOLER.

Arnold,

The Roman Prefect.

SCENE IX.

PETER, *Prefect of Rome*; ARNOLD.

PREFECT.

I am come to thee,
Not as a judge, but the executor
Of penalties ordained. I pray thee, use
The little space which yet on earth is thine,
And let thy guilty spirit wake, at length,
Upon the awful confines which make up
The narrow present, from its erring dreams,
And cleanse itself by pardon and by tears,
Ere death dismiss it on its rapid flight
To the eternal judgment seat.

ARNOLD.

In thought
I ever dwelt with God. Thy lord's desires
Are on things temporal so bent, that he
Looks upon nought save earth.

PREFECT.

Will Arnold's pride
Never give way?

ARNOLD.

Thou dost esteem me proud,
Because that I am free.

PREFECT.

I came not here
To prate with thee: would'st thou be shrived ere
death?
Abjure thine heresy.

ARNOLD.

Maifred presumed
To mark me as a heretic : his falsehoods
Obtained not credence of the assembled council
In Lateran, yet those proud men who know
They lie, who form thy senate, hapless Rome,
Repeat the same.

PREFECT.

My trust is in the Pope :
Who hath for ever rent thee from the Church
Militant upon earth.

ARNOLD.

Not that in Heaven
Triumphant, where the Lord is judge ; my doom
In the abyss of endless wisdom lies,
Like that of him who now condemneth me.
The time shall come when he will think thereon
And tremble.

PREFECT.

Dost not thou repent the wars,
Fruits of thy doctrine, and the blood which soon
Must flow again in Rome ?

ARNOLD.

Truth is the child
Of blood.

PREFECT.

Yet change thy purpose ; on these terms,
These *only*, can a messenger of Heaven
Absolve thee from thy sins. He waits thee here.

ARNOLD.

Each son of Adam is a sinner, I
The chief of sinners ; but no heretic.
And were I so, the greatest criminal
Has leave to choose among the clergy's ranks
A priest to shrive him : is't denied to me ?

PREFECT.

He wills who can enforce it. I am bound
In all things to obey him. I've fulfilled
Mine office here : within few moments more
Thou shalt be told the manner of thy death :
The coming sun shall view thee not alive.

SCENE X.**ARNOLD.**

O King of Heaven, thou said'st that in this world
Thou would'st nor gold, nor power ; then how can he
Who bath kept faith with the immortal word,
Light of the soul, be severed from the Church?...
That I may dwell in truth, I must alone
Confess my sins to thee, Almighty Priest!...
Thou read'st my heart ; what I cannot explain,
Thou seest. Man is ever to himself
A mighty mystery ; the conscience, yea,
A deep abyas which only thou canst sound...
A storm of evil passions raves therein...
Forgive thy rebel. In the mind of man
Sin buds and blows as in its native soil,
Even from the day when Adam first abused
The mighty gift, and thence grew criminal...
Aye, if our every thought became a deed,
Who then were guiltless?...I defended once
The cause of Abelard ; and held my peace
Beneath the great decree which silenced him.
Was I in fault?...in vain Bernard urged on
The European monarchs to defend
Christ's sepulchre ; I laboured to set free
Mankind, which is his temple, and on earth
For the full triumph of the love divine
I strove to bring Life, Action, Liberty :

These were my doctrines ; and God only knows
How to gain empire o'er the intellect,
Reason and faith contend within my soul...
O Lord, forgive me : the two streams of heaven
Seem warring with each other, till they turn
Back to their deathless source, till truth be seen
Entire in thee, nor God opposed to God...
And what art thou?...why do I ask it ? now
I ought to pray...the thought of thee is prayer.
How can thy substance, in three persons joined
Coequal, yet for ever one remain ?
I comprehend thee not ; in thee I give
Laws to the infinite and human names !
What thou reveal'st here, Father of the world,
May be perchance one of thy thoughts, no more ;
Or is this changeful veil which clothes creation,
An endless lie, which hideth God from us?...
The intellect can find no spot to rest !...
Doubting, it pants amid the boundless dark,
More skilful to deny than to affirm...
Almighty God, I know not what thou art,
Or knowing, have I power to define ?
Thought is too weighty for my tongue, which hath
No words, or even in thought I outrage thee...
Within brief space I pass from deepest doubt
To highest truth. What hast thou said, alas !
" Quiet thy mind within the faith of Christ,
And rest thee like a child upon the breast
" Of a fond mother"...Arnold, what thou seek'st,
" Thy master sought in vain with fruitless torture,
Until at last his worn-out reason fell
Before the cross. Follow his great example,
Here cleanse thy sin with tears !
[embracing the crucifix.]

SCENE XI.

GAOLER, ARNOLD.

GAOLER.

Unhappy Arnold,
How do I pity thee ! it is thy doom
To hang suspended on another cross.

ARNOLD.

Be it a pledge of Heaven vouchsafed to me.
Eternal Comforter ! thou didst conduct
Thy servant hither : where could he have found
A nobler altar than the holy city,
Whereon to die, a sacrifice to God ?

GAOLER.

No voice of prayer, no soul to comfort thee
In the death hour, the executioner
Alone shall stand by thee.

ARNOLD.

I wait him here,
The soul's deliverer.

SCENE XII.

ARNOLD. .

Lo, I have been
A faithful echo of the word of God...
That thought support my soul ! And thou, O Lord,
Defend thy cause ! that it may rise again,
And overcome blind error with my blood,
And let old falsehood perish at the foot
Of the eternal truth...yet will it bear
No fruit till quickened by the wings of time ;

And in the hope which deemed them nigh at hand
I may have erred...better to err than pause...
Death is so near me now that it awakes
Fond memories and painful in my heart,
And with my latest thoughts I turn to seek
The native soil which I was forced to leave.....
Dear Brescia, I forgive thee for mine exile.....
Thy pastor only sinned. Thou pleasant nest
Of valiant hearts and just ! thou shalt pursue
Milan's example, and right largely share
In all Italia's glories : O, how oft
In youth I wandered on Benaco's side,
Where thou art mistress, when all full of God,
Pure, limpid, quivering lay my soul, as lie
The waters of thy lake ! Ah ! ne'er forget,
Brescia, thy hapless son ! In after times
Grant that some courteous spirit may restore
My fame, which will too surely be laid low,
Beneath the blows of the false court of Rome,
Harlot of monarchs ! Oh, this earth's a place
Of calumny and of oblivion !.....
I feel upraised above myself, the future
Already fills this breast, and labours there.
God makes of me a prophet : I behold
The Lombard towns in federation joined,
And, amid blood and ashes from the walls
Of twenty cities, riseth up to Heaven
One single banner !...Lo ! the deadly band
Fall to the earth in prayer to the Most High :
From lips intrepid mounts to Heaven that oath
Which pales the tyrant's cheek : the haughty chief
Beholds his troops fall off, his standard vanish,
Snatched by a valiant hand ; then to the earth,
Which once upbore his triumphs, down he springs,
By the first onset overcome, and hides
Amid the general slaughter of his troops.

I see the German flee beyond the Alps,
His ravening eagle dragged in mire, his crown
The mockery of a people new-redeemed.....
But hark ! the headsman comes ! Arnold, take heart,
And let thy spirit, from the wretched flesh
To which she hath been wedded, flee away
To her eternal nuptials ; bear her on,
Ye outspread wings of intellect and love,
Through all infinity, aloft to God !

SCENE XIII.

*Bridge over the Tiber, opposite to the Castle of St.
Angelo. Roman People and Soldiers on one side ;
German Army on the other.*

CHORUS OF ROMANS.

Romans, to arms ! from each ruinous hall
Hark how the spirits of Italy call,

“ Sovereign people, arise ! ”

Ne’er can th’ eternal one perish to fame ;
Victory’s temple yet standeth the same ;
The ashes of heroes repose not in shame,

Like the dust we despise.

Every sepulchre teemeth with fate ;
The shades of our forefathers murmur irate ;
To look on the woes of our servile estate,

Long borne with coward despair.

A barbarous chieftain unrightfully taketh
The title of Cesar, a stranger’s hand maketh
The crown of our empire, whereat the world shaketh,
A wreath for his hair.

“ Here valour hath perished,” the German doth cry ;
Let your swords, men of Rome, to the insult reply,

With fury let firmness compete.

To his young, to his eyrie your eagle must soar ;

Since the day when he followed the sun's track no
more,

He hath conned the vile lesson of slavery o'er,
And learned to submit.

By your sword let the gluttons of Germany fall!
Then away to the Alps which send foes to enthrall:
Milan be our teacher, our breasts be a wall,
To the ill-fated path they descend.

Brothers! i' th' ranks of our host let each one
Assert the same title, be Italy's son,
And strive to one end.

But away with the Briton, the lawless, the bold,
Who summoned the wolves to his evil-starred fold;
And tramples the altar to mount uncontrolled
The height of the throne.

He ruthlessly blesses the sword with its stain
Of murder, whence crieth the voice of the slain,
"O vessel of Peter, can this be the main
"Thou callest thine own?".....

Yet peace is inscribed on thy banners unfurled!
That name is a lie, thou deceivest the world:

The saint in his dwelling in Heaven,
Doth blush for the wicked. O thou that once
madest

The sorrows of all men thine own; who forth
spreadest

Equality, brotherhood, freedom, and badest
Man's chains by thy passion be riven;
Smite thou the sinner who soweth division.

They called *Thee* a monarch in tones of derision,
That title he seeks as his own.

He prays to the tyrant thy children who slew,
He blesses fierce Germany's talons anew.....
High thronèd in Heaven let Italy view
Her monarch alone!

CHORUS OF GERMANS.

Ever, for ever to the dust are sinking
 These ruins which attest the German power ;
 The race that doth possess them lies yet lower.
In vain ye call the past ; none to the peak
Returns, who falleth to the mountain's base :
Rome is the skeleton of ancient days.
No throb of second life her sons may quicken :
 No magic force of song can bid them rise
 From dust which steeped in tears and bloodshed
 lies.

A GERMAN PRINCE.

Hymns better suit your lips than war-cries bold,
Degenerate offspring of the great of old !
Put on the stole, lay by cuirass and shield,
And let Italia bless the sword I wield.

CHORUS OF GERMANS.

The Church lays them prostrate, the Empire treads
 down :
The monarch of thought has their spirits o'erthrown.
Aye, flee to the pride of your bare walls away,
Conceal 'mid their ruins the double dismay,
Whose pulses within you alternately beat ;
On your neck is the German, and hell at your feet.
Nature to you the golden harvest gave,
 For you disclosed the tender flower of spring ;
 Dearer to us the bloody laurels' wave,
 With the proud pomp of warriors triumphing.
If veiling clouds hang over us for aye,
Life is more mighty 'neath their frosty gray.
The great sea roaring through the depth of night,
 The rush of winds the forest boughs among,
Bring to our minds the whirl of maddening fight,
 The neighing of the steeds, the trumpet-song ;
Here sobs the breeze with suppliant voice and low,
And murmurs o'er the rose it cannot bow.

CHORUS OF ROMANS.

Faithful type of German nature
Is the stagnant water, shed
Over lurid flats which never
Swell to hills, but humbly spread,
Like mean thoughts of servile dread.
The sorrowing earth appears
One universal mourning; and the soul
Weeps her own tears
In lonely widowhood; the mournful eye
Meets with a grovelling boundary,
Even in the livid thornbrake, the waste plains
In mist-clouds disappear: the sun disdains
To look thereon, for in the tranquil mass
Of dull and inert frames,
Small is the quickening influence of his beams.

SCENE XIV.

GIORDANO, VASSALS, *the above*.

GIORDANO.

Hope, valour, silence; with the enemy
Be no more strife of song, for that of arms
Draws nigh and nigher. Now be every man
Ready to strike; and let the archers fit
The rapid shaft upon the bended bow;
Knights! lay the lance in rest, but put your trust
Far rather in the sword: ye shall behold
The brave Transteverans come crowding on,
From Tiber's other bank; they shall attack
The Germans on the flank, and in the rear.
True Roman blood! they well know how to face
The fierce barbarian, while he lifts his sword
They rush upon him; then, with fierce embrace,
Drag him to earth, and with the dreaded knife,

Which never errs, open the glutton throats,
In whose huge swallow wine is gurgling still.....
But see, Ostasio, with his chosen band,
Tranquil in courage, and no sounds are heard
Of useless threats.

PEOPLE.

Long live Ostasio !

SCENE XV.

OSTASIO, *with Soldiers, the above.*

PEOPLE.

But where is Arnold ?

OSTASIO.

That I ask of you :

I hoped he had preceded me : he promised
That he would come to Rome, and bless our arms
For the approaching fight.

PEOPLE.

He's cloister-bred...

OSTASIO.

He knoweth how to die ; let none insult him.

SCENE XVI.

ADELASIA, *the above.*

SOME OF THE PEOPLE.

Who's here ?

OTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

A woman.

OSTASIO (*recognising ADELASIA as she approaches*).

Wherefore art thou come,

Unhappy Adelasia ?

S

ADELASIA.

He is safe!...

Safe!.....O the wondrous power of God! quick...
quick,

Into his arms.....dare I, the guilty one.....

OSTASIO.

She raveth still! bewail her luckless fate.

ADELASIA.

Yes, weep for me...and yet...I am *not*!...mad!...

Husband and babes I have betrayed...wo's me!...

Thy fort is taken.

OSTASIO.

Nay, my fort is here.

[*Lays his hand on his breast.*]

ADELASIA.

Arnold has fallen into the enemy's power.

OSTASIO.

Oh, God! what do I hear!

SOME OF THE PEOPLE.

The Lord forbid!

OTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

O most disastrous day!

ADELASIA.

'Twas I confessed

To treacherous Adrian how he lay concealed

In thine Asturan fort: I sought to give

Into the Church's power, her enemy,

But not our babes, not thee!

OSTASIO.

Oh foolish, cruel...

Too late thou know'st the priests! I feel within

The fury which doth call me on to blood!

[*He makes a movement of indignation which he immediately represses.*]

ADELASIA.

Kill me! for mercy, kill me!...

OSTASIO.

Did I know
But whither they have dragged him...

ADELASIA.

With our children...
There, to St. Angelo.....

OSTASIO.

Away! away!
Let's storm the fortress: what! would ye behold
From off this bridge, where we are captives held,
The martyrdom of Arnold? let our swords
Hew a free path towards him through the midst
Of German squadrons!

A ROMAN CAPTAIN.

We must first o'ercome,
Exterminate them, or in that assault
We may be victims; on our heads will rain
A cloud of darts and stones, while in our rear,
Comes on the lightning of the German sword.

GIORDANO.

I've secret means of ingress to the castle;
As yet the Swabian monarch holds it not,
The Roman prefect there commands alone.
One of my troops beneath the shade of night,
Found entrance to it by unguarded ways,
And promised to admit us; far from hence,
I'll ford the river with a few brave men,
Unseen, and, if Heaven wills it, take the castle
With our own true and brave Transteverans;
Arnold I trust to save from sudden death,
And good Ostasio's babes from slavery.

ADELASIA.

I go before thee, never to return
Without them.

PEOPLE.

She is mad, let her not go!
Detain her.....

OTHERS OF THE PEOPLE.

She has fled : grief speeds her steps.....
And now she fades from sight.

OSTASIO.

Prithee, Giordano,
Pity the wretched mother, and my babes
Forget not : but be Arnold rescued first.

*[From the Città Leonina, where the German
Army is encamped, the Clergy are heard
singing.]*

Christ o'ercometh, Christ o'erruleth,
In His might our hope shall be ;
To a haughty crowd thou ow'st not
Yonder sign of victory.

Adrian, the sovereign pontiff,
Placed the crown thy locks among,
Nor through Rome's wide streets re-echo,
Sounds of impious shout and song.

In the Church the pious warrior
Only offers vow and prayer ;
With the monarch of the priesthood
Thou divid'st thine empire there.

GERMAN SOLDIERS.

Hurrah for Adrian !

PRIESTS.

Health to Frederic !
And length of years, and triumphs, Heaven bestow
Upon his army ! May renown and power
Attend the German warrior !

(On the other side of the River.)

OSTASIO.

Do ye hear,
O men of Rome ! how these unholy priests
First outrage, then forget us ?

PEOPLE.

Yet we still

Put off the battle?...

OSTASIO.

Stay...it is not time...

What do I see? holy republic, now
O'er the Crescentian fortress, to the breeze
Thy banner waves!

PEOPLE.

Long live the brave Giordano!

OSTASIO.

Bell of the Capitol! at last...at last
I hear thy voice resound....To arms! to arms!...

[*A general Fight between the Romans and the
Germans.*]

SCENE XVII.

A waste Place in Rome.

OSTASIO, with a Band of his Adherents.

OSTASIO.

Thou sett'st, O Sun, and Rome is vanquished!.....

Friends,

Long have we fought, and now 'tis ours to mourn
Ill fortune, not disgrace: lovely are tears
Upon a cheek yet never dyed with shame.
What a fierce storm of arrows, what wild clash
Of arms upon the confines of the bridge,
Where, with alternate slaughter, raged the fight!
A people worthy Rome! had they possessed
But discipline to match their bravery,
Then would the Tiber to the Tyrrhene sea
Bear German corpses only; now he rolls
More than a thousand of our men with theirs.
Alas, the daring hearts! they went too far;

On dashed a band of knights, the German lance
 Pierced our men's naked breasts, whose trusty swords
 Are their sole weapons, and Teutonic rage
 O'er Roman valour has at length prevailed.
 I came, alas ! too late to aid my troops !
 Pierced through and through, in their own blood they
 fell,

And from their foaming coursers to the ground
 Arminius' harsh descendants leapt, and slew
 The brave 'twixt life and death !

A ROMAN CAPTAIN.

Coward barbarians !

Each as he plunged his weapon in the breast
 Of his disarmèd foe, in cruel sport
 Cried, " Here's the tribute Cesar giveth thee :
 " Gold thou would'st have, take steel ; receive the
 price

" Of thine imperial crown ! *thus* do we buy
 " The Empire." When the dying Roman's groan
 Struck on their ruthless ears, more bitter grew
 Their horrid words, and then, in furious tone,
 They shouted, " Such acclaim the Cesar wills
 " Should grace his triumphs ; these are German terms,
 " And thus he signeth with his blood the oath
 " Ye dared impose : e'en now, accursèd souls,
 " Arnold in hell awaits you !"

OSTASIO.

O my God !

If that Giordano be not there in time...
 Nay...let us hope, in those strong castle walls
 Which closed upon him, every one beheld
 The flag of Rome spread sudden to the wind !

A ROMAN CAPTAIN.

But in the fight it vanished : had Giordano
 Gained sure possession of that mighty pile,
 He, doubtless, had assailed with immense stones,

So easy to be rolled from that great height,
The army spread beneath, certain destruction
Had lighted on the German.

OSTASIO.

Some one comes.

A SOLDIER.

Away !

OSTASIO.

Stir not from hence : I recognise,
Amid the falling shade, the well-known form
Of my brave friend.

SCENE XVIII.

GIORDANO, *the above*.

OSTASIO.

I press thee to my heart,
Faithful Giordano...Arnold is ?...

GIORDANO.

In heaven.

OSTASIO.

They granted him at least a tomb ?

GIORDANO.

The Tiber.

OSTASIO.

The river shall restore his corse.

GIORDANO.

It cannot.

OSTASIO.

But wherefore ?

GIORDANO.

Every trace of human form
Was soon extinct in him : consumed by fire,
He became ashes, nor e'en these remain,
Lost 'mid the waters.

OSTASIO.

So with him dies out
The liberty of Rome!

GIORDANO.

It still exists :
The Capitol remains to us. Already
The rage for slaughter faileth in the troops
Of ruthless Germany : in vain they loose
The helmet from their brows, their panting breasts
Free from the heated breast-plate : still they toil
With hard and painful breathing ; the hot dust
Whereon they lie (down their still parchèd throats
Tossing the foaming wine by rapine gained)
Is torture to them. Aye, our sky will tame them.

OSTASIO.

Such hopes are base.

GIORDANO.

Perhaps ; but not delusive.

OSTASIO.

The sword had won for Rome more sweet revenge,
If thou could'st have retained the castle walls
Which thou didst take.

GIORDANO.

For a few moments only
I held possession : then the press of foes
So thickened, I was fain to quit the post.
Why linger still ? there's peril in delay :
Let us with speed towards the sacred hill,
Protected by the night, to that stronghold
Which, following the advice that Arnold gave,
We stored with victual : there, my valiant friend,
I placed in safety both thy wife and babes.

SCENE XIX.

A Hall in the Vatican.

ADRIAN, FREDERIC.

ADRIAN.

Sire! thou hast conquered.

FREDERIC.

Such a fight I deem
But childish pastime; and disdain to count
A frantic people's easy chastisement
Among my victories.

ADRIAN.

Thy prefect showed
Provident wisdom, and preserved the faith
By flame and wave from error's new assaults.
The blinded rabble might with sacred rites
Have honoured Arnold's bones: there now remain
But shameful memories of God's foe in Rome.

FREDERIC.

It was, besides, a useful warning to me;
For Italy's unhallowed liberty
Had boasted then a prophet of its own.

ADRIAN.

Thou hast avenged the Church, and I bestow
The loftiest honours, with paternal love,
Upon thy royal head, for that this day
Thou gav'st no doubtful proofs of zeal: but say,
Was't in the Empire's cause, or Christ's, O king,
Thy warriors fought?

FREDERIC.

Why speak'st thou thus to me?
Wherefore these doubts?

ADRIAN.

When I upraised my hands,

(The august sacrifice but just performed)
 To bless thine army, conquerors of Rome,
 From the high altar, I could see in them
 No haughty brows, no pride of victory ;
 But those unconquered arms, practised in blood,
 Fell listless, and the pallor of remorse
 O'erspread their cheeks.

FREDERIC.

It is the burning sun
 Which steals away their strength.

ADRIAN.

What cry is that ?

GERMAN SOLDIERS (*without.*)

Adrian, Adrian !

FREDERIC.

What fearest thou, Father ?

Yon Germans are my troops : and among *them*
 Wakes no rebellious tumult. Go we forth
 To meet our faithful soldiers side by side,
 And issue from the Vatician, reclothed
 In all the splendour which we late put off ;
 Then trust me thou wilt see men's foreheads bow
 E'en to the earth, with equal reverence
 For my imperial and thy triple crown.

SCENE XX.

The Square before St. Peter's.

ADRIAN and FREDERIC upon the Steps of the Church ;
below them, GERMAN SOLDIERS in humble and
desponding attitudes. Two Hundred Roman Pri-
soners.

SOLDIERS.

Pity us...and absolve, oh holy Father,
 Thy guilty sons !

ADRIAN.

Guilty of what? Speak out.

SOLDIERS.

Ah, too much blood was shed; towards thy flock
We showed no mercy, for we could not curb
Our weapons, nor our wrath...

ADRIAN.

I will not hear

The chances of the fight; but only ask
If ye profaned the Churches?

SOLDIERS.

We all paid

Respect to God and Cesar: here we swear it.

ADRIAN.

Enough; no more...but ye have hither brought
Two hundred soldiers of the vanquished rabble,
Whose necks are bent beneath the captive's chain.
For *me* ye fought; therefore these prisoners
Are mine of right.

FREDERIC.

Prithee do not forget

They are my rebels too.

ADRIAN.

Hist! (*aside to the EMPEROR*) they shall be
Placed in the prefect's hands.

FREDERIC.

Let all approach

To hear the Pontiff: treasure up his words.

ADRIAN.

He who defends the quarrel of the Church
And of the Empire, if he be constrained
By harsh necessity to stain his sword
With human blood, is yet no murderer.
It is not sin, but merit in this cause:
And I declare you pure from every guilt,
And with the keys of Peter I uncloze

The heavens unto you, and absolve you here
As at the altar, and embrace my sons
Thus, in their monarch. [*embraces FREDERIC.*]

GERMAN SOLDIERS.

Long live Adrian !

FREDERIC.

Ye've heard him ? now return ye to our camp,
And peace and joy attend you.

[*The GERMAN SOLDIERS depart joyfully. The
Roman Prisoners are given over to ADRIAN'S
Guards.*]

SCENE XXI.

ADRIAN, FREDERIC.

ADRIAN.

Art thou content ? now have I given thee more
Even than the crown : for by my mighty word
I consecrate thy power. . Empire and Church
Be joined at last in peace ! and may the bond
Whose mystic force three persons doth combine,
Nor yet confounds their substance, make us twain,
Who are its earthly image, rule the world
In unity, which likens it to God.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Page 3, line 5.

During the pontificate of Nicholas II., the Monk Hildebrand (afterwards Pope Gregory VII.,) altered the mode of electing the Popes; till then, the right of election rested with the whole Roman people, clergy, nobles, and plebeians; thenceforth, the cardinal bishops, *i. e.*, those belonging to the Roman territory, called *comprovinciales episcopi*, and the cardinal priests, *i. e.*, the parish priests of the twenty-eight principal churches of Rome, were to constitute the electing conclave. Such is the origin of the Electoral College of Cardinals; the clergy and the people only retained the right of exclusion, of which they were deprived afterwards by Innocent II. (vide Vittorelli *Storia diplomatica dei Senatori di Roma*, T. i. p. 34). The decree of the third Lateran Council, which requires two-thirds of the votes, was only put in force at the election of Lucius III., and then only did the cardinals assume the sole power of conferring the pontifical tiara. Vide Labbeo *Conc. Trid.* x, an. 1179, and Fleury *Stor. Eccl. Lib.* lxxiii.

Page 3, line 13.

Hildebrand's character has been darkened by some historians as undeservedly as it has been eulogized by others. The object for which he appears to have sacrificed even the interests of the Roman people was to establish the power of the papacy, and the pious Muratori, while praising his zeal for the purity of church discipline, did not choose to decide, whether all the means used for the attainment of his ends were equally praiseworthy. Gregory VII. was the hero of the middle ages, and the Romans fought for him, and in defence of the holy city, with a bravery and devotion worthy of their ancient renown. A man of our own times, not less great or ambitious than he, used to say:—"Were I not Napoleon, I would wish to be Gregory VII." The solitude and malaria prevailing in the Città Leonina, are the permanent evidence of the calamities of Gregory's times.

Page 3, line 16.

Gregory VII., according to Sismondi, died at Salerno, in 1085, cursing with his last breath Henry IV. and the Anti-Pope. He was wont to repeat Jeremiah's words, "*maledictus homo qui prohibet gladium a sanguine;*" and we

read in one of his Panegyrista, Paulus Benridiensis, chap. lxxv, that before proceeding to excommunicate his enemy, the emperor, he broke forth into the following words,—“gladium exere, iudicium exerce et lætetur quilibet “justus cum viderit vindictam et manus suas lavet in sanguine peccatoris.”

Page 4, line 14.

The great-grandfather of Giordano and of Pope Anaclete, was a converted Jew. During the long anarchy, and amid the general schism and scandal caused by the contentions of the two Popes, Innocent II. and Anaclete, the Roman people recovered their rights, which had been usurped by Gregory VII., but it was the preaching of Arnold that brought them the blessing of liberty.

Page 5, line 1.

It is not known, as Muratori relates, where Anaclete was buried: and it was supposed in those wretched times of superstition that the bodies of the excommunicated if laid in sacred ground would be cast forth from it again.

Page 6, line 11.

Procedit Golias (Abailardus).....Antecedente quoque ipsum ejus armigero Arnaldo de Brixia. St. Bernard epist. ad Papam 189.

Page 6, line 14.

St. Bernard died in the year 1152; he hated the Romans, and was hated by them. At the age of twenty-three, he became a Cistercian monk, afterwards he founded the Abbey of Clairvaux in Champagne, and by the power of his wondrous eloquence separated children from their mothers, and husbands from their wives. In the time of Louis Le Gros, he supported the immunities of the clergy, and stigmatised that king as the enemy of God: nevertheless, he was forced to confess that he knew many abbots who had more than sixty horses in their stables, and so many different wines in their cellars, that not half of them could be tasted at one banquet: he detested as much as Arnold, the licentiousness of the bishops and the monks, and deemed them guilty of sacrilege and rapine if they were not satisfied with sparing food and coarse garments. At the assembly which took place at Vezelay, where he exhorted the barons and knights to take arms, and recover the sanctuary of David from the hands of the Philistines, the provision he had brought with him of woollen crosses proved insufficient. Whereupon, tearing his robe into strips, he made crosses of these, and fastened them to the clothes of the kneeling listeners to his discourse. He gloried in having depopulated cities in the words which Giordano here repeats:—(“Viduuntur urbes et castella, et pene “jam non inveniant quem apprehendant septem mulieres virum unum; adeo “et ubique viduæ viris remanent.” Epist. 246.) This latter, both as a Roman and a friend of Arnold, must have abhorred St. Bernard. The unfortunate issue of this crusade is well known, and how insults and curses were on every hand flung at the false prophet. When Europe heard of the

slaughter by the Saracens in the mountains of Cilicia, of so many thousand men, whom the eloquence and the miracles of St. Bernard had driven to Palestine, instead of excusing himself by pleading the errors committed by the Crusaders in the prosecution of this enterprise, he asserted that the sins of the christian world were the cause of this divine punishment; and that the men of his time were no better than those jews who perished as they came out of Egypt, undeserving as they were of seeing the land of promise. These words were considered as a great and cruel outrage, nor did they avail to exculpate the Abbot of Clairvaux from the stain of false prophecy: and the ardour of the western nations for religious warfare began to decrease. And in truth, since we are not forced, as before said, to praise every action of a Saint, it may be allowed that in St. Bernard, charity was sometimes overcome by immoderate zeal; his letters against poor Arnold are full of gall, and Otho of Freising, who died in the odour of sanctity, remarks—that the persecutor of Arnold, “*Erat ex religionis fervore Zelotypus, tam ex habituali mansuetudine quodammodo credulus ut et magistros, tam ex humanis rationibus sæculari sapientia confisi nimium inherebant abhorreret, et si quidquam ei christianæ fidei absonum de talibus diceretur, facile aurem præberet.*”—Otho. Freisin. lib. i, cap. 47.

Page 7, line 9.

St. Bernard founded and annexed to his order seventy-six monasteries:—viz., thirty-five in France, eleven in Spain, six in the low countries, five in England, five in Ireland, five in Savoy, four in Italy, two in Germany, two in Sweden, and one in Denmark. But, together with the foundation of Abbeys dependent on Clairvaux, we may enumerate more than 160.—Vide Fleury Hist. Eccl. Liv. lxix. St. Bernard was a great enemy to secular knowledge, and no MSS. of the ancient classics are to be found in the libraries of his order.—Vide Libri. Notice des MSS. des quelques Bibliothèques des départements. Of Abelard, he writes, (Epist. 293) “*Transgreditur terminos quos posuerunt patres nostri,*” and reproaches him for his inquiring spirit. St. Bernard was so badly informed respecting Arnold, that he wrote of him,—“*Videbis hominem insurgere in clerum fretum tyrannide militari,*” whilst the unhappy monk was forced to abandon his country for having opposed Bishop Maifred, who had sided with the nobles in order to possess himself by this means of the principality of Brescia.

Page 7, line 23.

Eugenius III. excommunicated the Patrician Giordano, and united his forces with those of the Tivolese, thus using both spiritual and temporal weapons.—(Vide Storia diplomatica dei Senatori di Roma, T. i, p. 41.)

Page 7, line 32.

John Gaetano, first a monk of Cassino, then cardinal and chancellor of

the Holy Roman Church—a man venerable for his age, but more so for his virtues and the purity of his life, was chosen Pope, and assumed the name of Gelasius II. As soon as it was known that he was elected, Cencio Frangipani, one of the imperial party, with a band of ruffians, broke down the doors of the church—took the elected Pope by the throat, beat and kicked him, dragged him like a thief to his house, and there kept him imprisoned. On being informed of this execrable attempt, Peter Prefect of Rome, Pietro Leone, with others of the nobles and twelve wards of the city, together with the Transteverans flew to arms, and, ascending the capitol, they sent to his captors such threats and injunctions as induced them to restore the Pope to liberty.—(T. vi, p. 389.)

Page 11, line 13.

Pope Adrian one day asked his countryman, John of Salisbury, what the world said of him and the Church of Rome. John answered frankly: "It says that the Roman Church shows herself rather the step-mother than the mother of the other churches; in it are seen the Scribes and Pharisees, who lay too great loads on the shoulders of others, but will not touch them with one of their fingers. They rule over the clergy, without making themselves an example to the flock: they heap up costly furniture, and load their tables with gold and silver, yet all the while are parsimonious towards the poor, except now and then through ostentation: they come to violent disputes about their churches, provoke litigation, and stir up at once the clergy and the people, and think that all religion consists in gathering up riches:—among them all things are for sale, even justice itself, and they resemble the devils who seem to do good when they are not doing harm. I except some few, who do their duty. The Pope himself is an almost unbearable burden to the whole world. Men complain of his building palaces while the churches go to ruin, and of his going gorgeously attired in gold and purple, while the altars are neglected." "And you," said the Pope, "what is your opinion?" "I am in a great strait," answered John of Salisbury, "I fear that I shall be considered as flatterer, if I alone oppose myself to public opinion, and on the other hand, if I agree with it, I fear to be thought wanting in respect." Then John of Salisbury gave a tribute of due praise to the Cardinals Guido of Santa Pudentiana, and Bernard of Rennes, and to the Bishop of Preneste, and added: "since you urge me to speak, I will say, that men ought to do what you teach, although they should not imitate you in all that you do. The whole world applauds you, flatters you, calls you Father and Lord. If you be Lord, why not make yourself feared by your subjects the Romans? But you desire by means of your gifts, to keep Rome in the power of the church! Was this the way in which St. Sylvester acquired the city? Holy Father, you have strayed from the right way, as you have freely received, so freely give." The Pope thereupon began to laugh, and praised John of Salisbury for the freedom with which he had spoken, enjoining him to tell him without disguise all the ill that he should hear of him. Afterwards, in order to justify the contributions which the Church of Rome received from all Christendom, he quoted the

fable of the Belly and the Members, which complained that it alone profited by their labours, and which learned by experience, that they could not exist without it. But, to make this fable applicable, the Roman Church should distribute the gifts that she receives.—(Fleury. Stor. Eccl. T. x, lib. lxxvi; p. 276. Trans. by Gasp. Gozzi Venice 1770.)

Page 15, line 7.

The Anti-Pope, Anacleto, in a bull issued between the year 1130 and 1134, gave to the monks of St. Mary of Araceli and of St. John the Baptist, the whole of the Capitoline Hill and churches, and monasteries became possessed from different sources of most of the historical edifices of Rome.

Page 15, line 34.

“The courage of Arnold was not devoid of discretion: he was protected, and had, perhaps, been invited by the nobles and the people, and in the service of freedom his eloquence thundered over the seven hills blending in the same discourse the texts of Livy and St. Paul, uniting the motives of gospel and of classic enthusiasm, he admonished the Romans, how strangely their patience and the vices of the clergy had degenerated from the primitive times of the church and the city. He exhorted them to assert the inalienable rights of men and christians, to restore the laws and magistrates of the republic, to respect the *name* of the emperor, but to confine their shepherd to the spiritual government of the flock. Nor could his spiritual government escape the censure and control of the reformer; and the inferior clergy were taught by his lessons to resist the cardinals who had usurped a despotic command over the twenty-eight regions or parishes of Rome.”—(Gibbon Decl. and Fall. Ch. lxix.)

The power of Arnold lasted more than ten years, and during the whole pontificate of Eugenius III., whose election, according to Guadagnini (vide *Apologia d'Arnaldo*) was illegal, and who first strove to subdue the Romans by violence with the assistance of Ruggeri, Count of Sicily, and then to secure his power by his munificence to the lowest of the Roman people. (Vide Robert de Montfort, App. quoted by Muratori in vol. vi, of his *Annali d'Italia*.)

Page 18, line 12.

Adrian IV. was by birth an Englishman, called, before his election to the papal chair, Nicholas Break-speare: his father was a priest, who afterwards became a monk in the Convent of St. Albans, whither Nicholas went every day, and lived upon the alms of that monastery. The father, ashamed of his son's poverty, drove him from thence: Nicholas then crossed the sea, went to France, and entered into the service of the regular canons of St. Rufus, who lived in nowise differently from a community of monks, and were ruled by an abbot. The young man strove to gain the canons' good graces, and succeeded, and was in time chosen their abbot. They afterwards, however, began to calumniate him. Eugenius III., pleased not only with his mental gifts but with

his personal beauty, not being able to restore harmony between him and the canons, retained him near his own person for the good of the Roman Church, and made him Bishop of Albano. He was afterwards sent to Norway, to instruct that nation in the christian religion, introduced there by Olaus I. with skilful policy, but at the same time with a degree of harshness and violence suited to the spirit of those times. On his return from Norway, Nicholas was elected Pope, and took the name of Adrian: His was by no means a gentle disposition: (vide the lives which bear the name of the Cardinal of Aragon,) he was, as Tacitus says, *immitior quia toleraverat*—; the events of his life had hardened his heart, and Leo, in his *Storia d' Italia*, calls him one of the most obstinate and tenacious of all the Popes. Thierry, in his admirable *History of the Conquest of Britain by the Normans* (see vol. iii.) writes that Adrian, although an Anglo-Saxon, was, through his monkish sympathies, favourable to the oppressors of his nation, and possessed not that love of country, which did not prevent Thomas à Becket being included in the number of the saints. One of the principal things of which Adrian speaks in his bull to Henry II., who was then preparing to subdue Ireland, is the duty of paying Peter's pence. "The Norman is at liberty to do all that he deems needful for the glory of God and the salvation of men's souls, *sed salva Beati Petri annua pensione;*" and that for the following reason: "Omnes insulæ quibus sol justitiæ, Christus, illuxit, ad jus Sancti Petri et *sacrosantæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ pertinent.*"

Page 19, line 17.

That Lucius II. was killed by a blow from a stone, is asserted by Godfrey of Viterbo, (Vide GODFR. VIT. PANTHEON, Part xvii. p. 471, *Rer. Ital. Script. T. vii.*) a contemporary authority, and confirmed by Muratori, Sismondi, and others.

Page 20, line 4.

For the powers of the Prefect of Rome and the decline of his authority with that of the Emperors of the West, Vide Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, chap. lxix.

Page 24, line 9.

The Pavians followed Frederic to the siege and destruction of Tortona, then asked as a boon that he would be pleased to visit their city; the boon was granted.—(Vide Bartoli *Vita di Frederigo Barbarossa.*)

Page 25, line 4.

It was Adrian I., who called Charlemagne to Italy, and who favoured the invasion by dexterously inducing the Longobards to rebel against their kings. Martin, Deacon of Ravenna, led the Frankish host through the defiles of the Alps. The consequences of this invasion have been vividly set forth by Botta, in his *Storia d'Italia*.

Page 25, line 20.

To learn Frederic's mode of warfare in Italy.—(Vide Bartoli *Vita di Frederigo Barbarossa.*)

Page 25, line 21.

Sismondi, Bartoli, and Gunther (in his *Ligurinus*) give a fearful account of the cruelties perpetrated by the Germans—but with the sanction of the Italian rulers, both lay and clerical—against Asti, and the other towns of Montferrat.

Page 27, line 25.

Thus writes St. Bernard in Lib. iv. c. ii. De consideratione. Petrarch vindicates the character of the Romans.—(Vide De Sade, *Mémoires sur la vie de Pétrarque*, T. i, p. 330.)

Page 27, line 27.

Vid. Sismondi Hist. des Rep. Ital. T. ii, c. vii.

Page 29, line 1.

Johann Müller, in his History of Switzerland, quotes a Chronicle of Corbia in confirmation of the fact, that 2000 Swiss Mountaineers followed Arnold on his return to Rome. The inhabitants of Zurich had adopted Arnold's doctrines, and therefore opposed strenuously the temporal power of the Pope, whose representative, the local bishop, impeded their attainment of political franchises. Zurich had been a Roman station, hence the expression of the chorus, "Ours is one common origin."

Page 29, line 16.

Vid. Sism. Rep. Ital. *ut supra*.

Page 29, line 23.

Abelard retired to a rural and uninhabited place near Nogent on the Seine, through which a clear rivulet poured its quiet waters : some trees around kindly afforded him shade and fruits. He built there an oratory of straw and reeds. His scholars, among whom was Arnold, became aware of the place of his retirement, and hurried thither from all quarters ; built them lowly cells, and, in imitation of their master, *pro delicatis cibis, et pro mollibus stratis culmum et stramen comparare, et pro mensis glebas erigere cœperunt, ut vere priores philosophos imitari crederes*. Abelard, in remembrance of the happy days he had spent in that solitude, caused a small chapel to be built, which afterwards became a church, and he dedicated it to the Holy Ghost, under the name of the Paraclete, *i. e.*, the comforter. Poor Heloisa in one of her letters, thus alluded to the erection of the Oratory of the Paraclete. "In *ipsis cubilibus ferarum ubi nec nominari Deus solet, divinum erexisti tabernaculum, et Spiritus Sancti proprium dedicasti templum. Nihil ad hoc ædificandum ex regum vel principum opibus intulisti, cum plurima posses et maxima, ut quicquid fieret, tibi soli posset adscribi. Clerici, sive scho-lares huc certatim ad disciplinam tuam confluentes omnes ministrabant necessaria.*"

Page 36, line 42.

Sismondi observes, that the passions aroused by the dispute concerning investiture had been set at rest in Italy before Frederic I. entered it. Many years before the peace of Worms, signs of weariness had appeared among

those, who, during the long and bitter contest between "Church" and "State" had sided with either party, and in Italy the love of liberty was undermining religious fanaticism.—(Vide Hist. des Rep. Ital. T. ii, c. vii.)

Page 37, line 11.

Gregory VII. in answer to those who disputed his right to excommunicate monarchs, inquired, "whether Jesus Christ excluded them from that flock, "of which he had appointed Peter the shepherd?"—Leo. Storia d' Italia, Lib. iv, cap. 4.

Page 37, line 30.

This significant act is noticed by the historians, who speak of the Swabian; Otho of Freising, praises it exceedingly; and Gunther the poet monk says, in allusion to it:—

"Plus sæpe nocet patientia regis,"

"Quam rigor, ille nocet paucis, hæc incitat omnes."

The *German* reading of the character of Frederic, with a graphic description of his person, is given in Raumer's History of the House of Hohenstauffen; the Italians have too much reason to see in the Swabian nothing but an inexorable tyrant.

Page 38, line 24.

The scholars asked of Abelard philosophical reasons for belief in the mysteries of religion, "dicentes quidem verborum superfluum esse prolationem, "quam intelligentia non sequeretur, nec credere posse aliquid nisi primitus "intellectum, et ridiculosum, aliquem aliis prædicare quod nec ipse, nec "illi quos doceret intellectu capere possent; Domino ipso arguente quod "cæci essent duci cæcorum." This passage occurs in that letter of Abelard's in which he relates his calamities. St. Bernard on the other hand says "Quid magis contra Fidem, quam credere nolle quid quid non possis ratione "attingere?" Abelard desirous to explain to his pupils, and so to persuade them of the truth of the mystery of the Trinity, took a comparison from Logic, in which he was well skilled, and said, as the three propositions of a syllogism are but one truth, so the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are but one and the same essence.

Page 38, line 33.

The French bishops, in their letters to the Pope in 1140, were lamenting, that at all times and in all places, the learned, the ignorant, the fools, and the very children were wrangling in France about the mystery of the Holy Trinity.

Page 39, line 12.

St. Bernard, when addressing himself to the Bishop of Constance, for the

purpose of inducing him to persecute Arnold even in Switzerland, writes thus:—"A friend to the church would rather imprison, than drive him (Arnold) away, so that he may do no more harm. Our Lord the Pope, when among us, gave the order for his imprisonment in writing, but no one was found willing to perform so good a deed."—Epist. 195.

Page 40, line 1.

In a letter of Frederic's, which may be found in Lebreton, and which is in part quoted by Leo in book iv. chap. 3, of his History of Italy, the Emperor wrote thus to the Bishop of Treviri: "In no place is Divine Worship performed more scandalously than at Rome, the house of God has grown a den of thieves, the Pope is a new Simon Magus, who sells all things at their weight in gold; therefore will I correct him with the rod of my justice, and take from him all his castles."

Page 41, line 7.

St. Bernard says, in the midst of his invectives against Arnold: "Uti-
nam tam sanæ esset doctrinæ, quam districtæ est vitæ."

Page 43, line 9.

These lamentations of Adrian are no invention of the author, but were really uttered by that Pontiff, as may be seen in a passage of Petrarch's works quoted in the Mémoires of de Sade. Hurter also quotes them in his Life of Innocent III.

Page 45, line 21.

The point of contact between temporal and Divine power was in the Vicar of Christ; and (as he was at the same time the source of every secular power) in the rude and simple times of the reconstruction of the Western Empire, it was naturally argued, that the authority of sovereigns must be derived from the most powerful of all, viz.—The Emperor of Rome. It was then believed that the new Cesar had received this loftiest temporal power from God through the medium of St. Peter's successor the Bishop of Rome; and after this epoch the title of "*Imperator a Deo Coronatus*," which, as well as the expression *by the grace of God*, was at first only a formula used by the Roman Chancery, came to have a more real meaning.—(Vide Leo Stor. d'Italia, Lib. iii, c. 1.)

Page 47, line 9.

Robert Prince of Capua, and Sergius Duke of Naples, were among them. All these Puglian exiles had, at the diet of Würzburg, craved the emperor's assistance with all earnestness and humility, that they might be restored to their country, and enabled to expel from it the usurper Ruggiero, but the Swabian's object was to possess himself of Puglia, and they tried several

schemes for its attainment : all these, however failed, and he then concluded a treaty with Eugenius III., who offered him the imperial crown, and asked his co-operation to subdue the Romans, excited to rebellion by Arnold's preaching. Pope Adrian claimed the fulfilment of this treaty, which, though sealed by the blood of Arnold, was of brief duration. The Court of Rome recognised at last the wisdom of Gregory VII., who protected the Normans with a view to curb the ambition of the German Emperors, always eager to lay hands on the whole of Italy ; and Adrian IV., having been reconciled to William King of Sicily, concluded a treaty advantageous to both parties, of which Frederic loudly complained, as by it his hopes of possessing the kingdom of Puglia were frustrated. That was a profound thought, but the other treaty by which Nicholas II., at the Council of Melfi, and by the advice of Hildebrand, gave Puglia to Robert Guiscard, was an encroachment on the rights of the emperor, the reputed paramount ruler, not only in his own kingdom, but as far as the power of the Church of Rome extended. "Just as," observes Leo, "all spiritual authority is vested in the Pope, Christ's "Vicar, so all temporal power is in the Roman Emperor, and is to be derived "from him." The Popes did not perceive, that by contending against the emperor, they taught the people one day to contend with them also, and they opened the way to the freedom of thought.

Page 47, line 14.

The Normans, after having gained a victory over Leo IX., besought his pardon, and he confirmed to them the possession of the lands they had conquered in Puglia and Calabria, and gave them authority, in the name of the church, to take possession of all those occupied by the Greeks. What had been done at the Council of Melfi, and at the suggestion of Hildebrand, has been already mentioned in the previous note ; to this we may add, that Innocent II., being also taken prisoner by a son of Ruggiero, saw the victors fall at his feet, and, after having relieved Ruggiero from the word of excommunication, granted to him (to the detriment of his allies) the investiture of the conquered provinces, and the title and prerogative of a king, transmissible to his heirs in perpetuity.

Page 56, line 9.

Guadagnini in the second book of his *Apologia d'Arnaldo* gives an account of the violent contests between the bishops and the emperor, and he observes elsewhere, that the history of the Popes, Councils, and Emperors, in Arnold's time cannot be written without exposing the frequent schisms of a great number of bishops and abbots, their secular occupations at various courts, their neglect of their flocks, their inordinate ambition, their luxurious way of life, their simony, their incontinence carried to audacity, their wasteful expenditure, not only of the ecclesiastical revenues but even of the funds appropriated to the poor, and (to complete the sad picture) the rebellions, revolutions, and wars, not only fomented but carried on by the churchmen with their own hands.

Page 57, line 7.

Among the many examples which might be given of the impious perversion of the rites of christianity in those times, let the following suffice. Giordano, Archbishop of Milan, at the head of his clergy, stopped in the vestibule of the church, and giving orders to close the doors, declared that they should be opened only to those who would take arms to avenge the death of Landolfo Carcano, a schismatic Bishop of Como, in the reign of Henry IV.—(Vide Sismondi Hist. des Repub. Ital. T. ii. c. 7, and Leo Stor. d'Ital. Lib. iv. c. 4.

Page 61, line 18.

In giving a reason for this tumult which took place in Rome, I follow the authority of Platina, who in his life of Adrian IV., relates that the Pope had often been pressed by the Romans, now with prayers and now with threats, to leave the government of the city in the hands of the Consuls, but that he had constantly refused to accede to the popular wishes; when the clergy besought him to go to the Lateran to be consecrated, he answered that he would not, until Arnold of Brescia, formerly condemned by Eugenius, had left Rome. Whereupon the people becoming enraged, attacked the Cardinal of Santa Pudenziana on the Via Sacra, as he was going to the Pope, and wounded him twice; Adrian was angered by this occurrence, and excommunicated the people, nor would he absolve them, until Arnold was expelled from the city. For the purposes of the Drama, the Cardinal is made to die of his wounds. The capital of the catholic world had never before been submitted to the punishment of the Papal inderdict.

Page 62, line 2.

The apocryphal act of donation here alluded to is inserted in the Decret of Gratian.

Page 66, line 15.

The ceremonies of the consecration of the Pope are described in the Histoire générale des cérémonies, T. i, p. 295, Paris, 1744.

Page 73, line 15.

Hurter, in his Life of Innocent III., when relating how Philip Augustus was excommunicated by that Pontiff for maintaining his adulterous connection with Agnes of Meran, and refusing to be reconciled to his wife Ingelburge, describes with great complacency the ancient and terrible ceremonies of the inderdict.—(Vide T. i, Lib. iv. p. 375.)

Page 94, line 25.

We have referred to the irrefragable testimony of St. Bernard, to show what were the habits of the monks in those days; we will add that of Thurstin's

History of York. In his letter to William of Canterbury, we find that the Prior of St. Mary of York, who had in vain attempted to reform the corruptions of the monks, asserts that in their manners they observed little or nothing of Christ's precepts. "Our cupidity," says he, "extends to all things; we are prone to anger, we quarrel, we seize on what belongs to others, we do not shrink from law suits to defend our own, we are guilty of frauds and falsehoods, we follow the flesh and its lusts, we live for ourselves, we think only of ourselves; we fear to be overcome, we glory in overcoming," &c., &c., and he concludes these lamentations by saying, that they (the monks) take their pleasure, and fatten on the labour of other men, and that the whole world is not wide enough for their wickedness." This letter is to be found among *St. Bernard's Epistles*, No. 442.

Page 96, line 2.

Abelard relates in one of his letters that the monks had made several attempts to poison him, even in the Eucharist, that one of his friends fell victim of the poison intended for him, and that the poisoner, conscience stricken, took to flight.

Page 97, line 33.

Guidagnini observes, that both Otho of Freising and Gunther, though open enemies of Arnold, talk of the errors of his doctrines, but do not accuse him of heresy. Otho, after a detail of Arnold's doctrinal errors, uses the remarkable expression: "*præter hæc, de sacramento altaris dicitur non recte sensisse.*" This *dicitur* from the pen of an enemy, who generally writes in positive and unmeasured terms of reprobation, is quite exculpatory.

Page 98, line 12.

The terrible dungeon is here alluded to, invented by Matthew, Prior of San Martino ai campi, a contemporary of Peter the venerable, and therefore of Abelard and his disciple Arnold; the wretch that entered the dungeon never came out alive, and it was therefore called *Vade in pace*.—(Vide Montfaucon *Œuv. Posth.* Tom. ii, pp. 321, 336.)

Page 98, line 16.

Some historians say, that Arnold fell into the hands of the Cardinal Deacon of St. Nicholas, was delivered by his friends, and kept for a time concealed, and in safety in one of their castles. De Cherrier, in his History of the wars between the Popes and the Emperors, published in 1841, states, I know not on what authority, that Arnold was arrested by the officers of the Emperor in a castle of the Duchy of Spoleto.

Page 107, line 16.

Trecate and Gagliate were two castles, or towns held by the Milanese, and

considered by them as the keys to the Novarese; they were utterly destroyed by Frederic Barbarossa on his first entering Italy.—(Vide Muratori Ann. d' Ital. Tom. vi. and Sismond. Hist. des Rep. Ital. T. ii.)

Page 107, line 18.

Chieri and Asti not having obeyed the command of Frederic, that they should return to their allegiance to the Marquis of Monferrat, he ordered that a number of towers then standing in Chieri should be pulled down, and on his departure, burnt the town. Thence proceeding to Asti, which had likewise fallen under his displeasure, he found it deserted by its inhabitants, but full of wealth: after staying there a few days he allowed his soldiery to pillage and then burn it.

Page 108, line 8.

In this war fell Cadulus of Bavaria and John of Saxony, young warriors of great renown, and Tortona fell after a long and desperate struggle. For the peculiar ferocity displayed by the Germans in their siege of this devoted city, vide Bartoli's Life of Frederic Barbarossa.

Page 111, line 18. .

Spoleto was also burned to the ground, and its neighbourhood laid waste by the Germans.—(Vide Muratori ut supra.)

Page 116, line 16.

Frederic gave Syracuse in fief to the Genoese (in 1160), but as the Pisans were truly devoted to the empire, and had armed a fleet to assist the emperor in his war against William, King of Sicily, I have thought the imperial offer to the Pisans not improbable, and at all events naturally rising out of the conditions in which Italy was then placed.

Page 117, line 5.

We may well suppose that Frederic, who had conceived the project of an universal monarchy, would desire to make that power hereditary in his own family—the more reasonably since his son Henry VI, heir to all his intentions, sought to put this one into effect. Seeing that all the troubles of Germany were set at rest by his election, he aimed at the empire of the world, and considered himself the successor of Augustus, and of the Antonines. He looked upon Rome as his own, and upon the kingdom of Sicily, as an ancient province of the empire, unjustly occupied by the Normans.

Page 117, line 15.

Autharis overran Italy from the foot of the Alps to the farthest point of Calabria, and tradition says, that there having paused upon the shore, he saw an ancient column, whose base was already covered with the waves, and that urging on his horse, and touching it with his sword, he said: "This shall be the boundary of the Lombard kingdom." As long as it stood, it was called the Column of Autharis. The tradition, true or false, is yet an evidence of the people's feelings.—(Vide Storia dell'Italia, dal. vol. ix, Secolo d' Antonio Ranieri.)

Page 117, line 25.

Conrade III, when he saw that his life was in danger, advised the Princes—electors, (in disparagement to his own son Frederic, who was too young to be entrusted with the royal authority) to choose as his successor Frederic, his nephew, son to Frederic the squinting, Duke of Swabia. He confided to him the insignia of royalty, and the care of his own infant son. With respect to Otho of Freising, we learn that to genius and learning he joined illustrious birth, being Henry's nephew, and uncle to the Emperor Frederic; as a monk, abbot of Marimond, and bishop, he could not fail to be Arnold's enemy. He came to Rome with Frederic, when the latter went thither to receive the imperial crown, and perhaps never saw Arnold save on the scaffold. The church of Freising, governed by Otho, was rich in fiefs and royal grants; he, therefore, as one of the rich pastors against whom Arnold preached, must have lent a ready ear to the party of the bishops, abbots, monks, and the whole court of Rome. Before Otho wrote the History of Frederic, which commences at the year 1070, and finishes with the year 1186 (and which Ludovicus continued) he composed a Chronicle in seven books, which commences with the creation of the world, and brings us to the year 1146, concluding with an eighth book upon the end of the world.

Page 119, line 8.

When the Lombard league was made, all the towns that were members of it, accepted the clause, "Saving our duty to the emperor;" they were determined to oppose tyranny, without invading in any way the legitimate rights of the sovereign.

Page 119, line 13.

For the part that Frederick Barbarossa took in the favour of Lodi, which had been subjugated by Milan, Vide Sismondi, Tom. ii, and Muratori, Tom. v.

Page 121, line 23.

The threat was not literally carried into effect, but the dismantling of each of the six parts of Milan (named after their several gates) was committed to a hostile Italian state, which in seven days accomplished, to the complete satisfaction of the German emperor, their work of destruction.—(Vide Bartoli, Vita di Fred. Barbarossa, Lib. ii.)

Page 123, line 13.

It is well known that the kingdom of Sicily, obtained by the marriage of Henry IV, son to Frederic Barbarossa, with Constance, daughter of Ruggiero I, was fatal to the house of Swabia; the unhappy Conradin was the bare trunk struck by the thunderbolts of the Vatican. When Frederic came to Italy, he had repudiated Adelaide of Woburg, upon the pretext of a degree of consanguinity prohibited by the Church; some historians say, for adultery: and to increase his means of conquering Sicily, he had proposed to marry a kinswoman of the Greek Emperor Comnenus.

Page 124, line 31.

Pope Adrian IV, in October 1152, sent a letter to Frederic by the hands of two Cardinal legates, in which he complained that Esquilus Archbishop of Lunden, had been taken prisoner by some godless men, who still kept him in durance, and that this deed, the report of which had gone forth to the remotest nations, was by the emperor dissembled, and not avenged by that sword which God had given him for the chastisement of the wicked. He added, that he did not understand the reason for such conduct, since his conscience did not accuse him of having offended in any way the emperor, upon whom, as he reminded him, the imperial crown was readily bestowed by the Pontiff; nor would he regret it, he added, even if *Majora beneficia Excellentia tua de nostra manu suscepisset*. This letter was read, and expounded to those who did not know latin, by Ranald the Chancellor of the empire; it appeared insolent and threatening to the nobles assembled at Besançon, but they were chiefly offended at the Pope's assertion, *that he had bestowed the crown on the emperor*, and that he would not regret it even if he had conferred greater benefits upon Frederic. They were induced to interpret literally the obnoxious phrase, knowing that it was maintained at Rome that the German monarchs had become entitled and possessed of the Roman empire and of the kingdom of Italy, only by the devotion of the Popes, and that this belief was intended to be transmitted to posterity not only by words and writings, but by pictures; this they had done by representing the Emperor Lothair in the Lateran Palace, in the act of receiving on his knees the crown from the Pope's hands; the picture had the following inscription:—

Rex venit ante fores, jurans prius urbis honores,
Post homo fit Papæ, sumit quo dante coronam.

When the Emperor Frederic went to Rome, he complained of this picture, and of the inscription, and Pope Adrian had promised that it should be obliterated, but this had not been done. In the assembly before which the Pope's letter was read, warm words ensued on both sides, and one of the Papal legates replied *a quo ergo habet, si a domino Papa non habet imperium?* At these words, Otho, Count Palatine, drawing his sword, had well nigh struck his head off. Frederic appeased the tumult, and then gave orders that the legates should be placed in safety, and that they should return to Rome without delay. Hurter says that the Cardinal who uttered those words was Rolando, and that his boldness and the danger he had incurred gave him the Papacy, which he assumed under the name of Alexander III; and as a Pope he bravely defended the franchises of Italy. But the enmity between the Emperor and the Pope proceeded from another cause, as Muratori with his usual wisdom remarks; Adrian had concluded a treaty with Frederic, by which the Emperor was bound to make war against William King of Sicily. This the Emperor was unable to do after his coronation, owing to the sickness that prevailed in his army. To his surprise, Frederic soon heard that the Pope not only made peace with William, but that he had granted to him also the title of king, and that without his assent or participation. From that moment he showed his ill-will to Adrian by hindering the ecclesiastics of

the Germanic kingdom from going to the coast of Rome to obtain benefices, or for any other purposes. For that reason also he left the capture of the Archbishop Esquilus unpunished, and he allowed him to be kept in prison, and perhaps the whole matter had taken place either by his order, or at least with his knowledge. The Pope spoke boldly, because he had the powerful king of Sicily on his side, and the Emperor's anger was kept alive by the Puglian barons, who had found shelter at his court, and complained with great reason of Adrian's perfidy, who had urged them to rebellion, and then had abandoned them to its consequences. Very few of them had been able to escape into Germany, the greater number were made prisoners, and fell on the scaffold, and their castles were taken and destroyed. All the hopes that Frederic had placed in the Pope had been deceived, and he also loudly complained of the perfidy of the Court of Rome. The wars in Italy became therefore, as Leo observes, still more national, and Frederic perceived that Adrian had only summoned him to Rome that he might be the executioner of Arnold.

Page 125, line 9.

The well known text, *Quod principi placuit, legis habet vigorem*.

Page 125, line 11.

A sentiment expressed by Frederic himself in a letter which is to be found in the History of Radevicus.

Page 125, line 17.

In a letter addressed to the Archbishop of Trevisi, Frederic says, as to the excommunications I fear them not, the very persons who stand nighest to the Pope make light of them.

Page 126, line 16.

Vide Sismondi Hist. des Rep. Ital. Tom. ii, c. 8.

Page 128, line 17.

All the particulars respecting the disputes which took place between Pope Adrian IV, and the Frederic Barbarossa, when the latter came to Rome to receive the imperial crown, are given in the life of that Pontiff, compiled by the Cardinal of Arragon. Muratori, in his Antiq. Ital. Disc. iv., publishes a document on the same subject.

Page 132, line 1.

Allusion is here made to the schism caused by the contentions between Pope Alexander III, and the Antipope Victor III.

Page 132, line 13.

A detailed account of Henry IV's humiliations, for the purpose of obtaining absolution from Gregory VII's interdict, is given by Muratori in his *Annal d' Italia*, T. v.

Page 133, line 2.

The Bishop of Utrecht, after having insulted Hildebrand from the pulpit, by calling him perjured, adulterer, &c., fell grievously ill, and died despairing. Burekhardt, Bishop of Misnia, fell from his horse, and immediately expired; and Eppo, pastor of Ceitz, was drowned in a little stream: both had had the misfortune of incurring the Pope's displeasure; the Duke of Gozzelone, one of Gregory's most inveterate enemies, died of a wound in his back. Adrian here alludes to these events, which had caused great terror in Germany, and were still remembered.—(Vide the Life of Gregory VII, by Voigt.)

Page 134, line 6.

It was a part of the ceremony of the coronation, that the Emperor should swear, that he would make no attempt against the life, limb, or honour of either Pope or Cardinal, and the Pope on his side took the same shielding oath in favour of the Emperor; but Frederic had a right to complain that the oath should now be exacted of him, who was already bound in amity to the Pope by the treaty of Wurtzburg; this was a more than usual exhibition of mistrust on the part of the Pontiff.—(Vide Fleury Stor. Ecc. L. lxvi.)

Page 135, line 5.

In 1158, when Frederic's short-lived friendship with Adrian IV was finally broken up, he wrote thus to the Pope:—"In the time of Constantine, had St. Sylvester any part in the royal dignity? That Monarch restored liberty and peace to the Church, and all that you possess as Pope comes of the liberality of the emperors: read history, and you will find it as we say, &c., &c." But in this proud letter, Frederic takes for granted the pretended donation of Constantine; some time afterwards, in another controversy with the Pontiff, who asserted that the government and the fiscal revenues of Rome belonged to St. Peter, he replied, "This article is important, and would require mature deliberation, for as I am the Emperor of the Romans by the will of God, I only wear an empty title, if Rome be not in my power."

Page 135, line 18.

It was in the contest between the two Popes Innocent and Anaclete II, as it has been observed before, that the Romans found the opportunity of winning back that liberty, of which they had been deprived by Hildebrand.

Page 135, line 29.

Allusion is here made to the times in which the Carlovingsians, having lost Italy, every faction was resolved to have their own emperor and a Pope, and the Apostolic seat was polluted with all vices and crimes. Otho the great raised the Church from this abject state, and after the Pontificate of Suger (Bishop of Bamberg) under the name of Clement II, (who had restored to the Emperor Henry III, of the Salic House, the right of attending the nomination of the Pope formerly exercised by the Greek and the Frank Emperors) the Church had a brilliant succession of German bishops, who

reformed the morals of the clergy in Damasius II, Leo IX, and Victor II. This latter was exalted to the Papal chair by the advice of Hildebrand, and with the consent of Henry III, who thus gave to his son, the guilty and unfortunate Henry IV, a master who was to humble him, as never any monarch had yet been humbled by the Vicar of Christ. When the Church was reformed by the German Emperors and Popes, Gregory VII conceived, and partly executed his great design of separating the church from the state, the spiritual from the temporal power, of raising the one high above the other, and by making the Cesar subject to Peter, to bring about that unity, which would have subjected Europe to a vast and regular theocracy, and made her monarchs so many feudatories of the Pope.

Page 136, line 6.

An expression used by St. Peter Damianus in speaking of Gregory VII, who absolved Henry's subjects from their allegiance, and deprived him of his empire.—(Vide Voigt, already quoted.)

Page 136, line 26.

Adrian IV, three years after this dispute, had thoughts of launching the anathema against Frederic, if we are to believe Le Sieur Raoul and others.

Page 137, line 28.

The miseries of Henry IV, and the inhumanity of his son, are detailed by Sismondi's before-mentioned work, T. i, c. 3.

Page 143, line 10.

Charlemagne summoned to Aix King Louis, his only surviving son ; he there held a great assembly of bishops, abbots, dukes, and counts, and after exhorting them to be faithful to that monarch, he asked them, whether it were their pleasure to give him the title of Emperor. On the Sunday following, Charles, in the robes of his high dignity proceeded to church, and approaching the high altar, he caused the imperial crown to be placed upon it, and after he and his son had prayed for some time, and Louis had listened to his father's exhortations and advice, which he promised to follow, Charles ordered him to take the crown from the altar, and place it on his head with his own hands, thus giving him to understand that he had received the empire from God alone. (Fleury Stor. Ecc. L. xlv.) Whence the kings of the French of the third race called themselves kings *by the Grace of God*, not only to show their piety, but to assert, as the President Henault remarks, their independance of the Popes, who claimed the right of dispensing crowns.

Page 144, line 4.

After the death of Henry V, Frederic of Stauffen, Duke of Swabia, appeared to have every chance of succeeding him ; he was the nearest relative of the extinct Salic family ; but that very fact was injurious to him ; it was feared that he had inherited their pride. Lothair of Spielemberg, one of the richest Lords of Saxony, was elected, who owed his advancement to his devo-

tion to the papal throne, to his enmity to the house of Franconia, and to the exertions of the Abbot Suger, minister of Louis-le-Gros, king of France. Several authors reproach Lothair with having been the first emperor who performed for the Pope, then Innocent II, the act of vassalage, the memory of which was transmitted to posterity, through the picture and the insolent inscription mentioned in a previous note, but, according to Muratori's *Dissertazione iv, Sulle Ant. Ital.*, the custom had prevailed long before their times.

It has been supposed, that the Popes founded their pretensions to this act of homage, which they afterwards tried to change into a sign of vassalage, upon the courtesy of Pepin, who, dismounting from his horse, walked by the side of that of Stephen II, for a certain distance, when that Pope went to France to implore the king's help against Astolph King of the Lombards : we have seen that Charlemagne did not at all events follow his father's example, and probably the humiliation was submitted to only by those emperors who did not feel deeply the dignity of their station.

Page 144, line 24.

Duæ in romano orbe apud Galliæ Germaniæque fines famosæ familiæ hactenus fuere, una Henricorum de Guibelinga, alia Guelforum de Altdorfia. (Otho of Freis. quoted by Muratori) Frederic was descended from the first on the father's side, and on the mother's of the second.

Page 152, line 8.

The Popes having become so powerful as not to be any longer in need of the imperial assent to their election, sought to subdue those to whom they had formerly been subject, and claimed the right of watching over the choice of the emperor. With this view greater importance was given to their coronation, which took place in Rome, and the chosen of the German Princes until he was consecrated by the Pontiff, was not allowed to take any other title but that of *Rex Romanorum, et annuente Deo, futurus imperator*. The Church tried to establish it as a law, that the head of the empire, if the crown was denied him by the Pope, was not to be considered as legitimate emperor.

Page 152, line 16.

Imperium tenet, Romæ sedeat, regat orbem. This was the wish of the Roman people, expressed not only to Frederic, but to his predecessor Conrad. Dante also exclaims :—

Come and behold thy Rome, who calls on thee,
Desolate widow, day and night, with moans :
My Cesar, why dost thou desert my side ?

Purgatory vi, 115.

But the Popes restored the Western empire with the certainty that the new Cesars would never dwell in any of the Italian cities, much less in Rome : and they created an emperor through fear that Italy might have a king.

Page 158, line 31.

After the reign of Otho, the Prefect of the eternal city was wont to receive as an emblem of his office a naked sword, and he was no more a vicar of the emperor, although chosen from among the noble families of Rome.

Page 159, line 12.

Thus concluded the harangue of the Romans in the account given by Otho, because Frederic moved by anger, which the obsequious bishop calls just, interrupted the thread of their discourse, which tended to praise the republic and the Roman empire, and which could not therefore be pleasing to the German tyrant. Otho, not content with reproving the proud, and, as he calls it, unwonted strain of the Roman Legates, extends his blame to all the Italians, and writes: *More italico, longa continuatione periodorumque circuitibus sermonem producturum interrumpit.* Whoever speaks on the side of freedom, however little, is apt to appear a prolix orator to monarchs, and to their perpetual flatterers; Otho of Freising discovered the way to make Frederic appear in the right; namely, to let him hear but little, and to make him speak much. Tyranny was surely never manifested in a more cruel and insolent garb, than in this oration of the Swabian. Nevertheless, much of what he says is true; and a people that has long been under a foreign yoke, while it necessarily hates its oppressors, is yet doomed in its secret heart to despise itself.

Page 162, line 24.

About the season of Lent, in the year 1155, William, King of Sicily, came to Salerno, and Pope Adrian sent Henry, Bishop of St. Nereus and Achilleus to him on matters of business. The Pope in his mandatory letters did not give him the title of king, and this so enraged William, that he refused to receive the Pope's legate, and ultimately he ordered his Chancellor Asclintinus (or Auscotinus), whom he had appointed Governor of Puglia, to invade the states of the church. This was done, Benevento was besieged, and the country around as well as several places in the Campagna Romana devastated. On account of these hostilities the Pope launched the Interdict against William by which the defection of the Puglian Barons, which had already begun, increased still farther. In the text, Adrian is made to strike the Normans with the Interdict in June 1155, the anachronism is therefore but slight.

Page 168, line 10.

The terrors with which the unfortunate Adelasia is possessed may appear improbable, to those who do not know what were in Arnold's days the effects of excommunication. The excommunicated were avoided like lepers, it was considered a sin to give them shelter, to eat or drink with them, even to give them a passing salutation, and whoever did so incurred the lesser excommunication, that is, the privation of the sacraments, which could no longer be administered without penitence and absolution. Robert, King of France, who was struck with the anathema for having contracted a forbidden marriage,

was, if we may believe the historians, abandoned by his courtiers, and even by his servants, who cast into the fire the remains of his meals. The excommunicated were considered menaced with the punishment of Corah, Dathan, and Abiram, and given over to Satan (*traditi Satane*) who held them by the hair; a bier was placed at their doors, stones were thrown at their windows to terrify them, and to make them the shame and the horror of the people; the cunning of the priesthood was exerted to the utmost, and tyranny came to the aid of superstition. In the first ages, the Church, although her interdict inflicted no personal injury; nevertheless, she wisely refrained from inflicting a punishment that excluded from the sacraments, except for very grave reasons; but in the middle ages, the priesthood corrupted by monarchs, who made this an instrument of absolute sway, confounded spiritual with temporal affairs, and afterwards those who had been accomplices becoming enemies, and vying with each other to secure the greatest amount of authority, the anathemas were changed into interdicts, and they fell indiscriminately upon the innocent and the guilty.

Page 169, line 10.

The Englishman Adrian was chosen Pope just after his return to Rome from Norway, on the day following the death of his predecessor Anastasius IV, which happened on the 2nd December, 1154.

Page 179, line 14.

Lothair of Spielemberg, the second emperor, and third king of Italy of that name, received the crown from Innocent II, in the Lateran Basilica, because the ceremony could not be performed in the Vatican on the 4th June 1133, and Frederic was crowned Emperor by Adrian IV, in 1155.

Page 184, line 1.

Guadagnini in his Apologia, shows that Arnold was not condemned as a heretic, either by Pope Innocent or by the great Lateran Council.—(Vide Lib. i, c. 11.)

Page 184, line 8.

Here has been placed in Arnold's mouth an answer similar to that given by Savonarola to the bishop, who said to him: "I separate thee from the Church of God militant and triumphant." To which Savonarola immediately replied: "from the Church militant, but not the Church triumphant, for she belongs not to you."—(Vide Burlamacchi Vita del Savonarola.)

Page 186, line 10.

I have supposed these doubts to exist in Arnold's mind at the solemn hour of death. This contest between faith and reason may be found more or less in most minds, and it tortures all those who, like the Brescian monk, have meditated upon religion and philosophy. According to Müller, Arnold thought that God was *all*, and the whole of the creation *but one of his thoughts*; and like St. Augustine, who had said *scimus quod Deus non est, quod est non*

scimus, Arnold lamented that he could reach the conception of God, only through negations.

Page 187, line 2.

Judicio cleri, nostro sub principe victus,
Adpensusque cruci, flammaque cremante solutus
In cineres, Tyberine tuas est sparsus in undas.

GUNTHER.

Page 188, line 8.

Muratori thus praises the City of Brescia.

Page 189, line 4.

All that is known with any degree of certainty of the death of Arnold is probably derived from his contemporary historian, Otho of Freising: he says on the subject, *Cumque sententia Pastorum juxta in enum et canonice prolata, ejus judicio tanquam omnino auctoritatis vacua, contemneretur, tandem in manus quorundam incidens, in Thusciam finibus captus, Principis examini reservatus est, et ad ultimum a prefecto urbis ligno adactus, ac rogo in pulverem redacto, ne a stolidi plebe corpus ejus venerationi haberetur, in Tyberim sparsus*. The place of his execution was probably the castle of St. Angelo. In the history published under the name of the Cardinal of Arragon, the death of Arnold is not mentioned. It is only related that the Cardinals sent by the Pope met Frederic at San Quirico, near Siena, that they presented to him their mandatory letters, in which Adrian asked that Arnold (who had been rescued from the Pontifical officers by some Viscounts of the Campagna, and who was still concealed in one of their castles) should be delivered up to the Legates, that the Emperor with all speed seized upon one of the said Viscounts, who being terrified soon gave up the culprit.

Page 196, line 5.

In the ceremony of the Emperor's coronation at Rome, they were wont to cry aloud: *Christus vincit, Christus imperat, spes nostra, triumphus noster, etc.* —(Vide Muratori Antiq. Medii. Ævi. Diss. iii.)

Page 196, line 18.

Three times in the above-mentioned ceremony it was the custom to cry aloud, *Exercitui Romano, et Teutonico vitor et Victoria*.

Gibbon observes, that the German army was something real, but that called Roman might be denominated *Magni nominis umbra*: As Frederic's coronation took place without his having sworn three times, as was the custom, to maintain the franchises of Rome, first at the Milvian Bridge, next at the gate of the city, and again on the steps of the Vatican, and as he did not distribute the usual largess to the people, probably no mention was made of the Romans in this ceremony. The festival went off quietly at first, to the great satisfaction of Frederic, of his well-fed soldiery, and of their bishops and princes. The bridge across the Tiber near St. Angelo which joins the Città Leonina to the rest of Rome, was however blocked up, and guarded by the

Germans *ne*, as Otho says, *a furenti populo celebritatis hujus jucunditas interrumpi posset*. Gunther declares in the following verses the satisfaction of the German nobles (used ever to curb with blows the people's noisy rejoicing) at the tranquillity and good order which prevailed at Frederic's coronation :—

Omnibus egregie lætis, totaque caterva
 Acclamante viro faustum feliciter omen ;
 Hic favor armatus, turbæque hic plausus equestris
 Dulcius augusti mulcebat principis aures,
 Quam venalis honor, conductaque gaudia vulgi.
 Hic siquidem sincerus amor, gaudensque fidei
 Obsequio, devota fides, ibi gloria tantum
 Mendaci fucata dolo, preciosaque pompa.

The sense of these is expressed in the hymn.

Page 197, line 8.

The Emperor Frederic, when the ceremonies of his coronation were completed, mounted a palfrey, and, followed by his suite on foot, retired to his tent, which was pitched against the city wall, passing out of the gate at which he had entered. The Pope remained in his palace near St. Peter's. In the meanwhile, the Roman people with the senators had assembled at the capitol, and hearing that Frederic had assumed the imperial crown without their consent, they crossed the Tiber, rushed towards St. Peter's, and meeting with some German squires who had not yet left that holy place, they put them to death. The tumult was heard by the Emperor, who immediately ordered his soldiers to arm themselves, and a struggle between the Germans and the Roman people soon commenced, both at the head of the bridge near St. Angelo, and between the Janiculan Hill and the river. The fierce contest lasted from the tenth hour almost till night fall; nearly a thousand Romans fell in it, about two hundred were taken prisoners, great numbers were wounded, and the remainder put to flight. Otho (probably misled by an expression of Frederic's, which will be quoted in this note) asserts that only two Germans fell in this conflict, but its very length, the undoubted bravery of the Transteverans, the account of the battle given by Biraldo, and quoted by Bartoli, and above all that which Frederic himself gives in his letter to Otho, lead to the inference, that the loss of the Germans must have been considerable. The Emperor writes thus :—"Quo ritu facto et peracto, (*i. e.* the coronation), "dum omnes nimio labore et æstu confecti ad tentoria "rediremus, Romani de ponte Tyberino prosiluerunt, et monasterio sancti "Petri duobus servis nostris occisis, et cardinalibus spoliatis, Papam capere "intendebant. Nos vero de foris strepitum audientes, armati per muris "irruimus, et tota die cum Romanis conflictum habentes eorum pene mille "occidimus, et captivos deduximus, donec nox nos et illos diremit." The next morning Frederic left the town, where he could not victual his army, and took the Pope and the Cardinals away with him, to ensure their safety.

Page 203, line 13.

Muratori, speaking of this conflict, which turned out so fatally for the Romans, says that the Pope, greatly afflicted at it, used such effectual entreaties, that he prevailed on Frederic to leave the prisoners in the hands of Peter the Prefect of Rome; but who does not believe with Franck, that this Prefect caused them to be put to death? The mellifluous Cardinal of Arragon, after a lengthy preamble on the subject, comes thus at last to the Holy Father's grand act of clemency, "in potestate Petri Urbis præfecti restitui fecit." This man was Arnold's executioner; and far better had it been for those poor wretches to have remained in the hands of the Germans.

Page 203, line 15.

According to Otho of Freising, this absolution was given at Tivoli, and not at Rome: and this is one of the very few liberties I have allowed myself in treating this historical subject. The Pope and the Emperor had retreated thither, because the troops were in want of provisions, and needed repose; at the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, at which the Emperor was present in his royal robes, the events took place, which Otho describes thus from hearsay: "*Tradunt Romanorum ibi Pontificem inter missarum solemnias cunctos, qui fortasse in conflictu cum Romanis habito sanguinem fuderant, absolvisse allegationibus usum, eo quod miles proprio principi militans, ejusque obedientiæ adstrictus, contra hostem Imperii dimicans, sanguinem fundens, jure tam poli quam fori non homicida, sed vindex clamat.*"

FINIS.

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